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MEMOIRS

OF

REV. JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER, D. D.,

AND OF HIS SON,

REV. JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER.

BY

ELIZA BUCKMINSTER LEE.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

It may very naturally be asked, Why, if the lives of the persons whose memoirs are contained in the following pages possessed an interest for the community, the silence of nearly forty years should have remained undisturbed upon their memory? On the other hand, it may be asked, Why are the seals now broken, and the veil of domestic privacy withdrawn which concealed features composed in the unchangeable beauty of death? The history of the book is simply this. About fourteen months ago, I was requested, by a gentleman well known to the literary and religious public, Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, to furnish some recollections of my father and brother for a work which he is preparing for the press, — 'Annals of the American Pulpit, or Biographical Notices of Eminent American Clergymen of various Denominations.'

In recurring for that purpose to letters and papers which had fallen into my possession as the hearts

that dictated and the hands that wrote became cold in death, but which a sentiment, understood by every heart of sensibility, had suffered to remain undisturbed for so many years, it seemed to me, as I read them anew, that they contained much which should not be willingly suffered to die, — that they might touch other hearts, — and that, as the blessed dews and rain do not return merely to the fountains and rivers from which they are drawn, but are diffused in showers which revive distant places, so these letters also, intended only for private instruction, might counsel some other son, or encourage the heart of some other parent.

In preparing the memoir of my brother, I have been able — through the excellent arrangement of his papers at the time of his death, and the almost reverential care of his friend, Mr. George Ticknor, to preserve even the smallest fragment from his pen — to present of him nearly a complete autobiography. The thread with which I have connected the memorials from his own pen may seem, to those who have never heard of him, heavy and overcharged with eulogy, while, to the few surviving friends who enjoyed his intimacy, the portrait I have endeavored to fill up will appear, if not incorrect in its outline, cold and faint in its coloring.

The delicacy and reserve which I have felt in endeavoring to present to the public, in their true

light, the characters of relatives so near in blood and so precious to memory, has been in some degree lessened by the years that have removed their beloved forms from my sight; but, as I have receded from them in time, I have been able to approach nearer to them in the true appreciation of their characters. As we look back upon the long past, the venerated forms of early life rise up again, and through the suffering of our own souls we come to an understanding of theirs, as the sun at last shines through the tears of a cloudy day, and, as it approaches its setting, reveals those who began life with us in all the rainbow beauty of the morning sky.

E. B. L.

MAY 15, 1849.

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MEMOIRS.

MEMOIRS.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY OF DR. JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER IN ENGLAND AND IN AMERICA.

The biographies of the father and son, embraced in the following pages, may properly be introduced by some brief account of the ancestry from which they sprung.

The name, Buckminster, as it is written by the last generations of the family, is supposed, by the historian of the town of Framingham, Massachusetts, to be an alteration from Buckmaster, which he conjectures was the original name, as it appears so written in the Colony records of Massachusetts, and upon deeds of the seventeenth century. This is a mistake. The name of 'Adam Buckminister,' and 'Roberti filii sui,' appears as far back as A. D. 1216 in the English records in Westminster, printed by order of King William the Fourth, and the name is repeated with the same spelling through all the generations of the family, till it became altered in this country by the careless spelling of the records. This will not appear surprising to persons acquainted with the records, where are found names long honored and revered by their

descendants, altered, and even travestied in the most unaccountable manner.

The first emigrant of the name of Buckminster to this country is said to have come from Wales, — I know not from what authority or tradition, but it seems unlikely; for I find that in 1578, the twenty-first year of the reign of Elizabeth, a coat of arms was granted to William Buckminster, son and heir of Richard Buckminster, eldest son of John Buckminster of *Peterborough*, and to all the posterity of John Buckminster for ever.

The eldest ancestor of whom we have any knowledge is Thomas Buckminster, the author of an Almanac for the year 1599, printed in London. A copy of this Almanac has been preserved in the family to the present time. Watts, in his Bibliotheca Britannica, mentions 'Thomas Buckminster, Minister, His Right Christian Calendar and Spiritual Prognosticator for 1583 and 1584.' These are doubtless numbers of the same series with the Almanac just spoken of, and now before me. It contains a calendar, printed in red and black ink, of the days of the month, the signs of the zodiac, the changes of the moon, etc. It is a pleasant, although perhaps a fanciful thought, that Shakspeare himself may have resorted to one of Thomas Buckminster's Almanacs to see if the full moon would serve for the Midsummer Night's Dream, written and performed between 1590 and 1600.

I here copy as specimens two stanzas, which may be regarded as of a fair average with the wisdom and poetry both, contained in the copy preserved in the family. The calendar of each month is preceded by a stanza.

The stanza for January is as follows: —

'If thou be sick and health would have,
The council of the learned crave;
If thou have health, to keep thee so
Flee idleness, as deadly foe.'

In June he says: —

'Drink, new or sweet, taste not at all,
For thereby grows no danger small;
And to thyself such pastime take
As may, in God, thee merry make.'

Thomas, the son or grandson of the almanac-maker, came to Boston in 1640. He was made a 'freeman,' that is, in the old meaning of the term, he joined the communion of a church, and received a grant of land valued at £10, from the General Court. He was the owner of a farm at Muddy River, now Brookline, where he died, September 20, 1656. His will, dated only a few days before his death, is recorded in the Suffolk probate-office. The will, also, of his eldest son, Lawrence, who returned to England, unmarried, is recorded in the same office.

If we may infer any thing from the selection of Thomas Buckminster's farm in Brookline, he must have had an eye for picturesque beauty. His dwelling stood at the foot of wooded heights, covered with a dense shrubbery and fringed all up the rocky sides with delicate pensile branches and hanging vines. A rapid, sparkling brook, descending from these rocky heights, ran past his door, spreading out and winding in the meadows in front. Jamaica Lake, a quarter of a mile distant, embosomed in beautiful undulations of hill and valley, slept tranquilly in full sight of the

house. Our forefathers, probably, if they had any love, had little time to cultivate a taste for beautiful scenery. With the axe on their shoulders, or their hands upon the plough, they conquered the rough and sterile soil, securing those absolute necessaries of life, food and fuel, before they could please the eye, or indulge the love of natural beauty. Burns, upon the peaceful hills of Scotland, may have walked behind his plough in glory and in joy; but upon the New England hills, at that early time, the ploughman must have cast many an anxious look around, lest in the dense forest, closely pressing upon the field, should lurk the beast of prey, or the more dangerous Indian.

Thomas Buckminster's son Joseph, the first of the family with that Christian name in this country, seems to have succeeded his father, and to have lived upon the farm in Brookline. His son Joseph, grandson of Thomas, was a man whose foot was capable of making a mark upon the hard New England soil. His name is first mentioned in 1693, when he became a pioneer in settling the town of Framingham, and acted an important part in the establishment and administration of the affairs of the place. He was then about twenty-seven years old, with great physical powers, and great resolution and ardor of character. He married at an early age Martha Sharp, the daughter of John Sharp, of Muddy River. After his removal to Framingham, he held successively all the offices of honor and trust in the gift of his fellow-townsmen. He was a select-man for seventeen years, and a representative to the General Court of Massachusetts Colony for twelve years. He held several military commissions; was the commander of a company of grenadiers in Sir

Charles Hobbie's regiment in the expedition to Port Royal, and subsequently had the command of a regiment of Colonial militia, which gave him the title of Colonel. He settled and improved the famous Brinley farm of 860 acres, of which 400 acres were under cultivation. He sold it a few years before his death to Francis Brinley, Esq., for £8,600 in bills of public credit, and seems to have been involved in endless lawsuits. His name is perpetually found in the various transactions of the town; at one time, in a deed of gift of half an acre of ground adjoining the meeting-house to accommodate the work-house and school-house; at another time, he is allowed to make, and to keep in order, a highway from his house to the meeting-house, and in consideration thereof is exempted from labor on the other highways for seven years.

At the building of the first meeting-house in Framingham, a vote was passed, that Joseph Buckminster should have liberty to set up a pew, upon which side of the great doors he pleased. As, at the same meeting, a committee was chosen to seat the meeting-house, — that is, as in early times was the custom, to assign seats according to age, dignity, or the rate paid, — we must infer that the pew was an honorable distinction, or a reward for services.

At the building of the second meeting-house, some circumstances on record betray the character of the man, and may have been the origin of an expression the writer used to hear in childhood, of the 'Buckminster *spunk*.' The phrase, and the quality perhaps, have since died out of the family. It appears that he obstinately opposed for five years the placing of the

meeting-house upon a piece of land to which he asserted, or had a just claim, for he dug a cellar and drew timber upon it for his own use; and when timber for the meeting-house was drawn upon the same land, he did not hesitate to remove it. After a contest of five years, he seems to have acted generously, or it may be only justly; the records merely say, that Colonel Buckminster *made a proposal* to the town to make good all the timber that he had drawn off. He would not be compelled, but volunteered this act.

Tradition represents him as a large, athletic, and remarkably strong man, capable of lifting great weights and of carrying heavy burdens. It is said, but it seems impossible, that once, upon a bet, he carried sixteen bushels of salt upon his shoulders. He is said to have been a stern and austere man, and to have ruled among the first settlers of Framingham with no gentle hand; but there is no tradition that he was ever accused of injustice, or of reaping where he had not sown. He was the owner of several slaves; a negro woman, named Nanny, was valued at his death at £80.

His son Joseph, or, as he was called, the second Colonel, was a very different man, much beloved and respected, and filling various offices of trust and honor in the gift of his fellow-citizens. For twenty-eight years he was selectman, and held the office of town-clerk more than thirty years. He had the honor of representing the town of Framingham at the General Court for thirty years, and died at the age of eighty-four, after a long life of public service and personal worth.

There is a circumstance connected with his history that will be interesting to the friends of African emancipation. He was the owner of several slaves, in one of whom he placed implicit confidence, relying upon him in all delicate and confidential business, and placing in his fidelity, as he said, more unwavering faith than in that of any white man. This negro, Prince Young, was distinguished for his talents and his moral qualities, his honesty, temperance, and prudence, and was left with the sole care of a great estate, and the management of a large farm, while his master was absent at the General Court.

William Buckminster, the son of the above, and the third who held the title of Colonel, was a distinguished man in his day. At the age of twenty-one he removed to Barre, and devoted himself to the business of agriculture. He immediately gained the confidence and respect of the people. His integrity made him friends, and his superior understanding gave importance and consideration to his political sentiments. In the great struggle between this and the mother country, he took a very warm and active part. Decisive in his measures, open and undisguised in his friendships, he enjoyed to an unusual degree the confidence of his fellow-citizens. He signalized himself by his activity in providing arms and ammunition. The minute-men raised in Barre were commanded by him, and immediately after the first blood was shed at Lexington, he marched his company to Cambridge. He was distinguished for prudence and bravery at the battle of Bunker Hill; he was on the field the whole day, and as the Americans were retreating he received a ball in the right shoulder, that

came out at the back. Although thus dangerously wounded, he continued in the army till the close of the war, because of the influence he obtained over the minds of the people. It was said of him, that those who knew him best praised him most, for his inflexible integrity and spotless character.

With him the military spirit ceased, at least in this branch of the family. His eldest brother, son of the second Colonel Buckminster, was born March, 1720. He was the fourth Joseph in direct succession, and the first that entered the ministry. He was educated at Harvard College, and received its honors in 1739. He was ordained at Rutland, Massachusetts, 1742, and continued 'the faithful and laborious pastor' of that church more than fifty years, highly respected for his usefulness, and deeply beloved and esteemed by his parish. Mr. Buckminster may be considered in some degree a heretic of his day, as he entered into controversy in support of a mitigated form of Calvinism. He did not believe that the elect were elected to grace before the foundations of the world, but were elected from a fallen state, and that election was a remedy for an existing evil. It was not a part of God's original purpose, but such were elected as most diligently used the means of grace. The decrees have no direct positive influence upon men. *They* are determined by motives, but act freely and voluntarily. Such was his theology.

These controversies were printed, but it must demand a great love of ancestral blood and an enormous amount of patience even to read now what at that and at remoter times was the very milk upon which Christian babes were fed. Mr. Buckminster is called,

in the theological tracts of the time, a *Sublapsarian*. It is a comfort to think that the thing itself is not so harsh as its name, for it seems an effort to soften the stern features of Calvinism, and to mingle a little human clay in the iron and granite of its image.

CHAPTER II.

JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER. — CHILDHOOD. — EDUCATION AND RESIDENCE, AS TUTOR, AT YALE COLLEGE. — FORM OF RELIGIOUS FAITH.

We come now to the first immediate subject of these memoirs. Joseph, the son of the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, minister of Rutland, was the fourth among nine children. The eldest, a son, lived only a few months; then followed two daughters. Joseph was born October 3d, 1751, receiving the ancestral name, which his elder brother who died had also borne during the few months of his life. His mother was Lucy Williams, daughter of the Rev. William Williams, of Weston, a direct descendant, in the fourth generation, from Robert Williams, of Roxbury, the common ancestor of the wide family of that name spread through the United States. Her grandfather, Rev. William Williams, of Hatfield, was called a man of great abilities. Her own mother was a daughter of Solomon Stoddard, "that great divine, who was considered by many as the light of the New England churches, as John Calvin was of the Reformation."

Rev. Dr. Stiles says, in reference to him, 'I have read all Mr. Solomon Stoddard's writings, but have never been able to see in them that strength of genius some have attributed to him. Mr. Williams of Hatfield, his son-in-law, I believe to have been the greater

man.' President Edwards calls Mr. Williams a man of '*unnatural* abilities,' and goes on to say, — 'His subjects were always weighty, and his manner of teaching peculiarly happy; showing the strength and accuracy of his judgment, and ever breathing forth the spirit of piety and the deepest sense on his heart of the things he delivered.' Jonathan Edwards was first-cousin to Mr. Buckminster's mother.

Colonel William Williams, one of the first settlers of Pittsfield, was the maternal uncle of the subject of this memoir. He preserved the venerable *elm-tree* that has so long adorned the centre of that town. It stood upon land of which he was the owner, and one of his workmen had raised the axe to cut it down, when he ordered him to 'spare that ancient tree.' Its enormous growth must have been the slow work of many centuries. It measures twenty-three feet in circumference only a short distance from the ground, and rises seventy-three feet before it puts out a single limb.

Of the mother of Dr. Buckminster a dim and indistinct image remains in the childish memory of the writer. After the death of her husband, she came to spend the last years of her life near her son, in Portsmouth. She was tall, with rather masculine features, and in the mind of the writer she has left the impression of a stern and rather austere nature. It is remembered that she sat constantly in her easy-chair, usually with a book in her hand, and that no noise was permitted in her presence. Her son, whatever were his avocations, never omitted visiting her a single day, and the grandchildren were often sent to receive her blessing.

Descended thus, on the mother's side, from a family of distinguished intellect and piety, the eldest son was from his birth intended for the ministry. The early years of his life were, however, spent in those hardy labors of the farm, in open country air, that are so essential to invigorate the frame and strengthen the constitution. The healthful breezes of the hills of Rutland must have done much towards expanding his vigorous frame, which was remarkable for its symmetrical development, for the ease and elasticity of all its motions, for gracefulness and freedom of action, which continued to distinguish him through life. He used to delight to tell his children of the country sports of his boyhood. Once, in pursuit of squirrels, he was lost in the forest, and, with another boy, slept, like the babes in the wood, upon heaped-up fallen leaves. The alarmed and anxious friends were all night in pursuit, and the boys were near perishing from fatigue and hunger.

Another accident that happened in his boyhood, which his children often heard him refer to, made a deep impression upon his mind. He was ten years old, and after the labors of the hay-field, full of boyish spirits, he was jumping upon the top of the loaded wain, as it was returning to the hay-loft. A false step threw him to the ground, and the wheels of the heavily laden cart passed directly over his neck! He held a pitchfork in his hand, and it so happened that the handle of the pitchfork fell in exactly the position to support the wheel as it turned over him. This almost miraculous preservation made a deep impression upon his young mind, and he asked himself with deep earnestness for what he had been

saved, — thus held back from the very threshold of death. He said to his children, that, long after, he never closed his eyes to sleep without a vivid remembrance of the emotion of that agitating moment, and that, in after life, it was never forgotten.

His heart was very tender in his boyhood. An anecdote once related to his children made a strong impression upon the writer, as a proof of that tenderness and susceptibility of feeling which enabled him through life to enter intimately into the feelings of the afflicted, and to be so truly a comforter to his people in his ministry. His elder sister married while he was yet a boy, and removed with her husband to the then remote region of Ohio. This separation, the first breach in the family circle, was so deeply felt by the young Joseph, that he spent the whole day after her departure alone in the hay-loft, weeping bitter tears, unable to eat, and refusing to be comforted.

I am not acquainted with the place or the manner in which Dr. Buckminster's preparatory studies were completed, but at the age of fifteen he entered Yale College. It was probably through the influence of his mother's relatives, the Williamses and Stoddards, that he received his education at New Haven, rather than at Cambridge, as his father had been a son of Harvard. He was not repelled from Harvard College because it was of a more liberal theology; for even had it been so, his father, as we have seen, was not one of the strictest among Calvinists. His maternal uncle, the Rev. Elisha Williams, had been Rector of Yale College not many years previous, and this circumstance may have decided for him.

A contemporary testifies, that, while an undergrad-

uate, he was distinguished for the sweetness of his disposition, for his exemplary moral deportment, and as one of the best linguists in his class. He was a very accomplished Latin scholar, and continued through life to write in that language almost as readily as in English. Many of his familiar letters to his son are written in Latin. His love for classical studies was hardly impaired amid the arduous duties of his profession. Although devoted by inclination and duty to the studies connected with his sacred office, and engaged heart and soul by preference for the Bible, yet Virgil and Cicero continued to lie upon his study table. He was in the habit of addressing familiar questions and simple household orders to his daughters in Latin, and then of explaining them or giving them the dictionary to find them out; thus a few Latin sentences became quite familiar to them.

In 1770, Joseph Buckminster received the honors of the bachelor's degree, and was one of the *three* most distinguished and accomplished scholars who were chosen upon the Berkeley foundation to continue three years longer at the College, pursuing such studies as they might select for themselves, all expenses being paid by the fund provided for that purpose. 'That he devoted himself to theological studies,' says a son of Yale, 'must have been from a high spirituality of feeling, as the religious state of the College was very low at that period.' There were also prizes provided by the Berkeleian fund for distinction in certain studies. 'The Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,' in four quarto volumes, was the prize adjudged to him, and always remained upon the shelves of his library.

The advantages of these three years of added study must have been in proportion to the merit by which they were obtained; and among the names of those who succeeded to this distinction, we find some of the most honored of our country. Silas Deane, the Hon. Abraham Hillhouse, and Stephen Mitchell preceded him, and among his contemporaries were President Dwight and the Hon. John Davenport. Both of the last were his warm personal friends, whose attachment continued through life. Both visited the humble parsonage of their fellow-student within the memory of the writer; the one accompanied by his son, the other by his wife. To her inexperience of life the one appeared to possess the lofty politeness, the priestly dignity, of the Bishop of London, as made known by the pen of Hannah More; the other resembled the only hero of romance then familiar to her imagination, Sir Charles Grandison.

The epic bards of our country, Barlow, Trumbull, and Dwight, were also fellow-students and personal friends of Mr. Buckminster. Numerous copies of the epics of these poets, the Vision of Columbus and the Conquest of Canaan, were arranged upon the study shelves of their friend, probably subscription copies, remaining from year to year in undisturbed quiet. If a child, prompted by curiosity, opened a volume, the unattractive page was restored again to its repose, there to gather the dust of age; but there is no old mortality that can ever consecrate and make venerable poetry that has in itself so little merit.

The three years of literary instruction for which Dr. Buckminster was indebted to Bishop Berkeley demand a tribute of gratitude from one so nearly

connected with him. According to every account that has come down to us, Bishop Berkeley was one of the noblest and purest of the benefactors of the human race. Pope's ascription, 'To Berkeley every virtue under heaven,' however comprehensive, is too general to give a true idea of the refined spirituality of his mind, the benignity and disinterested generosity of his disposition.

It is one of the most singular coincidences of literary history that Bishop Berkeley should have derived a large part of his fortune from Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the celebrated Vanessa so long attached to Dean Swift. She removed to Ireland for the purpose of enjoying the society of the person for whom she cherished the most singular attachment. But finding herself totally neglected, and suspecting Swift's connection with Stella, she was so wounded that she altered her intention of making him her heir, and left the whole of her property to two gentlemen, one of whom was Bishop Berkeley, then nearly a total stranger to her. Thus from the caprice of a woman resulted a singular good fortune to many of the other sex, even more remotely strangers to Vanessa than was the original legatee.

Bishop Berkeley was most unostentatious in his benevolence, doing good by stealth, and blushing to find it fame. His first object, that to which he devoted all his energies, was the promotion of education in the New World. For this purpose, he resigned the Deanery of Derry, worth £1100 a year, to dedicate the remainder of his life, with only a salary of a hundred pounds yearly, to the instruction of the youth of America. Such was the eloquence

of this enthusiast, that he persuaded three of the fellows of Trinity College to embark their fortunes with him, and to give up all their prospects of preferment at home for the small salary of £40 on this side of the Atlantic. He intended to establish a college in what were called the Summer Isles,* Bermuda being the island chosen for its location.

The project of a college in Bermuda failed, but Bishop Berkeley, as is well known, came to Newport in Rhode Island, where he purchased a country seat and cultivated a farm, waiting for the fulfilment of his contracts about the college. These failing, he returned, with deep disappointment to England, and sent from thence a deed of his valuable farm in Rhode Island to Yale College, the rents of which were appropriated to the support and instruction of the three best scholars in Greek and Latin, selected from each class as it graduated, who must, as a condition of the bounty, reside at the College at least nine months of the three successive years.

At the close of the three years of study, Mr. Buckminster was appointed tutor, and held the office four years. Dr. Dwight was fellow-tutor with him for nearly the whole of the period. The same contemporary referred to above says, — 'He was much esteemed by his brothers in office, and was universally beloved and respected by the young gentlemen who had the happiness to be under his instruction.' The year before his connection with the College, as tutor, ceased, in consequence of the agitated state of the country and the dangers to which the seaports were

* So called in the Life of Berkeley.

subjected, the institution was disbanded, and the students scattered in various places, each class under the direction of its respective tutor.

I regret that so few anecdotes of this interesting period of his life remain in my memory. He was not in the habit of talking much of his early life, and I had not reached that period when we begin to look back, and when, the present not sufficing for the wants of the soul, we wish to learn from the experiences and the trials of those who have gone before us.

Thus eleven years of a life not very long in its whole duration were spent in New Haven. An attachment to Alma Mater, to the town of New Haven, and to Connecticut itself, was formed, that lasted through life. He was often heard to say,—'My place was there. I always wished that State to be my home, but Providence has directed my line of duty far away from the place of my first affections.' The limited salary of a clergyman, and the large family, more than usually thrown upon the father's care, rarely allowed him the recreation of a journey. Four years before his death, when the failing health of one of his children seemed to impose it as a duty, a journey to New Haven was a bright interval between the cares of life, a season of uninterrupted cheerfulness. The companion of that journey had till then never known of what cheerfulness, even gayety, her father's spirits were susceptible, as when expanding at the meeting of old friends, renewing youthful reminiscences with classmates, recalling half-forgotten college anecdotes, and reviving all those care-free associations that make of college days an oasis left in the far-off pathway of life.

Mr. Buckminster's whole residence at New Haven was during the Presidency of Dr. Daggett. The country was agitated by the intense excitement of the war of the revolution, and the College partook of the distress that marked the beginning and progress of that fearful conflict; circumstancess ill adapted to the quiet of literary pursuits. Yet there was no period in the history of the College more fruitful in eminent men in every department of knowledge, and the classes of 1777 and 1778 were much larger than those of the previous years, and contained a large proportion of men distinguished in the councils of the nation and famous in the annals of science.

During the time of his residence at New Haven, he passed through a season of deep mental distress, under conviction of his great sinfulness, and sank almost entirely into a state of despair. In a person of such deep and tender sensibility, his suffering must have been much exaggerated by his tendency to nervous depression; and it must always be difficult to discriminate how much of this distress arises from the real state of the heart, and how much from the imagination and a morbid self-condemnation. The mysteries of the soul must be left to be judged by the great Source of all spiritual illumination. In the words of a contemporary, 'As he obtained a glorious hope, and passed from death to life, he determined to consecrate his time, his talents, and his acquirements to the interest and cause of the Redeemer. He read the whole of Turretinus in the original, with great satisfaction'; and it was then that he drew up the confession of faith and form of self-dedication that follows, and decided to devote the whole strength of

his mind to preparing himself for that profession which became the dearest object and the ultimate cause of the most intense devotion of his life.

I seem almost to wrong my father in saying that the ministry was his profession. It was his life. The cause of his Master was his own cause. He considered the office of a minister, a preacher of the word of life, the most honorable in the world; and that the learning, the talents, the acquirements of the most gifted minds were all too little to be devoted to its interests. To *spend and be spent* in the cause of religion were words often in his mouth, and the most devoted purpose of his life. His religious convictions and his religious studies resulted in the following form of faith, as the reader will perceive, wholly Calvinistic. At the time when he settled at Portsmouth, it was not asked if a minister were orthodox, but only if he were sincere and devout. There is some reason to believe, that, at the time he settled, or soon afterward, his views were somewhat modified; but like his honored predecessor whom he immediately succeeded, 'his heart was of no sect.'

'I believe that there is a God, subsisting in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, possessing all perfection; infinitely holy, just, wise, and powerful; true, gracious, and compassionate; in whom alone every thing that is amiable and lovely centres, and from whom the happiness of reasonable creatures must proceed. That this God made all worlds, and rules and governs them by his power and providence, so that the smallest event does not happen but by his permission. That he brought man into being, formed after his image, and capable of knowing and loving and enjoying God, and of rendering him that honor and

glory which was his due. That God entered into covenant with this first man, and, in him, with his posterity: the conditions of this covenant were, that, if he continued in his allegiance, and abstained from the fruit of a particular tree, (which was denied him as a test of his obedience,) he and his posterity should be confirmed in life; but that the day he ate thereof he should surely die, — he, and his posterity in him.

'But man broke this covenant, and exposed himself and his posterity to the threatened punishment, lost the original rectitude of his nature, and became the instrument of communicating a corrupt nature to his descendants. In this state God might have left him to suffer the wages of his folly. But God, who exalted himself to show mercy, having from all eternity chosen some of this fallen race to salvation, through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth, did disclose a way in which his broken law might be repaired, his justice satisfied, and the offenders saved; (but, as a God was offended, so a God must suffer.) The second person in the sacred Three, the eternal Son of God, voluntarily offered to stand in man's stead, and suffer the punishment which he had merited. He is accepted by the Father, and, upon condition that he satisfied the demands of justice, it was promised that he should bring those to the enjoyment of God who were from all eternity chosen by him.

'I believe that this Divine person, when the time appointed came, descended to this world, took human nature, and was born of the Virgin Mary, without sin. That he perfectly obeyed the law of God, and, suffering the penalty of man's sin, was crucified by the Jews; that he died, was buried, and on the third day rose again, and ascended into heaven; received the approbation of his Father, and is seated at his right hand.

'I believe that this same Jesus shall come again to judge the world, attended with his holy angels, and that all those

that have ever lived, together with those who shall be then found alive, shall be summoned before his bar, to receive according to the deeds done in the body. And, according as they are found to have accepted the mercy offered in the Gospel, and have thereby become interested in the righteousness of Christ, or to have despised this mercy and obtained no interest in this righteousness, so they shall be received to everlasting happiness, or be thrust down to everlasting misery, in the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.

'I believe that all mankind are naturally in a state of death; that they have an aversion to God and his law; that the seeds of evil lie in the heart, and that it is owing to the restraining grace of God that they do not break forth in gross acts of impiety; that unless man is recovered from this state, and his temper and disposition entirely changed, he never can see the kingdom of God.

'I believe that man is absolutely unable to produce this change; that it is the work of the Spirit to renew and change the heart, to bring sin to remembrance, and to discover to the mind its deformity and lead to godly sorrow, which works repentance unto life, never to be repented of: yet it is the duty of all persons to strive to obtain this change, and wait upon God in all his institutions; as it is in this way that grace is most commonly bestowed, faith coming by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

'I believe that it is by faith alone that we become interested in the righteousness of Christ, and entitled to the benefits of his purchase; that this faith is the gift of God, and not given on account of any merit in the recipient, but of the free mercy and grace of God; and that this faith does not entitle to salvation on account of any merit that there is in it: the righteousness of Christ is the only ground of justification, and the meritorious cause of our acceptance with God; but this faith is the *means* of our becoming interested *in* this righteousness, and a qualification that must be found in us in order to our being accepted.

'I believe that those who are once savingly illumined, and brought home to God by his blessed Spirit, and have been led to embrace Christ in the arms of faith, and love and trust his merits for their pardon, justification, and complete salvation, shall never fail of it; but He that hath begun a good work in them shall carry it on till the day of judgment, nor shall any thing pluck them out of his hand.

'I believe that God is willing to receive into covenant with him all those who have been his enemies, and who, like the prodigal son, have spent their living in riot and debauchery, if they sincerely repent, hate their former conduct, and turn unto God with their whole heart. Whosoever cometh unto me, saith our Saviour, I will in no wise cast out.

'Under a full and firm persuasion of these things, I, who acknowledge myself the greatest of sinners, having offended my Maker, reproached my Redeemer, and grieved his Holy Spirit, — yet knowing that God delighteth not in the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should turn from his wicked way and live; forsake his own thoughts, and turn unto the Lord, who hath promised that he will have mercy, and to our God, who will abundantly pardon, — desiring to rely upon the great propitiatory sacrifice through the Lord Jesus Christ for acceptance, — I would now in the most solemn manner, in the presence of God and of the holy angels, dedicate and devote myself to God with all that he hath been pleased to bestow upon me, or shall permit me hereafter to enjoy, knowing that other lords have had dominion over me, and that I have served other gods. I desire now to renounce them all and avow the Lord Jehovah, the *Father*, *Son*, *and Holy Ghost*, to be my God and portion; giving myself up to the Father, as my Creator, who gave me every thing I possess, who hath watched over me all my life, and with a liberal hand hath dispensed his favors, praying that he would consecrate to

himself all the ability I have to serve him, whether natural or acquired. I would give myself up to the Lord Jesus Christ, as to my glorious and exalted Redeemer, through whom alone there is hope of salvation, and, renouncing all my own works as filthy rags, would trust solely and entirely to his righteousness as the meritorious cause of my justification and acceptance with God; in which I hope to be interested by its being freely imputed to me, which God of his own mercy shall be pleased to bestow upon me. I would give up myself to the Holy Ghost, as my sanctifier, enabling me to hate, loathe, and abhor sin, and to flee from it, shunning the least appearance of evil. I would give up myself to the sacred Three in One, and One in Three, as to that Being who has the sole right and title to me. I would receive the word of God as the rule of my conduct, and believe whatever God hath said, though it be above my comprehension, knowing that what God hath said is true, though finite capacity cannot say how. I would trust to God for spiritual illumination, that I may be able to understand spiritual things, and to receive instruction from him with respect to what I ought to believe and practise.

'Knowing my proneness to transgress and disobey the commands of God, the temptations that attend me, both within and without, from my own wicked heart and the subtle adversary of souls, I would exercise all watchfulness over myself, but *trust* solely to the Captain of my salvation to secure me from falling, to enable me to conquer all my spiritual enemies, and to resolve, by his grace assisting me, I will maintain a constant fight with every indwelling corruption, and walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, and place a double guard against those sins to which I am most inclined.

'And now, O that the merciful God, who is a God of compassion, and who delighteth not in the death of a sinner, would accept of me as his unworthy servant, and make me one of his family; grant me the spirit of adoption, and

ratify in heaven what I have attempted to do on earth; make me sincere and steadfast in this covenant, that this transaction may be remembered with joy and not with regret, when I shall stand before his righteous tribunal! Then may it not be an aggravating circumstance in my condemnation that I have dealt deceitfully with God, or forgotten this covenant of my youth.

'JOSEPH BUCKMINSTER.'

It was at this period of my father's life that he suffered the first attack of mental despondency, a form of nervous disease which followed him at intervals, with greater or less severity, through the whole of his life. This moral depression, or spiritual darkness, often wholly unattended by mental delusion, which has been thought to be occasioned by gloomy views of religion, is now universally admitted by men of medical science to be induced by some impenetrable derangement of the delicate structure of the nerves. Religion, which should ever be the fountain of joy and happiness, is relieved from the unjust suspicion of being the parent of gloom and melancholy.

Such disease is now better understood than it was fifty years ago, but it still defies the scrutiny of the most sagacious science, and the alleviation of the most tender humanity. The mind and the body partake equally of the depression; the former loses its energy, and the latter becomes emaciated and weak. But, while the delusion of imaginary infirmity is so strong, the patient is often relieved by the reality. A serious attack of illness, or a certain degree of criminality, could it be attached to the conscience, would alleviate the imaginary ills of the victim; but alas! this insidious enemy preys upon consciences of

the purity of childhood, and health often robust and vigorous. The imagination usually fixes upon personal unworthiness, and exaggerates venial offences into the darkest crimes, charging the innocent conscience with every species of offence, with every imaginable sin, till it is persuaded of its irreparable condition. To them, the door of pardon is for ever closed; hope never comes to them, that comes to all beside. At the same time, the victim's demands upon himself are of the most inexorable severity, while the will is prostrate and powerless to perform, and, the imagination cruelly excited at the disparity between the demand and the performance, the reason sinks before it, and the victim is overwhelmed with despair. At this stage of the disease, he can see no relief but in death, upon which the most timid spirit often rushes with frantic eagerness. The young, whose prospects are cloudless, and upon whose life has fallen no shade of sorrow, are often the prey of this nameless misery. Let them, if possible, not despair. Time, the healer of the heaviest real sorrows, is no less merciful in his ministrations to the wounded spirit; and the time will assuredly come, when they will look back upon this affliction as upon the morning clouds that have rolled away and left the dew of their youth bright upon them.

Cowper, from his exquisite gifts and the singular purity of his life, has been the most prominent example of this unhappy malady; and experience has shown, that the most delicate organizations, consciences of the most tender susceptibility, whose purity has never been stained by an unjust deed or a guilty thought, are the most liable to this fear of personal unworthi-

ness, that will shut them for ever from the presence of God.

In Cowper, as in many others, the innocent and tender spirit was entangled in the sombre and gloomy tenets that have been engrafted upon the mild and love-speaking doctrines of Jesus, and from this reason, perhaps, religion, or a certain form of religious faith, has been assigned as the unhappy cause of this form of nervous disease; but every form of faith may be equally charged, and equally exonerated from the charge. The Catholic, — who invests his confessor or his saint with the responsibility of his conscience, — the Unitarian, and the Universalist have no immunity from the delusions of the imagination, or the dominion of this giant of despair. Appeals to the reason and to the conscience, the soothing voice of friendship and love, the administration of the tenderest consolations, do but strengthen the bands of their wretchedness. Let not these delusions of the afflicted spirit be charged upon any form of that blessed religion, whose spirit in all its applications is the consoler and strengthener of the heart of man.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BUCKMINSTER'S SETTLEMENT IN PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. — REMINISCENCES OF THE PISCATAQUA ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS. — THEIR MEETINGS. — MISSIONARY MAGAZINE. — PRAYER-BOOK FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES.

Having received a unanimous invitation from the parish, Mr. Buckminster was ordained over the North Church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, January 27, 1779. He succeeded two distinguished pastors, Drs. Langdon and Stiles, who had been successively removed to become presidents, the one of Harvard, the other of Yale College. They were both remarkable men, and Dr. Stiles, the immediate predecessor of Mr. Buckminster, was one of the most learned scholars in the country. In the words of Dr. Channing, 'This country has not, perhaps, produced a more learned man, and his virtues were proportioned to his intellectual acquisitions. In his faith he was a moderate Calvinist; but his heart was of no sect. He carried into his religion the spirit of liberty that then stirred the whole country.' In some respects, it must have been a great advantage to have had such predecessors, but it must also have taxed all the energies of mind and heart of the young pastor to fill the place, to sustain the rank, and to meet the expectations of a parish accustomed to the ministrations of these honored men. Dr. Stiles was, besides, fifty years

old when installed at Portsmouth, and had been a settled pastor at Newport twenty-two years. Mr. Buckminster was twenty-eight, and the previous eleven years had been spent in the seclusion of a college life.

Portsmouth had always been distinguished by its liberality of spirit, and its generosity to its ministers. Before Dr. Stiles arrived among them, the parish had thoroughly furnished a good house for his reception. He remained scarcely a year, and the young pastor, being single, needed no such expensive preparation; but he was received with a warmth that soon rose to enthusiasm. He was endowed with natural gifts that eminently fitted him for the pulpit. His voice was strong and musical, and possessed the peculiarity that its lowest tones were singularly clear, and could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the vast meeting-house, with its two galleries. He took a prominent part in the singing. His voice could always be distinguished in the full choir by its purity and bell-like, silver sound; and he delighted, in the absence of the ladies of the choir, to take the contralto part. His appearance in the pulpit was most dignified and graceful; and when we add to the fervor and glow of his devotions, that his whole manner was penetrated by a peculiar pathos, a deep feeling, that illumined his countenance and trembled in the earnestness of his voice, it is not surprising that no one who ever saw him in the pulpit could forget the impression he made. There, too, was his chief joy, his most exhilarating duty. 'He preferred the dust of Zion to the gardens of Persia, and the broken walls of Jerusalem to the palaces of Shushan.'

There were many circumstances connected with his settlement in Portsmouth that were important to his usefulness, and agreeable in their influence; others, that determined the color of his life and wove the whole web of his joys and sorrows. Among the former was the character of the surrounding ministers, with whom many of his social hours were spent, and who, in the language of sympathy, 'strengthened his hands and encouraged his heart.' In this connection, we must speak of the Piscataqua Association of Ministers, of whom it has lately been said, that 'they were almost all of them picked men; such as now would only be found in metropolitan parishes. They were sufficient, each of himself, to give a name and a character to the town which enjoyed his services, and to attract to his parsonage the most distinguished men in every walk of life.' The same eloquent writer adds, that 'they solved in practice the problem of which the key is now lost, that of harmony of spirit and cordial coöperation amongst ministers of widely different creeds.'* They were, indeed, what they called each other, a band of 'brothers.' The above remarks were no doubt made with some reference to the state of the country, the estimation in which ministers were held, and the influence they exerted in the last century. There is, no doubt, a much higher degree of intellectual culture among ministers at the present day, but the range of country in which the 'Piscataqua Association' was found had a much greater *relative* importance at that time; and in some instances the ministers were deemed fit for more bril-

* Rev. A. P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, in the Christian Examiner for May, 1848, Vol. IX. No. III., Fourth Series.

liant stations. The singular fact, that four of the 'Piscataqua Association' were chosen to be presidents of colleges, proves that they were appreciated; — Dr. Langdon and Dr. Stiles, Dr. Appleton, and Dr. Stevens, of Kittery Point. The latter was chosen by the Fellows of Harvard College in 1769, but being suspected of a leaning to the mother country in the approaching contest, the appointment was not confirmed by the Overseers.

The monthly meetings of the Association were seasons of really cordial fellowship, and of social and animated intercourse, and were made the medium of religious instruction to their respective parishes. Their usual course was to meet successively at each brother's house at ten o'clock in the forenoon; those who lived at the distance of ten or fifteen miles, in those days of slow travelling and country roads, were obliged to come the previous evening. There was a religious service in the meeting-house, beginning at eleven, at which the exercises were assigned in rotation, or were appointed by the brother at whose house they met. The dinner, afterwards, was a truly social repast, where wit, and freedom, and a moderate degree of gayety prevailed. Clergymen, when their labors are over, enjoy more entirely than any other class of men the agreeable relaxation that follows, — agreeable in kind, in its allowances, and in its restraints.

It must not be supposed that the demands of twelve or eighteen ministers and their horses upon their brother's oats, and upon the exertions of the family to prepare a suitable dinner, were either light or trifling. In the writer's recollection, the festival of

ministers' meeting holds the same honorable place as to sumptuousness and variety of viands with the more rare ordination or the annual thanksgiving; and I believe the wives of the ministers used devoutly to pray that their *meeting might not be in the winter.*

Of the older members of the Association, Drs. Stevens, Haven, and M'Clintock, only a faint and indistinct image remains in the memory of the writer. Of the others, it is not invidious to say that Dr. Appleton, afterwards President of Bowdoin College, and Mr. Buckminster were the animating soul. Nearly all the others were obliged, like Paul, from the inadequacy of their support from their parishes, to labor with their hands at some other calling. The manse of each was the home of all, and in those days, when the door was fastened only with a simple latch, the situation of the *prophet's chamber* was so familiar to the feet of the brethren, that, if one arrived after the family had retired for the night, he found his way to it, and the first indication the family had of a guest was his appearance at breakfast the next morning.

In nearly all of them there was a marked individuality of character that would have furnished rich materials for the pen of Scott. The Rev. Joseph Litchfield was settled over a little village of fishermen, and his appearance, at least, was that of a pilot who had weathered a hundred storms. He was welcome to every fireside for the quaint and graphic simplicity of his language, and eminently liked in the pulpit by the younger members of the family for the extreme brevity of his sermons; which sermons were always begun and finished by lamp-light on Saturday evening. The praise of brevity could not

be given to the sermons of the Rev. Huntington Porter, from Rye, close upon the sea. There was an aridity in the sermons and in the aspect of the preacher, that bore as strong a resemblance to the sand upon the sea-shore as the Rev. Mr. Litchfield's did to the calling of his flock. They were both like those wholesome fruits, whose mellow and sweet qualities are covered with a rough and husky rind. Mr. Litchfield's prayers, made up of quotations of the highly figurative language of Scripture, never varied; if he had been cut short in any part of them, the youngest of his hearers could have taken up the strain and gone on to the end.

Those ministers who were settled in the parishes upon the borders of the sea, whose hearers were part fishermen, part agriculturists, were eminently practical men; they were teachers and pioneers for both worlds, and they seemed to enjoy 'the blessings of heaven above, and the blessing of the deep that lieth under; the dew of the mountains, and the riches of the deep that coucheth beneath'; for many of them died comparatively rich, even in the goods of this world.

There is an anecdote told of one of the Piscataqua Association, who, addressing a society of fishermen, wished to adapt his discourse to the understanding of his hearers. He inquired, 'Supposing, in a northeast storm, you should be taken short in the bay, your hearts trembling with fear, and nothing but death before you, whither would your thoughts turn? to whom would you fly?' One of the hearers, arrested by the description, cried out, 'Why, in that case, I should hoist the foresail and scud away for Squam.'

The Rev. Mr. Chandler, of Eliot, taught his parish how to turn the waste places, literally, into a garden, and to make the desert blossom as the rose. He was the first who supplied the Portsmouth market with vegetables. He taught the women to be the best of husband*men*, to work double tides, with the hoe and the oar; and withal, he contrived to bring an unusual degree of refinement for the time and place into his parish, and to cultivate the best affections of his people. The moral soil kept pace with the natural, and while this portion of the shores of the Piscataqua was distinguished for its deeper verdure, its richer foliage, the people were remarkable for the courtesy of their manners and the honesty of their dealings. The wives of the fishermen were the market-women of Portsmouth. There was a small market-house where they assembled, after having made fast the boats which they rowed with their own hands, and then dispersed themselves, with their wares, through the town.

There were families that had been furnished by the selfsame women long years, from blooming youth to wrinkled age, with eggs, berries, chickens, spun yarn, knitted stockings, &c., coming as regularly as the Saturday came, till a bond of mutual dependence was formed; and the familiar face that had been comely in youth continued to them the same, although to strangers it assumed the witch-like appearance of Meg Merrilies.

One more of the Association, so familiar and honored in the youth of the writer, shall be mentioned. The Rev. Jacob Abbot, of Hampton Falls, was a man of extreme sensibility, and of an inequality of tem-

perament which subjected him to alternate seasons of dejection and exhilaration. His countenance immediately betrayed which state of feeling predominated, and all his services, even in the pulpit, partook of the variableness of his temperament. He was dear to children and young people, from the tender and familiar interest he felt in their improvement. He was always a welcome guest, from his delicate fear of giving trouble; and as he continued a more intimate intercourse with Massachusetts, and the literary and polite world there, than some others of the Association, his conversation was more rich and varied, and more entertaining to the young.

As has been said above, these ministers differed widely in their religious views; between the two extremes of the strict Calvinist and the believer in universal salvation was included among them every shade of Protestant faith. Although their opinions were freely discussed in these meetings, they do not appear in any offensive prominence in the two publications they put forth, the Missionary Magazine and the Piscataqua Prayer-Book, but were merged in the great object of their writing and their preaching, to turn sinners to God by faith in Jesus Christ, and to produce virtuous and holy lives.

The Piscataqua Missionary Magazine was a boon in their families. Like the new year's almanac, it was read from the first page to the last, — most gratefully, if it contained an 'entertaining anecdote'; and news of even missionary proceedings was read with avidity, at a time when there was no yellow, nor blue, nor brown-covered literature to fill up the Sunday hours that were not spent in the sanctuary.

The other publication was 'A Prayer-Book for the Use of Families,' in which the address to heads of families was written by Dr. Buckminster. There is in this such a remarkable absence of sectarianism, and such a unity of spirit, that all the prayers seem to have proceeded from one mind and one heart, together with a simplicity of faith and expression that could be understood by a child.

The remarks that have been made touching the unanimity of feeling in the Piscataqua Association must be understood to refer to the close of the last century, before the critical study of the Scriptures had introduced diversity of opinion upon the subject of the Trinity.

CHAPTER IV.

PORTSMOUTH. — PECULIARITY IN ITS EARLY SETTLEMENT AND IN ITS SOCIETY. — ITS WEALTH. — PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. — MRS. TAPPAN, DR. BUCKMINSTER'S SISTER.

Portsmouth from its foundation presented a state of society unlike that of any other place in New England. It was not settled from motives of religion, but for purposes of trade. Possessing one of the most beautiful localities, of intermingled land and water, its advantages of harbor and fishing-ground presented an alluring prospect to persons wishing to gain fortunes and to enjoy life. A well-authenticated anecdote shows that the inhabitants themselves would not hypocritically appropriate to themselves the praise of being a religious society. A reverend divine, preaching to them against the depravity of the times, said, 'You have forsaken the pious habits of your forefathers, who left the ease and comfort they possessed in their native land, and came to this howling wilderness, to enjoy the exercise of their religion and a pure worship.' One of the congregation rose and said, 'Sir, you entirely mistake the matter: our ancestors did not come here on account of their religion, but to fish and trade.'

The settlement, the government, and the prevailing tone of society were different from most of the New England towns. There was no Puritanism in the

early religion of the place. The settlers of Portsmouth retained their attachment to the English Church. Their first worship was Episcopalian, with service-books, hassocks, glebe-land, and manse. Even after the union with Massachusetts, the law that to be a freeman one must be a church member was dispensed with. The air that blew so freshly over the purple waves of the Piscataqua * was truly the air of freedom. There was no persecution for religious opinions in Portsmouth. The wolf's head, that was nailed on the meeting-house door, did not indicate the spirit that breathed within. †

The clergy had little or no influence beyond that which character gave them. The first Congregational minister, and there was no one of that denomination settled till 1671, was prosecuted and imprisoned by Governor Cranfield because he refused to administer the communion according to the form of the English Church. The Governor had no design to make the church Episcopalian, but sought this mode of revenging himself upon the minister, who had offended him; and four out of six of the judges concurred in the sentence. Could such a thing have taken place, under like circumstances, with a Wilson or a Cotton?

Puritanism had little influence in forming the character of Portsmouth. The people were impulsive and enthusiastic; easily excited to rejoicings, which they demonstrated with great splendor and extravagance,

* Every one who has lived at Portsmouth must recollect the peculiar steely color of the river.

† In those early times, every one who killed a wolf nailed his head upon the meeting-house door, and received five pounds reward from the government.

they were, on the contrary, little given to days of fasting and prayer. When the news and the agent of the Stamp Act arrived in Portsmouth, instead of appointing a day of fasting, they had what turned out to be a joyous procession and jubilee. It began indeed with mourning. The bells were tolled, and a funeral cortege formed, bearing a coffin with the inscription, 'Liberty, aged 145 years.' This was carried with many ceremonies, to the grave. But as the news of the repeal had arrived before the day that the act was to go into operation, *Liberty* was rescued before it was buried, and carried off by its sons in triumph. Magazines of refreshments were provided at the corners of the streets, and all ended with a dinner and a ball. Indeed, in almost all celebrations of public events, instead of a sermon there was a ball; instead of days of fasting in Portsmouth, all public demonstrations of feeling ended with a feast.

There was no parsimony in Portsmouth. The liberality of the town in its early days was shown in valuable donations to every institution of public utility, and in a most generous grant of four hundred pounds to Harvard College. The salaries of their earliest ministers were generous. To the rector, one hundred and thirty pounds, with glebe-land and parsonage, and the donations from strangers; that is, the money laid upon the plate, which, in those early times, was placed in some conspicuous part of the meeting-house, and not needed by any poor persons.

There were large fortunes made in Portsmouth, and the inhabitants imitated in splendor of living the mother country. Governor Wentworth, a man of most brilliant talents and accomplishments, with his

enlarged views, refined tastes, and elegant manners,— with the means also of expense, receiving as he did a large salary,*— set the example of social entertainments, and promoted every elegant amusement. There were more private carriages and livery servants in Portsmouth, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any other place in New England. Even as late as the end of the last century, the writer can recollect scattered remnants of the former splendor. Within the old meeting-house, ancient, venerable forms loom out of the distant dimness, arrayed in all the splendor of the costume of the court of George the Third. Immense wigs, white as snow, coats trimmed with gold lace, embroidered waistcoats, ruffles of delicate cambric worn by the rougher sex, cocked hats and gold-headed canes, — costumes that would now be assumed for a masquerade, — were scattered through the old meeting-house; and then at the church door were the chariots, with livery footmen behind, to take the delicate-footed gentlemen to their homes. But these were only the broken and scattered remnants of the old fabric of society,— the preserved ornaments of old-fashioned splendor. The real wealth of the town, within the memory of the writer, was in the younger men, the merchants, sons of the workingmen and of the ministers of the preceding age.

There is no record remaining, accessible to the writer, of Dr. Buckminster's ordination. He was unmarried, and went immediately to board in the family of one of his deacons, at this time consisting of a

* His salary, besides his house-rent and farm, was fourteen hundred pounds. A large sum previous to the Revolution.

middle-aged, childless couple. In the memory of the writer, as known at a later period, they held so venerable and so peculiar an aspect, that she would fain transfer a sketch of them to her pages. They dwelt in a small, plain house, one little parlor of ten feet square containing all that was requisite for their comfort. The deacon himself tended a little shop in front of the parlor, filled with needles, pins, tape, quality-binding, snuff, — that most common luxury, — with a small pair of scales to weigh a copper's worth. The deacon always wore a full suit of very light drab broadcloth, with white cotton stockings and silver knee-buckles, and a full-bottomed white horse-hair wig, always powdered. His exquisitely plaited cambric ruffles were turned back while he was in the shop, under white linen sleeves or cuffs, and a white linen apron preserved the purity of the fine drab broadcloth.

His solitary mate sat in the little three-cornered parlor, whose fireplace was an afterthought, and built into the corner; the bricks forming successive little shelves, where various small things could be kept warm. There she sat all day at her round table with needle-work, dressed in an old-fashioned brocade, with an exquisite lawn handkerchief folded over it, and environed with a scrupulous neatness, where the litter of children's sports never came. In the stoical childhood of the writer, it was a blessed recreation to be permitted to go and drink tea with the old-fashioned pair. The visiter sat upon the stair that came down into the room, and observed the process of making tea, when the bright copper kettle was placed before the fire, and the waiter with small china cups took

the place of the work-basket upon the round table. Then, as the evening shades gathered in that little room, and the tea-kettle sang louder and louder, the mate of this solitary nest came in from the shop. His white wig was exchanged for a linen cap, the cuffs and the apron laid aside, and the latchet of the silver shoe-buckle unloosed, but not taken out. His place was also at another small table, where were writing materials and the ledger of the little establishment.

It was the proud office of the childish visiter to be permitted to carry the smoking cup of tea across the few steps that divided the tables without spilling a drop, more than rewarded by the benignant smile, the courteous politeness, of the old gentleman. Yes, although he sold snuff by the copper's worth, he was a true paladin, chivalrous to his companion, whom he always called 'My love,' while she addressed him by the plainer title of 'Neighbor,' obeying, no doubt, the injunction of Scripture that she should love her neighbor as herself.

In this frugal, uniform, secluded manner, they passed the evening of a life that had once been more eventful, and with greater means of expense, and in retaining the costume of better days, unsuited to the business of the small shop, they retained what conduced to their own unassuming self-respect. The old lady sometimes folded her work and closed her evening in the words of Dr. Watts : —

'I'm tired of visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys, —
Their vain amours, and empty stuff;
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy dear company.'

In my childish simplicity, it seemed a beautiful compliment to her companion; but as I now understand its significance, it seems almost a parody upon their quiet life.

Another family, which presents a contrast to the last, appears in the magnifying memory of childhood with fourfold lustre, and their dwelling 'like a palace in El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal.' And there, at the gate of the palace, stood daily the chariot and the liveried servants, and the lady came forth, stately, powdered, and, in the thought of the humble child, too delicate to press the rough earth with her foot; and when she was seated, the two liveried negroes stood behind, and thus the pageant passed on. But all the barriers of ceremony were overleaped when we were permitted to visit the great house; for there was the only daughter, the only child of the house, but a few years older than ourself, lively, natural, amiable, and generous, in all the fulness of a noble heart. She was ready to instruct us in what she knew, and ready to join in any game for our amusement.

Governor Langdon, of whose family I speak, and to whose friendship I would pay a long-deferred but genuine tribute, was one of the most faithful, where all were faithful, of Dr. Buckminster's parishioners. His daughter endeared herself singularly to the affections of children. The son of our family, of whom I shall presently speak, was happy in receiving from her his first impressions of the youthful feminine character. She was several years older, and had seen much more of the world; therefore it was in her power to give him many valuable lessons, to

instruct him in politeness, and to watch his progress in graceful manners and in deference to the society of ladies. He repaid her with the warmest gratitude and attachment; and a friendship that began almost in his infancy went on increasing to the last hour of his life.

Another, a middle group in the faithful and true pictures of a society long since passed away. This is the family of a favorite physician, the dearly loved and trusted friend. He also wears a full suit of a rich brown color, with cambric ruffles, silk stockings, and gold buckles at his knees and shoes. His is a small wig, or hair, curled and powdered at the sides, with a black silk bag behind, a three-cornered hat, and a gold-headed cane. As he picks his way, with quick, but careful steps, through the muddy streets, his hat is completely off at the meeting of every townsman, and every child is his particular care. From all the fresh young lips of the little girls, he takes a tribute as he passes; they hold up their rosy faces, charmed with the familiar courtesy of the much-enduring man, and feeling richer for what they have given.

Let us follow him to his home, where the exquisite brightness of the old-fashioned andirons, the brilliant polish of the furniture, the closely drawn curtains, give to the modest apartment the charm of elegance, and something even more home-like than elegance can impart. The wife, a faithful picture of the olden time, calm, stately, and lady-like, benignant and most lovable to children, — for she is herself childless, — brings forth her treasures of a yet more ancient time to charm the winter's evening. Another figure, dear to my childhood's memory, must not be omitted, —

the grandmother of the hostess, then nearly ninety, holding herself yet erect in the easy-chair, with lawn hood, white as snow, plaited closely round the silvery hair, that is folded back over a cushion, — a fashion almost as old as the first century of the country. Beneath, the pale, calm, passionless face of a beautiful old age, and the sightless eyes, claiming a mysterious reverence from our young hearts. How much of the past could I have learned from her, had I known how to ask!

In connection with the society in Portsmouth, as the place where such a character could find her appropriate sphere, and among the events that contributed greatly to the happiness of Dr. Buckminster, should be mentioned the residence in the same town, and near him, of his sister Isabella and her husband, Mr. Amos Tappan, who was one of his most intimate personal friends, and for some years the deacon of his parish. This sister, Isabella, the youngest of the family, then about eighteen years old, came to visit her brother soon after his marriage, and Providence so ordered that she remained the constant sharer of his joys and sorrows, the efficient friend, to him and to his children, through life, and not widely divided from him in death. She followed her brother in less than two years after his decease.

Mrs. Tappan was certainly one of the most remarkable, one of the most heroic (for heroism applies to moral and religious principles as well as to heroic actions), of which the last century, so fruitful in noble women, has left us the example. Although she has passed away, and there has been no record of her deeds on earth, yet if we are permitted to believe

that heaven is a place where the good receive their reward in observing the happiness of those they benefited on earth, there has she also met her appropriate reward.

Mrs. Fry, Hannah More, and countless others, have been celebrated and admired. God forbid that one leaf should be shorn from the laurels that adorn their honored names; but they had the aid of fortune, of wealthy and efficient friends, of constant applause, of increasing fame, of royal approbation, and of a final reward in the public gratitude of the nation. Mrs. Tappan wrought for many years alone, with discouragement and illness on her side, struggling constantly against a strong current of worldliness and avarice. Let it be remembered, also, that she began and carried on her labors before philanthropy had received an impulse from the spirit of the age; before charity-schools, associations, and benevolent societies had an existence; and in a place, too, where no fashion and no notoriety could attach to them. Her husband, who fully participated in her benevolent plans, and helped, after her decease, to carry them out, was master of the grammar-school in Portsmouth, with a salary never exceeding seven or eight hundred dollars. With these small pecuniary means, her benevolent plans were begun, carried on, and completed. With lion heart, she did not hesitate to attack avarice in its stronghold. With strong faith in the kindness of the human heart, with persuasive eloquence and unusual pathos in pleading the cause of the unfortunate, she approached the heart and the hand shut close upon its gold; and one by one she unloosed the grasp of the fingers, and by degrees melted the ice about the heart, and gained her purpose.

Her first object was the establishment of a charity-school for poor girls, and connected with it a Sunday school taught by young ladies enlisted by herself in this service. These children were taken from the lowest and most wretched class of society, were made respectable, and dressed in a neat uniform. Great was her delight when she saw them all neatly arrayed by her own exertions, and following their teachers to church, where a sermon was preached in their behalf by her brother, Dr. Buckminster, and a contribution taken. This, it must be remembered, was in the very beginning of the century, in 1803, before schools, especially Sunday schools, were thought of in this country. Finding these poor children still corrupted by the debasing influences of their homes, she changed her plan, and almost by her personal efforts alone established the Female Asylum in Portsmouth for destitute children. This institution met with much opposition, but was firmly sustained by her during her life. From causes which cannot be here detailed, it failed in the ultimate benefit expected from it.

She was herself childless, but her home never lacked the cheerful voices and the kindly influences of young and childlike natures. Had her house been large enough, every motherless child would have found a home within it. Three young relatives of her husband's family and her own were permanently adopted by them, and received all the benefits of a paternal and religious home; and were educated to practise the self-denial and to value the benevolent influences that formed the atmosphere by which they were surrounded. As soon as her two adopted daughters were old enough, they were enlisted in her

charitable forces, and helped to carry out her benevolent plans. She had read of Sunday schools in England, and was anxious to adopt them; but she had yet a stronger sentiment in favor of domestic religious instruction where it could be obtained. The colored population was very large at that time in Portsmouth, and, from the prejudice against color, their children did not enjoy the same privileges as others. Her benevolent heart keenly felt this injustice, and she sent her adopted daughters to collect the negro children in town, and to bring them to her own house, where there was religious instruction for them on the Sabbath; to this was added a school every afternoon in the week, in which they were taught sewing, knitting, and reading. Both these schools were continued by these young ladies for many years. This Sabbath school was probably the first in New England. It was carried on in a humble, noiseless manner. It was scarcely known out of the street where she lived, and the investigation that has taken place about the honor of having instituted these useful schools has left this humble one, and that, also, connected with the charity-school in Portsmouth, wholly unmentioned.

It was not children alone that claimed her care. The old, the neglected, the sorrowful, the deserted, the forgotten, were all her children and the recipients of her bounty. Every Sunday, some poor old creatures, weighed down with infirmity, friendless, with none but her to pity, were invited to sit by the kitchen fire, and there a good dinner of meat and pudding was carried to them by herself from her table; her kind voice, her sympathizing eye, cheered

them, and they were sent away refreshed with the reflection that one friend at least cared for them. Even the miserable inmates of the almshouse were invited to her cheerful table, not merely to be cheered by a good dinner, but to be refreshed with the Christian sympathy of a heart alive to every impulse of humanity. This was not all. Her visits to the poor and afflicted were the daily doings, the constant duties and cares of the week. She sent her adopted children, and sometimes her nieces, to search out the victims of want and misfortune; the highways and the hedges were explored; and all were included in that comprehensive charity where the only claim was suffering and sorrow.

All this was accomplished by one who was more than a third of the time prostrate on a bed of suffering. She was subject to severe nervous headache, that, after some hours of acute suffering, was only relieved by opiates and sleep. While convalescent, she was planning her disinterested labors, which, the moment ease returned, were resumed and pursued with new ardor, before the return of another attack of pain. To use the beautiful words of another, 'She seemed an angel ever on the wing, leaving a path of light and love behind her.' Her noble, generous soul seemed to act from the instinct of beneficence. It was not necessary for her to pause. She felt that she was right. Her husband sometimes said, 'Should we not stop to investigate our motives more fully, before we undertake a new experiment?' She would answer, 'I must not stop. I must act. Let motives take care of themselves; for while I am deliberating, some poor creature may be perishing for lack of aid.' With all

this active charity, she was an angel of comfort and consolation by the bed of sickness, and in the chambers of the dying. She brought with her when she entered a calming, soothing power. Her cheerful countenance, her bright smile, and active step, when she entered the chamber of sickness, seemed instantly to banish anxiety and despondency. The writer of this imperfect sketch well remembers, that, with the sensitive feelings of childhood and the anxious fears of ignorance, she sympathized too keenly when sickness and sorrow were in the family; but the moment this valued relative entered the chamber, a weight was lifted from her spirits. 'All will now be well' was whispered to her heart, and the sunshine returned to her breast. It is a peculiar faculty, a direct gift of nature, with which a few favored beings are endowed, thus to be the aids and comforters of others.

As the mind of Mrs. Tappan was occupied with great plans of benevolence, she did not therefore neglect the smallest effort; the cup of cold water was never forgotten. Among small aids for doing good was that of appropriating a room in her house to the use of a destitute, lonely widow, whose only occupation was making over old clothes, and repairing flannels and woollens, for the benefit of those who had none. When the materials failed, she spun and knit yarn into stockings for the poor. Bed-spreads and comforters were here quilted, that had been sewed together from the smallest scraps at her daughters' charity schools. Here, too, young ladies were invited to come, with thimble and needle, to spend a cheerful afternoon, leaving, as the result of their labors, garments for her destitute poor, and fully repaid by her own cheerful and animated conversation.

But her active and benevolent spirit received a new impulse after the publication of Buchanan's and other missionary works. She threw all the ardor of her soul and all the energies of her mind into the cause of missions. The rich were called upon to give, the young to aid with their labors, and her own days and nights were devoted to writing and to the diffusion of missionary information. A new spirit was awakened in the country, and young men rushed from the plough and the work-bench to schools and academies, to obtain the requisite knowledge, in order to depart as missionaries to heathen lands. The beautiful hymn of Bishop Heber fired them with new zeal in the cause: —

'From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.'

The call was obeyed. The young missionaries were welcomed by her and her husband to their hospitable roof; their wants supplied, their wardrobes repaired, their old clothes exchanged for new. For this purpose there was a chest of drawers appropriated to ready-made garments for missionaries; and perhaps no satisfaction was ever greater than hers, when a young man was furnished and speeded on his labors. Her hopeful and imaginative mind looked forward into the future, and saw, with rapturous joy, the heathen forsaking his debasing superstitions, and

whole nations converted to the blessed religion of Jesus. In faith she looked forward, but she witnessed only the dawn of missionary success.

Mrs. Tappan's fervent spirit could not be satisfied with the common and ordinary sources of religious instruction. The pious fervor of her soul required a more intimate union with her fellow-Christians upon spiritual subjects. She was active, therefore, with other members of the church, in instituting meetings for prayer and religious inquiry, at which the presence of her brother, Dr. Buckminster, was always desired. A person, then in the morning of life, who was present at these meetings, speaks of them, after the lapse of thirty years, in these glowing terms: —

'Dr. Buckminster's addresses at these meetings were more tender and impressive than his written sermons. Here he came near to heaven, with his and our sorrows and wants. Here was the Bible unfolded and taken to every heart, and Christians trained for heaven. In these little rooms, unadorned and uncushioned, sat Dr. Buckminster, as a ministering angel, his countenance beaming with heavenly love and his lips uttering celestial truths, leading that little company to the waters of eternal life. They drank there, and most of them are now at the fountain. They hunger no more, nor thirst, neither does the sun light on them or any heat. Those little whitewashed rooms, — what scenes of interest could they unfold! There I learned the value of the soul, and, I trust, found safety. I shall never forget the tenderness and earnestness with which he spoke to me. The tears and the love of the pastor penetrated my soul. I feel assured it was in that little circle of affection and

prayer that he strengthened his own spirit and lost his own burdens. Many who composed it were unlettered and unrefined, but in this weekly intercourse the elegance and refinement of his own mind were imparted; they caught the gentleness and urbanity of his manners; they became strong in the Bible spirit, and were imbued with Bible truth. It is remarkable how soon they were all, or nearly all, called to follow him; and what death-beds were theirs! Most of them were eminently blessed at the close of life. Those peaceful, dying scenes are among my sweetest memories.'

Mrs. Tappan, in these meetings, as in every thing else, was the leader and encourager of others. Her faith was rarely clouded, her intrepid spirit scarcely ever discouraged. 'There were occasions,' says one of her adopted daughters, 'in which she rose above herself, and appeared a superior being to all around her.' One of the occasions referred to was after the death of Dr. Buckminster, when, as often happens, there was disunion between the church and the parish in the choice of a candidate. Mrs. Tappan was deeply interested in the gentleman whom the church had chosen; she could not bear to think of a disappointment. 'The day of decision had arrived, and she spent it in her room, walking the floor, and endeavoring to stay her soul on God. At four o'clock the parish meeting closed, with a rejection of the candidate. The brethren of the church, in silence and grief, assembled spontaneously at her house, but she was by this time wholly exhausted, and had taken to her bed. The friends went directly to her, and burst into a flood of tears, as they assembled around her.

In an instant she sprang up in bed, and with heroic courage and eloquence she addressed them: —"What! my friends," she said, "is it for us to be faint-hearted, while God lives? The cause is his, not ours. He will take care of his own." And with astonishing energy and eloquence she continued to speak, till all were ashamed of their want of faith, and went forward with new resolution.'*

Mrs. Tappan died in April, 1814. There was a most affecting expression of the attachment which this friend of the sorrowful had inspired in every class of the community. During her short and fatal illness, her chamber, and all the avenues leading to it, were thronged with crowds of deeply anxious faces, asking and longing for one word of hope; and when she died, the grief of the community was almost as fervent and universal as when her brother, Dr. Buckminster, was taken from his parish.

* Mrs. Bigelow, of Rochester, Mass.

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE OF MR. BUCKMINSTER. — CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF DR. STEVENS. — DEATH OF MRS. BUCKMINSTER. — DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS. — SECOND MARRIAGE. — JOYS AND TRIALS.

Mr. Buckminster had been settled in Portsmouth three years, when he married, in 1782, Sarah Stevens, the only child of Dr. Benjamin Stevens, of Kittery Point. Kittery Point, upon the Piscataqua River, opposite to Portsmouth, was at this and at an earlier period a fair town, in a flourishing condition. Merchants of large property made it their residence; spacious houses were built, and strangers were much allured to the spot to enjoy the elegant hospitality of Sir William Pepperell. Dr. Stevens lived to see the decline of the place, the death or removal of his old friends, while the beautiful spot assumed almost its present appearance; where the bright-flowing Piscataqua winds round empty fields, dotted only with the old trees of a former growth, and the land and water, so sweetly blended together, are varied only by its ancient tombs.

The history of Dr. Stevens and his family is somewhat peculiar. His father, the Rev. Joseph Stevens, was minister of the First Church of Charlestown, Massachusetts. Ordained in 1713, his ministry had been of only eight years' duration, when he himself, and, save one child, his whole family, consisting of

his wife, two children, his wife's sister, and a maid-servant, were all swept off at once by the small-pox. His second son, Benjamin, then an infant of seven months old, was saved by the prudence of a nurse, who fled with him from the contagion to his grandfather's house in Andover.

Mr. Stevens, the minister of Charlestown, was a man much beloved, and distinguished by peculiar graces. The Rev. Dr. Colman, of Brattle Street church, wrote of him a short biography, as a preface to four sermons upon that 'better, heavenly country,' which he was in the course of preaching when he was taken away, to dwell in that 'better land.'

From this source we learn, that 'he was possessed of great personal beauty, and no less distinguished for the brilliant qualities of his mind. His countenance was grave, of a sweet expression, and full of life. He excelled in conversation, and the modesty of his deportment gave a singular grace to the superiority and dignity that were natural to him. In the delivery of his sermons he was distinguished for his animation. His eyes as well as his tongue were wont to speak with such majesty, as well as solemnity, as commanded the ears and hearts of his audience. Indeed, his natural advantages were such, that, while they formed a distinguished divine, they might have equally qualified him as a judge or a commander, had Providence called him to the bench or the field.' *

It is a striking circumstance, perhaps, that this description of Mr. Stevens would apply with great

* See the History of the First Church of Charlestown, by W. J. Buddington.

exactness to his great-grandson, the pastor of Brattle Street church, who inherited his name, as well as his personal graces. Their ministry also was of the same duration, — eight years, — both dying in their full strength, one at twenty-eight, the other at forty years of age.

The single scion of the family who escaped the ravages of the small-pox, the orphan Benjamin, was educated at Harvard College, and settled at Kittery Point, at that time, as mentioned above, a flourishing and attractive place. He married Mary, a daughter of Judge Remington, of Cambridge.* His wife died early, leaving him an only child, a daughter, thus motherless, at the age of ten years. When urged to marry again, he replied, — 'I do not feel that the tie that bound me to one now in heaven is dissolved by death; I live in the firm faith of meeting my wife again.' When he was reminded that it was his duty to give his only daughter a guardian and female companion, he said that he thought himself able to be the guardian of his daughter, and that he did not wish to place her under any authority but his own. And he became indeed the companion of his only child. The union between father and daughter was singularly free, unreserved, and beautiful.

Some anecdotes remain of Dr. Stevens, that are as characteristic of the manners of a century ago, as of the individuality of his character. The meeting-house and parsonage on Kittery Point, upon the northeastern shore, at the mouth of the Piscataqua, have an aspect

* Mr. Ellery, of Newport, grandfather of Dr. Channing, married a sister of Mrs. Stevens. Dr. Channing and Joseph Stevens Buckminster were second-cousins.

and situation which in summer cannot be surpassed for beauty and variety of scenery, but in winter are bleak and exposed to storms, and at times the river must have been almost impassable. Tradition informs us, that, after he was somewhat advanced in years, and consequently not very well able to bear the cold, he would remain in the parsonage on a stormy Sabbath morning in the winter till the bell had tolled some time, and then he would send his servant Sambo into the meeting-house with the message, that, if there were but seven hearers assembled, 'massa' invited them to come into his parlor, and he would preach to them there; but if there were upwards of seven, he would go to the meeting-house. He would then enter, with his outside garment tied closely around his waist with a silk handkerchief, as no fires were then kept in the places of worship, and thus protected from the cold, he would go through the services.

He used to ride on horseback in the winter, accoutred in the same manner, and carry relief to the temporal wants of the poor and sick, as well as spiritual instruction to all whom he could reach. He was intimately acquainted with every member of his parish, man, woman, and child; and although his meeting-house was usually well filled in good weather, and very often crowded, he could tell who were missing, and if places were vacant on a pleasant Sabbath, he was sure to be out on horseback very early on Monday morning to visit the absentees. Few, very few, ever put him to the trouble of going to see them two Mondays in succession.

Sambo, the black servant already mentioned, was

the factotum in his master's small family, and very fond of a practical joke. One summer's day, when one of the clerical brethren came to visit his master, Sambo tethered the horse so near to the rocks in the pasture that the poor beast could get but a very scanty meal. When reproved by his master for his inhospitality, he replied, 'Massa tell Sambo that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, and Sambo thought that the nearer the rock the sweeter the grass.' Even without this anecdote we should infer that Dr. Stevens, although extremely liberal and charitable, conducted his affairs with shrewdness and economy; for out of a small salary he was able to lay by some thousands of dollars, and at his death he was esteemed rich.

Dr. Stevens's intimacy with the Pepperells brought upon him the suspicion of inclining to the mother country at the approach of the contest with her colonies. After the death of President Holyoke of Harvard University, in 1769, 'the minister of Kittery,' says Hutchinson, 'would have had the voice of the people as a candidate for the presidency if his political principles had not been a bar.'* An anecdote often related indicates his political bias. Upon one occasion, when he was preaching in Portsmouth, a gentleman named Blunt had a son to be baptized, and the ordinance, according to the custom of that day, was to take place immediately after the sermon. In the discourse, which was somewhat political, Oliver Cromwell was mentioned, and 'soundly berated.' At the close, the parents and child were called for, and the father, when requested to give the name, suppressed

* Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, Vol. III. p. 262.

the one previously selected, and called out in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation, 'Oliver Cromwell,' and by that name the child was baptized.

That, when the contest was finally decided upon, Dr. Stevens took the part of the colonies, is apparent from all his subsequent history. He never lost in the smallest degree the respect and affection of his own parish or of the country. His death took place in 1791. An aged woman now living relates, that at his funeral the shore of the beautiful point was lined with boats, and the meeting-house crowded to overflowing with a weeping multitude. Another aged person says, that, to the day of his death, he was an early riser; that being employed at work opposite the parsonage the year of his death, the first person he saw on every summer morning was Dr. Stevens, at his study window, with his book in his hand, just as the sun was rising.

The writer, some years ago, met with a singular proof of the whimsical idea Dr. Stevens's parishioners entertained of his great learning. Passing in a small boat over the river to the 'Point,' an ancient boatman who was no bad representative of Charon himself, sat at the helm, and paddled the boat across. Being asked if he remembered Dr. Stevens,—'Remember him, indeed!' he answered; 'he not only baptized, but he married me also. Ah!' he said, 'he was a prodigiously learned man, and never spoke except in Greek and Hebrew.'

While the French fleet were stationed in the harbor near by, during the war, the officers were much in the habit of enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Ste-

vens's parsonage, and this vicinity came very near to depriving him of his only daughter. The father of an only child could not consent to her leaving him for a distant country, and the decision of the father was unquestioned by the daughter.

The experiment of educating his daughter himself, and carrying her through the years of youth without female companionship, was eminently successful, if we may rely upon the testimony of all who knew her. She went to no dame's school, to no school whatever, and, except in visits made to her mother's relations, her father was her sole companion, and her instructor in English literature, — for female education in those days went no further, — and the relation between them was as unreserved as it was singular and beautiful. A contemporary, now eighty-eight years old, writes, — 'Sarah Stevens was quoted as a model of perfection by all who knew her.' Only a few years ago, the aged inhabitants of Kittery delighted to describe her to the writer as she remained in their memory in her riding-habit — or *Joseph*, as it was then called — and beaver hat, as she rode by her father's side when he made his parochial visits, and the very chair she sat in has been fondly pointed out. Traces, too, of her cultivating hand remain in the very shrubbery that shaded her window, while all else is desolate about the parsonage.

With extreme natural sensibility, the seclusion and the romantic scenery in which she lived were calculated to develop the imagination, and to give a sentimental turn to her thoughts, which was checked by the stern good sense of the father. Her letters show that she sometimes pined under her extreme solitude,

when winter storms lashed into foam the river that divided them from all society, and no boat could pass to their secluded dwelling. Dr. Stevens was furnished with resources for a winter's day such as few of his brethren possessed, in the library, splendid for those times, which was left him by Sir William Pepperell. The books were mostly English editions of the very best authors. At his own death, he bequeathed them for the use of the ministers of York and Kittery.

The first letter written after her marriage, at the first separation from her husband, shows the extreme tenderness of her attachment to him. He was absent on an exchange with Dr. Morse of Charlestown.

'I have retired to my chamber, but my spirits are so sunk by the absence of my dearest friend, that I cannot think of going to bed, and will try by this imaginary conversation, by the aid of the pen, to banish the gloom for a few minutes. Indeed, my friend, I hardly ever felt more unhappy than I have this day; and although I have attended meeting both parts of the day, my wandering mind, I fear, was more employed upon an earthly object that was absent, than engaged in the service of a heavenly Friend who is always present. Mr. Morse left me very soon after meeting; since then I have wandered from one room to another, but every where I miss my companion. I try to reason with myself; I endeavor to suppress my regrets and to be happy, but as yet my efforts are vain. O my friend, if I cannot bear a separation for a few days, how should I live if I should see you no more? I sometimes fear that, for an undue attachment to an earthly object, I may be reminded of its sinfulness by having it taken from me; but God grant that so severe an affliction may not be necessary for me.'

'*Monday Night.*—One more day has passed without my beloved friend. I would not send this letter if I could not tell you that I have felt less unhappy than I did yesterday. It is not that I have thought less of you, but I have schooled myself to be more reconciled to your absence. Miss A. has passed the day with me, and I would not have any one a witness to my grief; to none but my beloved companion could I confess it. . . . . About two o'clock we had a very severe storm of wind, rain, and thunder. The former made great devastation among the trees in the neighborhood. Our little garden, which I dare say you have thought of, has suffered less than could have been expected; some things are laid low, but your beans, I am thankful to find, still keep their place, or rather climb higher every hour. This will reach you just after Commencement. I hope you have enjoyed the day, and that its fatigue has not been too much for you. I trust it has been every way agreeable, and that every thing will tend to your happiness while absent.'

At the end of the first year of her marriage, a little daughter was born, that died a short time after its birth. The mother expresses her resignation in a letter to her father:—

'Heaven saw best to disappoint our hopes by taking the life of our little girl; I could have wished that it might have been spared, but it was undoubtedly best for us, as well as for the babe, that it was not, therefore I am resigned and contented. I have great reason to be thankful that my own life was spared. I enjoy many more blessings than I deserve. My lot is a most blessed one, and I wish I may not be wanting in gratitude to the Giver of all my blessings.'

Within the eight short years that this grateful and

loving woman formed the domestic happiness of Dr. Buckminster, she became the mother of four children. The second child and only son, Joseph, was six years old at her death. It is easy to see how much influence such a mother must have had upon her son. Her life was spared long enough for her maternal love to make those impressions on his susceptible mind, that most deeply and permanently stamp the future character. That she lived long enough to reap the fruit of her care in the promise of most gracious dispositions in her son, appears from an authentic anecdote, related by his father only a short time before his own death.

When Joseph was between five and six years old, his parents left home on a journey for a few weeks, and his father, when he took leave of the boy, said, rather jestingly, — 'Well, my son, you must have an eye to the family while I am absent, and see that every thing goes on in its accustomed regularity,' — never suspecting the extent to which his suggestion would be acted upon. Joseph accordingly, as soon as the hours of school were over, repaired to his father's study, and spent the time alone with the books; and when the hour for the morning or evening devotions of the family arrived, he rang the bell, and, in his sweet, childish voice, summoned the inmates of the house to prayers. He read a chapter, with the commentary, as usual, and concluded with a short prayer; and this with so much gravity and solemnity, that, instead of any approach to levity in the servants, they were impressed with deep seriousness, and one of them was greatly affected. This was not done once

or twice, but continued, with unabated reverence, during the absence of his parents. *

The mother consecrated her son to God upon her death-bed, and expressed the hope, that, if his life were spared, he would become a minister. No doubt he would have followed his own inclination in the choice of a profession, but it seems early to have been the decided bent of his character, as will afterwards appear.

The letters of his mother that have been preserved breathe the utmost tenderness of devotion to her husband and children, and gratitude for a happiness seldom the lot of mortals. It is not strange, then, that on her dying bed she should have uttered the words, —'Father! the cup cannot pass away. I must drink it! Thy will be done!' The contemporary quoted above adds, 'No one ever lived more beloved, or died more lamented.'

It is a touching anecdote, related by the same authority, of the aged father, Dr. Stevens, when his daughter was lying within a few days of her death, riding many miles in search of a plant that he had heard was a specific in complaints of the lungs. Fond affection clings to the frailest support, and finds food for hope where others find only despair. He survived his daughter only ten months. It was said that Dr. Stevens's death was occasioned by taking cold at the funeral of a parishioner; but those who knew him intimately said that he never was himself after the

* The writer would add, that this anecdote had always been traditionary in the family; but that it is inserted here upon the authority of Mr. Dana, of Marblehead, to whom Dr. Buckminster related it a short time before his death.

death of his child. The tears that flowed then were not the most bitter that have been shed on her grave. When God, in his holy and mysterious Providence, takes a mother from her infant children, the loss is the most irreparable to those most insensible to its magnitude. Theirs is a twofold loss, — bereft of the *remembrance*, as well as of the possession of a mother's love. She died July 17th, 1790.

It was not surprising that the wreck of Dr. Buckminster's domestic joys, after only eight years of happiness, left as he was with three motherless children, should have brought back the nervous distress to which, from constitutional temperament, he was easily subjected. At this period of his life he kept a diary, consisting, however, almost entirely of spiritual exercises and experiences; of records of a sense of sinfulness, aggravated by a morbid and exaggerated conscientiousness.

Into the sacred records of the conflicts of the soul, when overwhelmed with nervous distress, the eye of a child has hardly dared to penetrate, much less to reveal them to the unsympathizing scrutiny of those who differ from him in religious views, or to the approving gaze of that portion of Christians who consider them as the necessary accompaniment of the conversion of the soul to God.

His nervous disease, which is now far better understood than at that time, ever took the form of exaggerated conscientiousness, melancholy apprehensions about the religious state of his friends, and of his own religious condition and safety. The morbid and diseased state of his health induced constant iteration of the fear, that he had sinned beyond the reach of

mercy; that his ministry had been only a hypocritical exercise of sinful or insincere experiments, and that he had ruined all with whom he had ever been connected.

The above-mentioned journal was soon after discontinued, and the writer has heard her father, later in life, remark, that he considered such records as delusive representations of the state of the religious affections, eminently calculated to produce self-deception, misleading the writer into exaggerated ideas of the evil in the heart; while, on the other hand, by recording transient emotions and elevated devotional feeling, a too exalted state is induced, in danger of leading to spiritual pride and to false security.

During the last illness and death of his wife, this diary contains scarcely a record, except of the alternate feeling of hope and of despair produced in his own mind as the slight variations of better and worse in the delusive malady of consumption took place. And when there was no more hope, all other records were wiped away, and she alone 'lived in the book, and in the volume of the brain, the tablets of the heart.'

In this season of his affliction, October 18th, 1790, he was chosen Professor of Theology of Phillips Exeter Academy, the trustees of this richly endowed institution having then the intention of making it more of a school of theology than appears to have been the object of the founder. Sympathizing friends urged his acceptance of this office, hoping that change of scene and occupation would heal the deep wounds of an afflictive Providence. But he was now firmly rooted in the affections of his people in Portsmouth,

and decided to remain among them; and, indeed, no other sphere of usefulness could have been half so appropriate. From the time of his affliction, his people observed in him, if it were possible, an increase of spirituality and fervor in the work of his ministry. He was in labors more abundant, anxious, 'to spend and be spent in his Master's service.' To quote the words of another, 'He loved the work of his Divine Lord and Master above every thing else, and nothing gave him so much joy as to be able to win souls to Christ. There was a wonderful pathos in his supplications to the throne of Divine grace, and a wonderful variety and pertinence in all his professional services. At the communion-table, in the chamber of sickness, in the house of mourning, and at the grave, his addresses were extremely appropriate, tender, and deeply impressive.'

It is said in the Life of Dr. Dwight,* that an eminent civilian, hearing Mr. Buckminster pray, after the death of General Washington, remarked, that Mr. Buckminster deserved no credit for that prayer, for it was the effect of immediate Divine inspiration. Such an impression was often left by his occasional services; but his prayers were only the fruit of a devout heart. They breathed a spirit of ardent piety. They were evidence that 'human wants and human sorrows, the dangers which encompass the Christian's course, and the conflicts to which goodness is exposed, were subjects of his habitual thought.' He considered devotion as the life of Christian goodness, and, to promote it in his parish, he appointed two

* Sparks's Biography, Life of President Dwight, by W. B. Sprague.

evenings in the week for private meetings with two different classes of his people; the sisters of the church, and the young people, who were prompted by an interest in religion to seek counsel of their pastor.

In the year 1793, Mr. Buckminster gave a mother to his bereaved children, by marrying Mary Lyman, the daughter of Rev. Isaac Lyman of York, and sister of the late Theodore Lyman, Esq., of Boston. With a disposition eminently cheerful, and a heart entirely devoted to domestic joys and interests,—as a fond mother, and a careful guardian of all that could constitute the charm of home,—she made him eminently happy in this connection. While she enjoyed health, and indeed while she lived, although cares pressed and children multiplied, his cheerfulness never failed. He had no attack of nervous disease, and but a momentary depression of spirits.

In the last century, the salaries of ministers were very small, at least in all places except that which has been called the paradise of their order, Boston. Mr. Buckminster's society at Portsmouth was as liberal as any other there, but his salary was not sufficient to spare the pastor from those anxieties and cares which are peculiarly wearing to generous and refined natures. He was extremely generous in his disposition, and hospitable in his habits, and would gladly have had all his brethren at his frugal table. His settlement was upon the value of wheat and Indian corn, and varied extremely in different years; but never did the amount, I think, exceed six or seven hundred dollars. With these rather limited means, it was a fixed principle with him never to owe any thing. He never allowed himself to purchase a thing for which he

could not pay upon the spot, denying himself and family rather than incur a debt.

Providence richly endowed him with what has been called the minister's blessing, children. His quiver was full of them, and the olive-branches grew thick around his table, upon which, as may be supposed, the meal was simple and frugal, and the elastic cord of means needed to be stretched to the utmost to make both the ends meet around a year's expenses. He suffered much domestic grief in the loss of many lovely children, who were taken away at the most attractive period of life, — at the ages of one and two years; and the tenderness of his nature was deeply touched at such losses. Five of his twelve children died in infancy.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARACTER OF HIS SON JOSEPH. — LETTERS BETWEEN THE FATHER AND THE SON. — EXETER ACADEMY.

Joseph Stevens, the eldest son of Dr. Buckminster, was born May 26th, 1784. It has been mentioned in the last chapter, that his mother on her death-bed prayed that her son might be devoted to the church; for this purpose both parents took the greatest delight in cultivating his mind, — a mind, too, of such early promise, as almost from infancy gave indication of its excellence. I quote the letter of his eldest sister: * —

'I do not know how soon my brother was able to read; but at four years old he began to study the Latin Grammar, and had so great a desire to learn the Greek also, that my father, to please him, taught him to read a chapter in the Greek Testament by pronouncing to him the words. As early as this he evinced that love for books and ardent thirst for knowledge which he possessed through life. He was seldom willing, while a child, to leave his books for any amusement; my father was so much afraid that close application would injure his health, that he used to reward him for playing with boys of his own age, and would go with him to persuade him by example to take part in their

* Afterwards the wife of John Farrar, Hollis Professor of Mathematics in Harvard University.

sports. I have no recollection that, when we were children, he ever did any thing wrong. He had always the same open, candid disposition that marked his manhood, nor can I recollect any time when I did not feel perfect confidence that whatever he did was right. From the time he was five till he was seven years old, it was his practice to call the domestics together on Sabbath mornings, and read to them one of my father's manuscript sermons, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and sing a hymn; and he performed the service with such earnestness, that he was always listened to with attention. I have heard my dear father say that he never knew him to tell an untruth, or to prevaricate in the least. Indeed, there was always something about him that gained the love of all who knew him.'

But though the nature of the boy was most docile, rich, and promising, the history of his short life will show that it was not genius alone that made him so early eminent; that it was to his father's extraordinary care and watchfulness that he was indebted for the early excellence of his character; and, further, that there was nothing precocious in his mind. Every thing that he was and did was the natural fruit of previous sowing, watering, culture; so that, had he lived, what he had already accomplished would have been regarded by him but as immature and imperfect, —marking only an epoch in a development of his mind that would still have gone on in continual progress.

Still, the temperament of his youthful mind seems to have been of that elastic and buoyant character, which no kind of education could have depressed or confined. A gentle docility, a serene gayety, was ever the character of his disposition. This shone always in his countenance, and was apparent in the

freedom of all his bearing. He was, too, in his boyhood, eminently handsome. The open brow, shaded with chestnut curls, and the beautiful hazel eyes, attracted the attention of strangers who met him in the street; and, in one instance, a gentleman and lady, travellers, passing through Portsmouth, charmed by his beautiful countenance, followed him to his home, and made the singular request to be permitted to adopt him as their own son.

Thus girt round with all domestic, all religious influences, — all obedience upon one side, all watchful care upon the other, — it seems as though it would be impossible for the young feet to stray, or the young heart to throb with any but peaceful wishes; and with so docile a nature as Joseph's, all went well. But in the stoical homes of our Puritan childhood, free-will was too much restrained; the child was subjected to the bonds of a too strict obedience; the struggle of even innocent desires with the Puritan ideas of parental authority planted many a cypress-tree in the young heart, under whose shade perished the opening buds and beautiful flowers of joy. It may be a question hard to decide, whether is more conducive to the happiness of the whole of life, the former iron-bound obedience, or the present unlimited indulgence. If it be true, as Goethe in all the calm sincerity of a life of great experiences asserts, that 'only with renunciation can life, properly speaking, be said to begin,' then the earlier and the more complete the self-denial in the first years of life, the more prepared will the child be for happiness and for duty. But when we reflect how small is the portion of happiness that sometimes comes to dwell in the same

heart in after life, is it not unjust to abridge the innocent joys of childhood?

> 'Since sorrow never comes too late,
> And happiness two swiftly flies,
> No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
> 'T is folly to be wise.'

Of youthful, or rather boyish friendships formed at this early period of my brother's life, I can remember only two. The participator of one of them, Jacob Pickering, Esq., of Portsmouth, yet survives. The object of the other youthful attachment was a very promising lad, of the same age, George M. Sheafe, the son of James Sheafe, of Portsmouth. The two friends entered Exeter Academy together, were classmates at college, and the early death of Sheafe, at the age of nineteen, was deeply regretted by his young friend. His letters, in the round hand of a school-boy, were all carefully preserved.

Till the age of ten, Joseph remained at the grammar school in Portsmouth, taught by Mr. Amos Tappan, who married Dr. Buckminster's sister, and who was brother of Rev. David Tappan, Professor of Divinity at Harvard University. It was now necessary that he should enter a higher school. Phillips Exeter Academy then, as now, enjoyed a reputation second to none in the country. It was under the instruction of that most excellent man and renowned instructer, Mr. Benjamin Abbot. It is to be regretted that no history of Exeter Academy has ever been written. Probably more distinguished men have been educated at that school, and have been benefited by the instruction of its distinguished preceptor, than at any other in the United States.

Few anecdotes remain of my brother's boyhood, and at the distance of half a century there is no possibility of collecting more. Nearly all are dead who witnessed the early unfolding of this bud of promise. His eldest sister could remember his childhood, but the present writer was too young to recollect any thing of him before he went to college. She was not then seven years old, and even the vacations that brought him under the paternal roof have left only a faint impression. It is remarkable that his father never, in a letter or in any other way, gave the least indication that he was impressed by the extraordinary unfolding of his son's character. His early excellence seems to have been expected, as a matter of course, and only the natural result of extraordinary care.

There were two persons witnesses of his childish attractions, 'who kept all these things in their hearts,' and, had they lived, would have preserved rich stores of anecdote. One was an old domestic, who had lived with his mother, and remained the faithful nurse of her children till their father married again. She loved them all, but Joseph was her idol. She had no power of expressing her love and admiration, and until he was grown to man's estate, whenever 'Old Hannah' met him, she threw her arms around him, and kissed him on each side of the face, and on his forehead and lips. She always found out when he was expected at his father's house, and, dressing herself in her old-fashioned suit, preserved with the greatest care for Sundays and for this occasion, she was on the spot to greet her darling with tears and smiles and inarticulate joy.

The other was an aunt, the sister of his father,

already mentioned, — a most noble-hearted, excellent woman, a strict Calvinist, whose creed was sadly at variance with her warm heart. She maintained, in conversation, that every little son and daughter of Adam was the subject of sin and of correction before they were nine months old, and in theory she was a great friend to the rod; but she always said that she could find nothing wrong in Joseph, and never punished him. She was childless, but her house was never without two or three orphan children; and she became so indulgent in practice, that her last adopted child would have been utterly spoiled, had she been susceptible of spoiling.

My brother entered Exeter Academy in the autumn of the year 1795, having completed his eleventh year the preceding May. The letters of the father to the son while at Exeter were preserved with the utmost carefulness by the boy. Every trivial scrap, even on half a leaf of paper, was hoarded with a miser's care. They have been treated with like scrupulous respect, and, of the few introduced, not one word has been altered; even the original punctuation has remained unchanged. The son's letters were also as carefully preserved for many years, but, with other family papers, were destroyed by accidental fire not many years ago.

The first and second letters of the father are without date: —

'I have in a sense but just left you, my dear son, but so great is my affection and concern for you, that I gladly embrace every opportunity of writing to you, and wish you may have a similar affection and concern for us. Your

situation is such as I think must be agreeable and advantageous to you, and if you behave yourself well, with the smiles of Providence, you will be respected and happy. I am pleased to see your respectful and manly behavior in the family; continue to do so, and especially at any time in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland; never do any thing because they are gone which you would not do if they were at home; nor do any thing of which you would be ashamed, because you think you can keep it secret; such conduct discovers a little and base mind. If you accidentally do any mischief, (and I hope you will never do any with design,) do not endeavor to hide, but acknowledge it, and be sorry. Cultivate a sincere respect for your instructers, and never cherish prejudices against them. Instructers, who are entitled to the respect of their pupils, love those that respect them. I have borrowed a Sallust for you from Judge Parker. Take especial care of borrowed books.

'Do not study too hard, so as to injure your eyes, and do not be too anxious about acquitting yourself: be easy and contented in yourself: *fear God, and pray to him.* Be respectful and kind to all men, and be not too forward in the company of your superiors. Be swift to hear, but slow to speak.

'We have a smart shower upon us, and in our anxiety fear you will get wet. Be careful, lest you should be again seized with the rheumatism. We all love you and long to hear from you. Your sisters, though they, poor girls, cannot write,* will be glad to have a little letter from you.'

I would not swell these pages with all the father's letters to the son, of which one was written every week during his residence at Exeter Academy. But

* His sisters were of the ages of eight and five.

it must be recollected that the boy was only eleven years old, and I shall select only such passages as show with what minute care and tender solicitude his every footstep was followed by the anxious father.

'Your letter, my dear son, was received with pleasure, as all your letters are; but the pleasure in this case was a little heightened by inclosing your first attempt at composition, with a request that I would mention such corrections as might be made in it. It is very well, I think, for the first attempt. I do not discover any grammatical inaccuracies, which are very common in juvenile productions, but there is a little inaccuracy in saying "these *are* the consequences," when you have mentioned but one real consequence.

'The great art of composition is to write easily and intelligibly; perspicuity is the first thing in writing; if a person find that his meaning is obscure, he may be sure there is some defect in the attempt. You must not be grieved if at first your preceptor blots your pieces with corrections; there is nothing attained without labor and care, and it is a happiness to have an able and faithful friend who will correct our blunders.

'I am glad to find you disposed to get forward in your studies, but you must take care of your health, and remember that we are not scholars in proportion to what we run over, but in proportion to what we understand and make our own. I have known some boys that have only studied one Evangelist, better Grecians than others who have run over the whole Greek Testament. You will follow your preceptor's directions; but I wish you now, while you are so young, principally to attend to the languages.

'And now, my dear son, I must repeat my admonitions and exhortations to you, to abhor that which is evil, and

cleave to that which is good. It is a critical and important season with you. O, be watchful against forming any vicious habits; resist the first beginnings of temptation. Fear the great name of the Lord your God, and do not allow yourself to use it profanely upon any occasion whatever, nor make those your companions who do; keep yourself pure; never allow impure thoughts to enter your mind, or impure words to come from your lips. You have written so well against falsehood, that I hope you will never contradict your first attempt at composition in your practice. Treat all your superiors with respect, especially Madam Phillips, [the widow of the founder of the Academy,] and be obliging to her in little things as well as great, and be always forward to oblige. Observe the Sabbath in public and in private, and let no morning nor evening pass without committing yourself to God, for his protection and blessing. If we lie down or rise up without thanking him for the protection of the night, or for the mercies of the day, we should not wonder if his blessing is withdrawn from us.

'I say not these things to grieve you, but as my beloved son I warn you, and because I love you I admonish and exhort you, and wish you to be amiable, and virtuous, and happy.'

It must be recollected, in reading the next letter, that the boy was only eleven years of age.

'January 5th, 1796.

'My dear Son, — We are always glad to receive letters from you, whether their contents be more or less interesting, as they are pledges in some sort for your good behavior. Children can have no friends so nearly interested in their welfare as their parents, and they should treat them with openness and filial confidence, and in every interesting matter seek their advice and direction; while a child

governs himself by principle and acts with discretion, he will have nothing to conceal from a kind parent. But when he means to give himself up to the guidance of passion instead of reason, he must seek other advisers than parents, and his intercourse with them will be timid and reserved. I hope, my son, you will never get into the way of reserve with your parents, nor expose yourself to the bitter reflections of your own mind: young people may find the young who will flatter their passions, and give them advice that may be more congenial to their feelings, but nature directs children to their parents for counsel. You know, in Scripture history, how badly it fared with Solomon for forsaking the counsel of the old man and following the advice of the young. You will find some persons who are profane, some who are obscene in their discourse, some that ridicule all religion, and some who have no principle of any kind. I hope, my son, you will be on your guard not to be corrupted by any of them; the worst of them esteem those more highly whom they *cannot* corrupt, although they may affect to ridicule them; and the estimation of one virtuous man, which is secured by good principle and conduct, is of more value than the pretended estimation of a thousand of the profane.

'I send you Xenophon's Cyropædia; you must use it with care, as I hope you will all your books, but especially borrowed ones. A soiled book is a suspicious indication of an idle scholar. I have never read "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand." It is a matter of indifference to me what particular books you study, provided they be such as are calculated to forward you in the object of all learning, to be useful in life; this should be our object, my son, to be useful to our fellow-men. As to the course of your studies, I wish you to be directed by your preceptor.

'We thank you for your wishes for a happy year, and all of us return them. That will be a happy year, my dear son, that is spent in a faithful attendance upon duty, and in the love and fear of God.'

'August, 1796.

'My dear Son,—I was glad to hear by your letter that you were better than when you wrote before. I hope you will pay attention to your health, that you will take a due degree of moderate exercise, and be careful of being too long exposed to the evening air. But especially take care of the health of your mind; keep yourself pure and indulge no impure imaginations, no impure talking or jesting. I hope God will bless you and make you a blessing.

'I have some agreeable intelligence to communicate to you this morning. You are no longer, my dear, without a brother. Your mamma had a fine son born this morning. You will wish to come home and see the young stranger. He will be to you a *younger* brother. God grant that you may be to him an example of every thing that is good and lovely in his sight.

'You must remember, my dear son, that although, through the advantages you have enjoyed, you have made tolerable proficiency in learning, yet that you are very young; only a boy; and that you must not consider yourself at your own disposal: you must be careful of the connections you form, and not think because a scholar is older than yourself, or even a man, that therefore you may intrust yourself to his disposal. Sometimes older scholars have been the unhappy instruments of ruining younger ones by poisoning their minds and corrupting their hearts. Fear God yourself, and be a companion of those who fear him; fear Him, my son, who seeth in secret, and from whom no darkness can conceal. Believe a father who loves you, the way to be comfortable and happy in life is to preserve a pure, open, and honest mind.

'I send you herewith Priestley's Lectures on History and Policy, which your preceptor will direct you how to improve. You must be careful of it and not soil or deface it. A neat scholar is known by the appearance of his books.

'Be careful, my dear son, to cultivate the fear and love of God; forget not to pray to him daily, and commit all you do to him.

'Your affectionate father,

'J. Buckminster.'

The reiterated charges of his father to preserve his books with extreme care were partly from the consideration that most of the books of his advanced studies were borrowed from friends. There were at this time no American editions of Cicero, Sallust, and Xenophon, and the English prints of classics were far beyond the means of expenditure of a clergyman of the day. The delicate boy was subjected to many hardships in consequence of his father's limited means. From Exeter, and a part of the way from Cambridge, he was obliged to walk to his home to save the expense of stage-hire. The absolute need of boots and shoes; the necessity of having the discarded clothes of the father cut down to fit the son, and 'old ones made amaist as good as new;' all these petty material interests occupy many of the letters, and find a place in all. We cannot but feel a painful sympathy with the diligent boy, who, when he had saved all his pocket-money to buy a new pair of boots, finding it insufficient, was forced to have his old ones patched.

My brother remained at Exeter Academy, under the instruction of Dr. Abbot, more than a year. He was so thoroughly prepared in the Latin and Greek Grammars under the instruction of his father, and that of Mr. Amos Tappan of the Portsmouth Grammar School, that he had no occasion to spend time upon them at the Academy. As he was only eleven years old, it may seem incredible to young persons,

who at that age are just beginning the laborious task of learning the grammars; but it must be recollected that, from the testimony of his eldest sister, he began to study the Latin at four years of age, and the Greek nearly as early. His father in one of his letters advises him, if his class is ciphering, to go over again with them what he had previously learnt of arithmetic, but he usually directs him to pay his principal attention to the languages. It was not with him as it was with Dr. Johnson, who, when asked how he had acquired so accurate a knowledge of Latin, in which no man excelled him, answered that 'it was whipped into him.' My brother was never punished while he was at the Academy. A record remains, kept by himself, of the books he studied at Exeter. They were the Greek Testament, the Iliad, and Xenophon's Cyropædia, Horace's Epistles, Sallust, and Cicero. There is still preserved his translation of Cicero's *Amicitia*, and of a part of Sallust, in the round hand of the school-boy, bearing the rare corrections of the instructer. In the last quarter that he remained, he reviewed the Greek Testament, Cicero, and Virgil, and read Livy's Roman History. He also studied Blair's Rhetoric, and Morse's larger Geography.

He kept, also, a record of the books which he took out of the library of the Academy, for voluntary reading. The reading of a school-boy of eleven and twelve years may perhaps be interesting to those who are curious in the history of individual mind, and the writer may perhaps be excused for thinking that every thing is interesting in the formation of a mind so rare. The date is set down upon which every book is taken out and regularly returned. They were Rollin's Ancient History, 16 vols. 8vo; The Life of

Cicero, 3 vols. 8vo; Kennet's Roman Antiquities; and D'Arnay's Private Life of the Romans. As books of amusement he has set down The Spectator, Moore's France, and Sir William Temple's Essays. He was fond of reading romances, but rarely indulged himself in so attractive a pastime.

That he devoured books with the greatest avidity, appears from an anecdote which remains well attested in the family. In one of the vacations he had procured Boswell's Life of Johnson, in a quarto volume. He was standing leaning upon the mantel-piece when he began to read, the book resting upon the shelf. So completely was he absorbed by that, to him, fascinating book, that he neither moved nor paused, even to eat, till he was wholly exhausted, and fainted from weariness. An anecdote of the same kind is told of himself by Mr. Webster, only the book that fascinated him so completely was Don Quixote; he neither paused to eat or sleep, so great was the power of that remarkable book upon his attention, until he had finished the four volumes.

It was fortunate for my brother that he was able in some degree to gratify his passion for reading in his father's house. Sir William Pepperell, as mentioned above, had left his library as a legacy to his grandfather Stevens. Dr. Stevens, at his death, bequeathed it for the use of the ministers of York and Kittery, but with directions that it should remain in possession of his son-in-law during his life, and then be for the perpetual use of the above-mentioned ministers. There were some hundreds of volumes. Among them were many valuable books, — Rapin's History of England in folio, with plates, a large collection of voyages and travels, the English classics, etc., etc.

1796. Aged 12. At the Commencement at Cambridge, in 1796, my brother had passed his twelfth birthday, and was wholly prepared to enter college; but his father trembled to send him there while so young, and determined to hold him back a year, and then offer him in advance for the Sophomore class. At this time New Haven, endeared by old associations, by the long residence and the warm attachment of his father, was fixed upon as the college at which the son must receive his education; and the great distance from Portsmouth increased the father's anxiety, and added its weight to the motives for keeping him back a year. In the mean time, the respective advantages presented by the two colleges were considerations of anxious solicitude and the subject of frequent debate. The father's fears of the influence of the liberal views of religion already suspected at Cambridge are expressed in more than one letter. That the son's inclination was decidedly directed towards Harvard, appears from a letter written to a classmate who had left Exeter this year to enter that college. The letter is in a round, school-boy's hand, a close imitation of the copperplate copies for penmanship.

'Exeter, Dec., 1796.

'Dear Friend, — I cannot let slip this favorable opportunity of writing to you, although I have so lately enjoyed the pleasure of your company. I will now endeavor to avoid the charge of not performing my part of the correspondence. Did you arrive safe at Cambridge? I should be sorry to hear that the surprising activity of your Cantabrigian nag failed him in performing the journey.

'I fear, my friend, I shall be deprived of the happiness of residing at the same university with yourself The

pleasure which I should enjoy in your company often rises to my view. I have *remonstrated* with my papa, but he thinks I shall enjoy greater advantages at the college for which he designs me. All men are influenced in a greater or less degree by prejudice, and I should not wonder if you were to think he had an uncommonly great share of it. But of this I will not pretend to be a judge.

'My loss, occasioned by separation from you, has not yet been compensated. May you be always happy!

'Affectionately yours,

'J. S. B.'

That my brother's *remonstrance* did not amount to a very earnest opposition appears by a letter of the father, written ten days after this of the son to his young friend, in which he says to Joseph, — 'Your last letter to me is a very laconic exhibition of your feelings, which seem to be keen enough, respecting your going to New Haven.'

In conformity to the strict obedience in which children were educated at that time, especially the unquestioning, unremonstrating subjection with which in our own family we were girt round and environed, probably no other word ever escaped the lips of the son, and I am unacquainted with the motives which at last determined his father to send him to Cambridge. Endowed as the son was with a joyous disposition and a serene temper, he probably would have gone with the utmost cheerfulness to New Haven. His delight is warmly expressed in another letter to the same friend, because he is not to be separated from the friendships he had formed at Exeter, but would enter with some of his fellow-students at Cambridge at the next Commencement.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPH ENTERS COLLEGE. — HIS CHARACTER AS A STUDENT. — LETTERS FROM HIS FATHER.

1797. Aged 13. At the Commencement of 1797, Joseph was admitted, one year in advance, to Harvard University. Upon which occasion the father's letters are again introduced.

'Portsmouth, Aug. 10th, 1797.

'My dear Son, — I hope by this time you begin to feel yourself a little familiarized to college and its customs, and that many of the things about which you were anxious cease to be subjects of anxiety. I left you rather abruptly, and I suppose, to you, unexpectedly, but I feared you would be more affected by a formal parting than by finding me gone without it.

'You are now placed in a situation, my son, in which you must exercise care for yourself and the things you have with you, without depending upon others. You have hitherto boarded in a family where you have had kind female care; you must now take that care yourself. Keep every thing in order; your clothes in their place, your books in their place, and be not in so much of a hurry as to leave them in confusion and disorder. Lock your trunk and your study, when you go out. Make a little paper book and put down all your expenses. You must bear half the expenses of the room, such as candles, etc. I suppose it will be customary to have some wine in your room, to offer to strangers. I hope it is not the custom to offer

scholars or classmates wine when they call; but when a gentleman or friend from out of town calls, it will be necessary. You appear to have a prudent, worthy, and manly chum; who will, I hope, not impose upon your youth, but guide and direct you; cherish confidence in him if you find him deserving, and avoid the beginning of any prejudice or dissension. I would not have you mean, nor profuse; but entirely just in your part of the expenses.

'Do not be imposed upon. Carry little money about with you.* Always remember to wash in the morning, oftener if need be. Comb your hair every day. Endeavor to keep your clothes neat and tidy. When your clothes are returned from the wash, put them smoothly in your trunk and make a memorandum of them.

'With respect to study, you will in the first place make yourself a thorough master of your recitations, and of the lessons assigned you. The time that you do not want for your recitations, this year, devote to Hebrew and French. Mr. Pearson is a good man, notwithstanding the prejudices against him, and will be glad to see you often, and to give you any assistance you may want. Do not be absent from prayers or recitations for trifling causes. Never join in any disorders that idle youths may commence. Study to deserve the esteem and respect of the deserving part of college. Never be out late at night, and spend not much time in playing on the flute. Do not play in study-hours, and play-hours will be better used in exercise, vigorous exercise, — walking and playing ball. Call frequently upon the Professors, and go very often to see your dear mother's friend, Mrs. Dana.

'Remember the advantages of the Sabbath when properly used. If your eyes do not fail, it will be a good habit to read the Bible in Greek, especially the New Testament, on the Sabbath.

* This advice seems almost superfluous, as I suppose the boy never had more than five dollars at one time.

'I have been thus particular because you have never been so alone, and I think my counsels may be of service to you. I place confidence in you, my son, and hope as you have begun you will go on to perfection, and not disappoint the hopes and expectations of your friends.

'I have received the letter you wrote the day I left you. I do not recollect any thing to add, except to repeat the advice, and beg you to be a man. Command your feelings and don't cry at corrections that may be suggested to you at recitations, nor act as though unwilling to receive advice.'

It must be recollected that the boy is only thirteen years old, when his father advises him not to cry at being corrected. The quick sensibility that in boyhood showed itself in involuntary tears was never wholly conquered; when not exhibited by tears, it often subjected him to unkind remarks from older and more self-possessed characters.

A week only passed, and the counsels and advice were reiterated.

'August 30th, 1797.

'My dear Son, — I received your letter by Monday's mail with a great deal of pleasure, and hope before this you have received one from me that was written immediately after my return home, containing a great variety of directions upon matters that to you may appear small, but their influence is great; and you must be willing to have line upon line and precept upon precept; receive them with the docility of a dutiful child from an affectionate and solicitous parent. You have no one to take care of you but yourself. Let me have confidence in you, that you will keep yourself out of danger and temptation, and your study and appendages free from confusion. Keep your person and clothes in order and clean; put every

thing in its place and have a place for every thing. I am sorry you had to lay out so much for books; for I hoped the money I left with you would do something towards defraying necessary bills that might arise. However, you are not to be stingy of necessary expenses, though your father is a poor man. Pay your full share; only be careful of your money and keep an exact account.

'Do not forget regular, manly exercise. I am glad to find you are attempting both Hebrew and French. You will overtake your class in a very little time, for you learn languages easily. If you do not get some knowledge of Hebrew now, it is not probable you will ever attain it; and if your heart should be devoted to the profession, which, though not highly esteemed by men, is yet the most benevolent and honorable, you may find it of great advantage to you.

'I am glad to hear that you are pleased with your chum. I believe him to be a deserving young fellow; but you must not have too sudden or unbounded confidence in any one. Form rules and principles for yourself that may be supported by reason and revelation, and do not depart from them through fear of ridicule nor hope of obtaining favor from any one. Keep yourself pure. Treat all your fellow-students with respect and friendship, but do not feel as if your happiness depended upon the favor of any one, nor your misery upon any thing but the reproaches of conscience. Always treat the government with respect and attention. Never imbibe prejudices against any of them, nor join in any cabals against them. *Never be an informer*, but be equally careful not to be a supporter or encourager of any designs against the governors or governed.

'Take care of yourself, my dear son, and be a good boy.'

'September 10th, 1797.

'My dear Son,—The receipt of your letter by Monday's post gave us all pleasure, as it indicated your greater ease

and enjoyment in your present situation. You are, I am sensible, the youngest boy in your class, but you must remember that you have enjoyed great advantages, and that wisdom is not measured by years, but by the opportunities we have had of acquiring it; yet the recollection of your youth should make you modest and willing to bear the repetition of my advice: yet I hope it will be needless; as you will form yourself to careful habits, and will sometimes refresh your memory by perusing the letters I have sent you.

'I am sorry you find it difficult to pursue the study of both Hebrew and French, and conclude you intend to relinquish one of them. To direct your determination, let me suggest to you that this will probably be the only time you will have to acquire any knowledge of Hebrew, which is of some importance if you should choose *one* of the professions for life; you may have another opportunity to get a knowledge of French; besides, they are steady lads who apply themselves to Hebrew, and I did wish you to associate and assimilate with such. Take these things into consideration, my son, and then judge which language to relinquish if you relinquish either.

'If you knew how much we feel interested in you and your welfare, you would never be at a loss as to what to write to us. The most trifling circumstances, such as going to bed, and getting up in the morning, washing hands, combing hair, and brushing clothes, derive an importance from their relation to those we love. You say little in your letters about your chum. I hope you live together in harmony and love, in mutual confidence and friendship, and that you are guardians and helpmeets to each other in your collegiate connection.

'How do you succeed in getting up for prayers? If possible, avoid being frequently upon the monitor's bill. Cherish a respect for the authorities of college, whatever you may hear said about them by idle or dissipated youth.

You may be sure they are men of respectability, or they would never have been in the places they are; treat them yourself with submission, and a proper respect, due as much to yourself as to them. Do not feel an unwillingness to be corrected in your recitations, nor show the superficial coxcombry that is said to belong to the Sophomore year. Do not be difficult as to commons. Take care of yourself, my dear boy, and of every thing that relates to you.

'Your affectionate father,

'J. Buckminster.'

'November, 1797.

'We are disappointed, my dear son, in not receiving a line from you to let us know how you succeeded in your return to Cambridge. We hope well, and that you are again settled in the routine of study and recitation. You must not be grieved nor surprised at my repeating my cautions, reiterating my counsels, to take care of yourself, — of your health, comforts, and morals. You may, perhaps, be more in danger this term than the last. You are more accustomed to college life, and may have less timidity and more confidence in yourself. Form to yourself general rules and principles of good behavior, that you may have them to govern you in particular cases and emergencies; and be not betrayed by unforeseen events into faults or errors, in consequence of not thinking. Let the virtuous and discreet be your chosen companions, and if you are constrained to be with others, let a manly dignity and propriety mark your conduct and be a silent reproof of theirs.

'If you must at times hear the authorities of college reviled and ridiculed, take no part in the ungrateful merriment; or at least, do nothing to add to the piquancy or amount of it. Keep yourself pure, my son, in these your years at college, and remember that God is the inspector of your public and private conduct, and knows your most secret thoughts and actions. Resolve not upon any thing

of consequence, without making it the subject at least of one night's sleep, and one evening's prayer. Govern yourself, my son, by principles, and attach yourself to them rather than to men. Approve what is excellent in all, and what is otherwise in none.

'You tell us you spent Thanksgiving at Waltham. We thought you would, and are glad of it. When gentlemen of distinction invite you to their houses, I hope you behave with modesty and propriety, — that you are not forward to speak or to give your opinions unasked. Mr. Lyman, when he was here, expressed an interest in you and wished you to visit him often. I am willing that you should walk up to Waltham some Saturday afternoon, and return to Cambridge Monday morning. Follow the maternal advice of Mrs. L. You are young, my dear son, too young to be at your own disposal, placed at a distance from your natural guardians, from the friends that are most sincerely and tenderly interested in your prosperity and welfare ; you are exposed to temptations, and may be surrounded by those that seek to ensnare rather than to guard and guide you ; and though we have confidence in you, that we trust will never be disappointed, we cannot but be jealous over you and anxious for you. Remember, my son, you are passing through a very critical period of life. Cherish the fear of God, and commit yourself daily to his care and keeping. *Respect yourself.* Do nothing in secret or in company that will make you ashamed of yourself. Be governed by principle, and not by caprice. Dare to stand by, and do, and say that which is right, though you should stand alone ; and if sinners entice thee, consent thou not ; if they ridicule you, bear their ridicule manfully, covered in your conscious integrity ; thus you will have peace of mind, the approbation of the wise and good, protection from above, — and the love of your affectionate father,

'J. Buckminster.'

'June 16th, 1798.

'My dear Son, ... I believe I said nothing to you in my last letter upon the subject of your giving up mathematics. I would not by any means have you do so. Study those and all other recitations as well as you can, and if you cannot distinguish yourself, yet something will remain that will be of advantage to you in your future life: besides, you must not imagine that you cannot distinguish yourself. You have been apt to think so in all the new studies that you have undertaken, and the very thought has a tendency to cramp your exertions and paralyze your efforts. A scholar or a soldier should think nothing beyond his reach, till he has made the most vigorous attacks. I hope you will not get into a discouraged frame of mind about your studies, nor from that, or any other cause, grow negligent about them.

'I feel anxious for you, my son, and would do every thing in my power for your good. If you should deviate from the paths of virtue, and become an immoral youth, you would hasten my gray hairs, and bring them down with sorrow to the grave. I beg you would cherish the fear of God, and a sense of your accountableness to him, and forget not to pray to him daily. You must not follow the great or the many to do evil, nor take your estimate of things from the practices of men, but from the unerring rule of God's word. May God bless you, my son, and sanctify you. May he keep you from the snares of youth, and the lusts that war against the soul. Be no stranger to your closet, but with filial love and trust commend yourself to God, for his guidance and blessing.

'Your affectionate father,

'J. Buckminster.'

From the foregoing letters it would appear that the father was not aware of the most serious dangers that menaced his son in his college life, which, from some

disclosures lately made, arose from the skepticism then prevailing in the college, — from the unsettling of the faith of every rank in society, through the prevalence of the influences of the French Revolution. The old foundations of society were shaken, all reverence for antiquity and for social order and religious faith nearly destroyed.

Whoever has read Judge Story's graphic description of the college, and of the student's life there, in the recently published Memoirs of Dr. Channing, will be aware of the influences that surrounded this youngest son of *Alma Mater*. My brother was just four years younger than Dr. Channing, and two years after him in college. He was even smaller and more youthful in his appearance than his distinguished relative, and all the influence that he could have acquired must have been purely intellectual. He entered the Sophomore class, and was only one year in college with Channing, and was probably wholly unknown to him except through the medium of Washington Allston, the friend of both and the classmate of Buckminster.

He was a member of the principal college clubs, — the Phi Beta, the Hasty Pudding, and the Adelphi, before which last he delivered an address in his Senior year, 'Upon the Benefits of Diversity in Religious Opinions.' His rank as a scholar will be indicated to those who are acquainted with the principles by which college honors are awarded, by those that he received. At the November exhibition of the Junior year, he had part in a forensic assigned him; in the succeeding June exhibition, an English oration; 'and the second part in rank, but the first in interest,' at the Commencement when he graduated.

It was in college that he acquired a passionate love of Shakspeare, and it was during the winter of his Senior year that Cook was performing his principal characters at the Boston Theatre. Joseph resisted every allurement of youthful pleasure, but he could not deny himself that which was to him the highest intellectual treat. He walked frequently of an evening into Boston, went to the theatre, and walked out again at midnight over the scarcely completed road leading to West Boston Bridge, often with the snow and mud far above his ancles.*

He was not so entirely cut off from all social influences while in college as is the case with youths less fortunate in friends. From Mrs. Dana, the relative of his mother, and her family, he received the kindest welcome at his weekly visit, which his father exacted from him. I use that word because, to the diffidence and bashfulness of boys of his age, social visiting is always a severe trial. And to the kindness and condescension of that excellent family he was indebted for a cordial welcome, that removed the barriers between youth and age, and made his intercourse with them easy and delightful.

His father also required him, once in each term, to call upon the several college professors, Pearson, Tappan, and Webber. These visits, although, from obedience to his father, punctually paid, appear from his letters to have been regarded with great repugnance.

The son had now entered upon his second year at Cambridge, and the letters are much less minute in

* It should be observed, that the law requiring the undergraduates to abstain from theatrical amusements was not then in operation.

their advice. He seems to have obtained the entire confidence of his father. The only difficulty was that of meeting the expenses of a college life. The frugal boy is still obliged to walk a part of the way to meet the stage on his journeys to and from Cambridge, and every letter contains advice to save and take care of his clothes.

1798. 'I send you inclosed a three-dollar bill, which I hope, with what money you have, will be sufficient to pay all necessary expenses till you get home. Your dress will do well enough for exhibition. I hope you will command attention by something better at that time than your dress.

'There are many clubs plausible in their institution, that are prejudicial in their operation and consequences. I know not of what kind those are of which you are a member, but I know no club which ought at college to be very expensive to the members, nor can they be beneficial if they are so, for they must exclude the poor scholars, who are usually the best.'

'March 18th, 1799.

'My dear Son, — I have been much more remiss in writing to you this term than I intended or approve; it is not that I am less anxious or concerned about you than I used to be, nor that I love you less; but being immersed in various cares and attentions besides that of my ministry, I can hardly find time for writing. I hope you continue to behave well, preserving yourself free from all those practices which offend God and wound the conscience of the *unhardened* sinner. It is my heart's desire and prayer to God for you that you may be saved, and in order to this, that you may be made to see your need of salvation, and behold Jesus Christ as the author of it, committing yourself into his hands to be sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God. You are entering upon

the stage of life, not merely in days of great license of practice, but in great prevalence of infidelity. To despise and reject revelation, not so much by attempting to disprove it by argument as to drive it away by wit and ridicule, is now the fashion, and you will meet with many men of this stamp in your literary and social interviews with those who may be such fools as to wish there were no God. But though you may not feel able or willing to oppose their raillery, I pray you to clasp firmer the hope of sinners in Jesus Christ. You have known the Scriptures from your youth; I hope you have sometimes felt their power to assist and comfort.

'I do not mean to give you in letters the evidences of a revelation; but no tolerable account can be given for the origin and existence of such books as the Gospels but their being the communication of Jesus Christ to men, and a still less tolerable one can be given of the present existence of the Christian Church in the world. Hold fast your integrity and your love of God, and believe that they who honor him he will honor, and they who despise him he will lightly esteem.

'The name of your new little sister is Olivia. You ask to spend next vacation at Mr. Freeman's. If your clothes did not render it necessary for you to come home, I should be willing you should spend one week at Judge Dana's, and one week at Mr. Freeman's; but we shall be glad to see you at home.

'Your affectionate father.'

'May, 1799.

'My dear Son, — Your letter and its contents came safe to hand by Friday night's mail, from which I conclude you got safely and agreeably to Cambridge, and found all things well. You seem to be concerned for my health, and inquire anxiously about my sufferings from the disease with which I was threatened when you left home. I write sooner than

I otherwise should, because I can tell you that, after a week of considerable pain, I am now pretty well, and have gone through the labors of this *blessed day* with less fatigue than usual. I am glad to see you anxious for your friends, and to enter with feeling into their circumstances, and I hope you will cherish and cultivate a filial and fraternal spirit more and more. You have parents that love you and are deeply concerned for you, and you have sisters that love you, and are deserving of your love; and though, from Providential circumstances, you have run farther before them in the race of knowledge than you have of years, yet you should cherish an esteem and affection for them, and do what in you lies to make them feel the distance less, and love the brother more. It is good and pleasant for brethren and sisters to dwell together in unity, and to be strangers to the passions of envy or contempt, or the emotions that border on such passions. An elder brother distinguished by advantages should be a mentor to the little circle of home, and bear and cover the weakness and infirmities of those who are accidentally less informed than he.

'I do not say these things, my son, from an apprehension of any especial need of such caution in your case with respect to your dear sisters, much less to criminate or reproach, but they are thoughts that may deserve your consideration and render you more useful and happy.

'I have suggested that I was pleased at your anxiety for my health, and desire to do every thing to contribute to my relief; but you must remember that, however dear or necessary I may be to my children, I am mortal. Lean upon no parent's arm that must be confined to Portsmouth while you are at Cambridge, or who, however warm his affection and ardent his wishes, is weak, erring, and mortal. Put your trust in God, who is unchangeably the same, every where present, and able to do exceeding abundantly for us. The revelation of his will, and our duty, is sup-

ported by evidence that has proved satisfactory to some of the greatest and the wisest of our race, who were accustomed not to believe without evidence. Let me exhort you, my dear son, to make this revelation your counsellor, and you will find it a light to your feet and a lamp to your path.

'From some remarks you made while you were at home, and the interest they had in your feelings, I feared you were in danger of the fashionable folly of placing reason before revelation. Be on your guard, my son, and let a *thus saith the Lord*, or a plain Scripture declaration, silence your objections and satisfy the craving of your mind, — and

"Where you can't unriddle, learn to trust."

'Take care of your clothes, your health, your morals, your soul!

'Your affectionate father.'

The caution to his son in his last letter, not to despise the ignorance of his sisters, would have been necessary to a brother less considerate and affectionate; for however devoted Dr. Buckminster was to the best interests of all his children, he certainly cherished the Old Testament or Hebrew ideas of the greater importance of the culture of the male than the female intellect, which was the prevailing sentiment of Puritan New England. Every faculty of the sons of clergymen must be cultivated, for they, perhaps, would be shining lights in the candlestick of the Church; but the daughters, they were only helps, meet for man. The whole amount of a woman's learning was but enough to enable her to read and spell the English language, and to keep the family accounts. Reading was taught well to every

one of his family by the practice of reading the Bible morning and evening at family prayers, each person, beginning with himself, reading two verses in succession. The servants were not exempted from this custom, and every boy and girl admitted to service in the family learned, at least, the art of reading well.

From the prevailing notions which preceded and reached almost to the time of which I write, the female mind of New England was left almost wholly without culture. The daughters of clergymen had some little chance of intellectual improvement, by living more in the presence of books, and having occasional intercourse with the learned of the time; but that only increased the embarrassing peculiarity of their position. A country minister stands upon almost the lowest step of social life, in regard to the pecuniary means of intellectual culture; but in intellectual endowment, cultivated manners, and social influences, he must stand with the highest, and hold intercourse with the most cultivated. His family must share his position, whatever it is, and his daughters must form tastes for refinement, for intellectual intercourse, and for cultivated society, which the total want of pecuniary means prevents them afterwards, as our society is constituted, from enjoying. And only in peculiar and fortunate cases are they able to indulge the tastes they have too early formed.

The wholly secluded education that Dr. Buckminster gave his daughters might have arisen from such considerations. Although he was active and instrumental in establishing better schools for girls in Portsmouth, he did not allow his daughters to go to

them, nor to associate much with society of their own age. Perhaps some lingering fondness for the kind of education their mother had enjoyed remained in his mind, and he might have hoped to reproduce a likeness to her in his daughters. But the cloistered retirement of her children was not peaceful, like hers. However nun-like their seclusion, it was not for the purpose of reading or praying; it was filled with domestic duties and the care of younger children. Book-learning was the last necessity; they had far other and humbler duties to learn, and to perform. With an invalid wife and a small salary, the moments for indulging a studious taste in his daughters were few and far between, and for the most part stolen. Such a family was indeed a school for learning the humble and passive virtues. Patience, industry, and carefulness were all taught, but a knowledge of the world wholly excluded. Happy was it for him that they learned contentment in their frugal, stoical home, when, only a few years after, these elder daughters were left, by the death of his wife, the guardians of his comfort, and the mothers of his younger children. There was then full use for the knowledge that could not have been found in grammars and dictionaries; and the very small portion of elementary instruction they had received in the learning usually taught in schools served only to stimulate their exertions, in after life, to acquire what had been denied to their younger years.

My brother had now entered upon his Senior year, and his father had acquired so much confidence in him, that his letters had become much less frequent.

'July, 1799.

'From what cause it arises I cannot say, but I have never been so concerned about you, my dear son, since you went from home, as I have this term of your absence. Scarce a night passes but I am perplexed and troubled in my sleep by some of the troubles and difficulties in which you are involved. I hope it is not an intimation that you are becoming less careful and regular in your conduct, or less watchful against the seductions of the world. You are passing through a period of life that will probably give the complexion to the whole of your future life. O my son, be watchful and prudent, preserving an ever-living consciousness of the Divine omniscience and omnipresence. I hope you will continue to deserve the good opinion of the government of the College, and pay them all due respect. I know they are the friends of the Alumni, and you will one day think so.

'You propose hiring a horse sometimes to ride, lest you should forget your riding. I would observe to you, that it is a kind of knowledge not easily forgotten, and you cannot hire a horse at Cambridge without considerable expense. If you ride out in company, you will be in danger of meeting with accidents. I do not forbid your riding, but I advise you to be sparing of this amusement. I hope you will continue to be steady, uniform, and studious, and improve the little remaining time you may have at Cambridge in endeavoring to carry yourself forward in preparation for usefulness in your future life. Be virtuous, wise, and pure.

'I fear it will be too much for you to think of walking all the way home. If you will come to Newbury, and if I can possibly leave home, I will come in the chaise for you; but you must let me hear from you again before vacation. I am sorry you are not disposed to write more particularly to your best friend.

'We all send you a caution not to be too venturesome because you have a little knowledge of horsemanship.

'Your affectionate father,

'J. B.'

The anxiety of Dr. Buckminster during the whole of his son's course through college was so extreme, and his charges to the boy to keep himself pure from youthful vices so often reiterated, that they may, to some minds, imply a more than usual distrust of the purity and integrity of his son. It can be explained without casting a shadow of suspicion upon the ingenuous boy.

It may be recollected that it was observed, in the early part of this work, that Yale College, while my father was there, was particularly open to the charge of indifference to religious and moral observances; and added to his own recollections of college life were fears arising from the tender age of his son, and the danger of his being influenced by the example of the older students. It was, too, the habit of his mind, arising probably from his religious creed and the high ideal standard he had formed for them, to doubt the strength of principle of his own children. While his parental expectations demanded every thing from them, his religious creed forbade him to hope for any thing but a natural amiableness, which, in the view of his creed, was of no value. The writer does not recollect a single instance of commendation of Joseph or of his elder children. He became more indulgent as he advanced in life, and his younger motherless children called forth all his tenderness.

My brother had now entered upon his last term; the time drew nigh when he must leave college, and his

father began to feel anxiety about his future course. He had just completed his sixteenth year. He was very small and youthful in his appearance. Schools were offered to him in various country places, but his youth and still more youthful stature — he looked scarcely more than twelve — made his father unwilling that he should enter upon school-keeping as the head and sole master. The place of usher to Mr. Hunt in the Boston Latin School was proposed to him, by friends in Boston, as an eligible situation.

'June, 1800.

'My dear Son, — I have this day received your letter, and am glad you were disposed to enter so fully into your feelings and wishes, to your best friend. Respecting the principal subject of your letter, the disposal of yourself after you leave college, I scarcely know what to write to you. There are many things in the situation you propose that would be doubtless agreeable, if you could be placed in it, and they would not be unprofitable nor dangerous to a person of more years and experience, of established principles, confirmed habits, and pious affections; — such as the diversity of amusements, the variety of character and company, the floods of books, the proximity to Cambridge, etc., etc. But I feel a little anxious lest they should be ensnaring to you, and a means of blighting the seed which I hope is springing up to a respectable harvest in your future life. The theatre has infatuating charms to a lively imagination; the company of the dissipated, both male and female, is seductive to those who have not *closed their teens.* You have four years, my son, before that period arrives.

'If you should ever know the heart of a parent, you will know it cannot cease to fear. Parents are ready to say, "We have you in our hearts to live and to die for you,"

and often afterwards strange changes take place in the feelings and conduct of their children.

'If I were sure you would have virtue and firmness to withstand the temptations that would assail you in Boston, and prudence and piety enough to choose the company of the wise, and wisdom enough to improve the advantages you would find there, I should more readily consent to your being there than any where else. Ask the opinion of judicious friends. Converse freely and independently with Mr. Lyman.

'The part assigned to you at Commencement is, I conclude, agreeable to you. If a subject is not given to you, you must endeavor to fix upon one that will suit your taste and years, and *multum in parvo* must be your study.

'We all love you, — your father dearly.

'J. Buckminster.'

'June 16, 1800.

'My dear Son, ... Mr. Abbot says it would be very agreeable to him to have you with him in the Academy, if there should be an opening there. I do not altogether like the situation in the Boston school. Mr. Hunt would probably often be absent, and the government, as well as the instruction, fall upon the usher. The salary at Boston may sound great, but the expense of board and other expenses of living would leave you but a small dividend at the end of the year, I imagine. You had better lie upon your oars, and wait for the opening of Providence, than to be precipitate. Behave yourself well, and you will find employment. I doubt not Providence will provide kindly and generously for you, if you wait filially upon the God of Providence.

'It is a little unexpected to be called upon for money. I fear the advantages of your societies will not pay the expense of meeting. The *extra* expenses of your family exceed mine. I inclose five dollars, of which, and all others, I hope you will be able to give a good account.

'Let your last weeks at College, my son, be your best; such as you can look back upon in future with unmixed satisfaction.

'Your affectionate father.'

My brother's course through college had been marked with extreme industry, and the most careful regard to the regulations and laws of the place. Of this it may be sufficient to remark, that he never incurred any college censure, and was not even fined till the last term of the Senior year. He preserved his themes and exercises, in number thirty-two. Many of them are humorous, a few poetical; but the marked progress in excellence from the first to the last is very striking, showing how much he was indebted to careful culture.

I am happy to be able to add to this account of his college life the testimony of a valued friend and classmate, the Rev. Charles Lowell, one among the very small number of that class who have survived to the present time.

'I first saw Mr. Buckminster in the summer of 1797, when we were examined together, with three others, for admission to the Sophomore class of Harvard College. He was then but a little more than thirteen years old; a boy, with a sweet countenance, whose every lineament was stamped with genius and intelligence, — in age a boy, but in intellect and learning mature far beyond his years. I was myself but little older, yet I well remember his examination, and, as well, that none excelled him. One incident that I have not forgotten, though it is nearly half a century since, indicated the keenness of his sensibility, and the laudable ambition to excel which never left him. He had some hesitation in answering one of the questions

propounded to him, — I feel assured it was but one, — and he burst into tears. One of the professors — it was Dr. Pearson — kindly came to him, reassured him, and told him he had no cause to be troubled.

'Thus commencing his college course, standing in the first rank, he sustained that rank unwaveringly to the end. As a classical scholar he had no superior, if, indeed, he had a rival. As a *belles-lettres* scholar he was unequalled. "In rhetoric and composition," one of his classmates writes me, "I do not hesitate to say that he had the best taste and tact of any in the class, and which even existed when we first began our exercises in English composition; and I think he had more uniformly the marks of approbation from the professor than any other. He was the best reader, and, in my opinion, the best declaimer, in the class." "He was decidedly," he further says, "a hard student, and a great general reader. He was well read in history and geography, and in the periodical works of English literature."

'In the exact sciences and metaphysics, his immature age, or a want of taste for them, prevented his acquiring the same distinction; though another classmate tells me that he recollects the surprise he felt at Buckminster's recitations in Euclid. He could not understand how one so young could demonstrate problems so difficult. But the truth was, he had extraordinary powers, and his conscientiousness, as well as his ambition and love of learning, led him to task those powers to the utmost. He studied hard; he was faithful, and never, I am confident, went into a recitation without doing all, in the preparation, that he was able to do.

'If he were equalled or excelled in mathematics or metaphysics, yet, take him for all in all, I have no hesitation in saying he stood preëminent, — the admiration and pride of his classmates. He was much noticed by distinguished scholars in the upper classes, and was fond of their intercourse. The attentions of the late Judge Story to him are particularly remembered.

'In his disposition he was social, but it never led him into any excesses. He had a fine taste in music, and "his flute and his song," as well as his conversation, are spoken of by a classmate with much enthusiasm, and must be well remembered by all who survive him.

'He had strong feelings and predilections, it may be strong prejudices. He was frank and open as the day, expressing his sense of what he deemed censurable sometimes warmly and very independently, but never, I think, with harshness. He escaped college censures, not because he courted popularity with his instructors, or descended to what was mean and dishonorable, but because he did his duty. Consecrated to God from his birth, and early intended for the Christian ministry, he was never forgetful, as I believe, of his high destination. His fidelity and diligence in his studies were not more remarkable than his exalted moral purity.'

Another classmate says: —

'Buckminster had strong feelings, prejudices, and predilections, and indulged both his likes and dislikes to a great degree; but on the subject of the latter he was prudent, and seldom gave way to vituperation. But he was so young in college, and was so interesting in his person, that there was a species of halo that surrounded his character, so that most of us were carried to a degree of enthusiasm in our admiration of him, and we were hardly willing to make a candid comparison of him with others.

'With respect to his tastes, I well remember that he was very fond of Shakspeare and the drama, and a visit to the theatre was the greatest gratification he could receive. I do not think his argumentative powers were of the highest order; nor that he was fond of engaging in discussions of that nature.'

Another gentleman, afterwards an intimate friend,* speaks thus of his first appearance at college: —

'I well remember his first appearance at an exhibition in his Junior year. His extreme youth, and the spirit and talent and gracefulness of the performance, excited much admiration.

'I was in the President's study when he sent for him to announce to him his part for Commencement. He seemed much surprised, burst into tears, and said he should never be able to do it well. The good Dr. Willard, with the most benign countenance, replied, in his homely way, "If the government, Buckminster, did not think you would do it well, and do credit both to yourself and to the College, they would not have given you this honorable part."'

The quick sensibility, which uttered itself so often in his early youth in a spontaneous burst of tears, became, after he was able to conquer its outward expression, an extremely attractive feature in his character. It appeared in an intuitive perception of the feelings of others, and an eager sympathy, which made him enter with zeal into all objects of benevolent action. But I think it may be said that he was never rash or precipitate. He united in a remarkable degree quickness of feeling with thoughtfulness and deliberation of judgment. He early adopted his mother's habit of not finally deciding upon any thing that deeply affected his feelings, till after he had made it the companion of his pillow.

It indicates the public sentiment of the college, when we observe that the exhibition oration upon Enthusiasm is almost wholly confined to military

* William Wells, Esq., of Cambridge.

enthusiasm, deprecating the example of France, in which he uses this metaphor: — 'Like the lovely form of Apega, a single embrace of France discloses the dagger in her breast.' The subject of the Commencement oration, 'The Literary Character of Different Nations,' was too comprehensive for the limited portion of time necessarily allowed to one of many speakers. There are a few still alive who remember the impression he then made on the audience 'by his small, youthful figure, contrasted with the maturity and extent of his knowledge, the correctness as well as brilliancy of his imagination, and the propriety and grace of his elocution.' A short extract may be pardoned from this production of a boy of sixteen, as the literature of Germany was hardly then beginning to be known in this country.

'The literature of Germany is remarkable for its universality. Exquisite poetic fictions, abstruse metaphysical disquisitions, mathematical subtilties, and all the graces of fine writing, flourish with exuberance amid the aristocracy of the German Empire. A host of illustrious names contend for the palm of excellence. Before the present century [the eighteenth] German literature was confined to theological wrangling, or to compilations from the works of others; the wheels of literature moved heavily, but of late years they have rolled with such boldness and rapidity, that some Phaeton must have seized the reins.

'Italy! There are the graves of great men! Yes, where once the warm language of freedom breathed from the lips of the Gracchi, the poor Catholic now mumbles his Aves and Pater-Nosters. In that forum whose benches once were filled with venerable judges, whose walls once echoed the voice of Cicero, the owl now sits in judgment, and listens to the eloquence of the wind. The race of

Italian *litterati* is nearly extinct. Like the mammoth of Indian tradition, they have traversed the Po, the Arno; they have spread their mighty power over other countries, but in Italy their bones only are to be found at this day.'

As he repeated these passages, his animated and beautiful countenance varied with every change of topic, which gave to it an eloquence it is impossible to forget; and when he ceased, the applause came not alone from generous youths, but from grave and gray-headed men.

It may seem almost impertinent to the reader to dwell thus upon the production of a youth of sixteen. We will close the account of his college life in the beautiful language of another:* — 'Amidst the temptations of the place, he gave an example of the possible connection of the most splendid genius with the most regular and persevering industry; of a generous independence of character, with a perfect respect for the governors of the College; of a keen relish for every innocent enjoyment, with a fixed dread of every shadow of vice. It may be said of him, as has been remarked of a kindred genius,† 'that he did not need the smart of guilt to make him virtuous, nor the regret of folly to make him wise.'

* Thatcher's Memoir.

† Pres. Kirkland, of Fisher Ames.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER. — ASSISTANT IN EXETER ACADEMY. — THEOLOGICAL STUDIES. — METHOD OF STUDY. — LETTERS.

1800. Aged 16. No arrangement could have been more agreeable both to father and son than that by which Joseph was appointed Assistant in Exeter Academy. It was returning to his second home, almost again within sound of the parental voice, and to the family of Dr. Abbot, where there were friends who had cherished his tender boyhood, when, at eleven years old, he entered the Academy as a pupil, and who were now ready to encourage and strengthen and fortify his youth. He always looked back upon this period of his life as full of profitable instruction, rich in friendships, and filled with religious as well as literary associations. It was now, if at any one period more marked than another, that deep religious impressions were made upon his mind. He proposed to join his father's church, and was accepted, without any doubts of his father as to the sincerity or fitness of his profession.

'My dear Son, — I proposed your desire to join the Church the last Lord's day, and if you continue to wish to give in your name as a follower of Christ, and explicitly to confess him before men, the season for attending to the solemn transaction will be the Sabbath after next. The transaction you have in view, my dear son, is a solemn and

interesting one, but it is a clearly incumbent duty, and therefore its solemnity ought not to discourage us from it, but only excite the most solicitous concern to perform it understandingly, sincerely, and with all our hearts. Give yourself up unreservedly to God through Christ, not only to be saved by him, but to be ruled by him and to be his subject and servant for ever; relying upon the power of his grace and the promised influences of his spirit to perfect his whole work in your heart. Count the cost, consider the price, and be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. If he keep you, you will stand, — your own strength is weakness. Pray much, pray often, my son, and God be with you.

'Your little brother was baptized last Sabbath, to whom we gave the name of William. It was a solemn and a joyful Sabbath.' *

This is the only letter of the father's that remains during the period in which the son was Assistant at the Academy. My brother's proximity to Portsmouth, and very frequent visits to his family, enabled his father to remit that constant watchfulness of parental oversight. He had learned also to trust and confide. Confidence must be earned and won, even in the relation between father and son; and the son had now won, by his lovely and obedient life, the full and perfect confidence of the anxious and perhaps too exacting father.

Of many prayers preserved among the papers of the son, the following appears to have been written about this time.

'O God! pardon my foolish fears and my unreasonable desires. I have vainly regretted that which was not worthy

* William died at the age of ten months.

of remembrance, I have feared other evils than that moral evil which can alone injure an immortal soul. The external circumstances of my life I leave submissively at thy disposal, for thou knowest what is best for me, but I beseech thee earnestly for that wisdom which cometh from above. O God! thou hast looked upon me from the throne of thy compassion, and the time was indeed a time of love. If the events of my life should be disastrous, if my existence should become every day less worthy of possession, if all the blessings that hold me to it should loosen and drop away, still the gift of Jesus, the hope of pardon and perfection, the least glimpse of immortality and of living in thy favor, would be themes of thankfulness which could never be exhausted. O God! should I live, may I live to thee; may I cherish every moment that passes, and consecrate it to thy honor and the service of my fellow-men. Assist me, unworthy as I am, in the performance of my daily duty. Strengthen my weakness; enlighten my understanding; direct my inquiries and awaken more and more my zeal in the search of truth. May the fear of man, of the honored and beloved, fade away before the love and search after truth, — thy truth, which is the most precious thing, the inestimable jewel, before which all other things grow dim and perish.'

The personal recollections of the writer may now take the place of record and tradition. She was now old enough to be able to appreciate what she saw in her brother, and to recollect with distinctness the impression which his youthful person and his intellectual manliness made upon the circle of his friends. When the blessed day came round that brought him to the parental roof, there was seen a peculiar exhilaration, from the wrinkled visage of the old nurse, who caught him to her aged arms, to the smoothed brow of his

father, to whom the presence of his son always brought the halcyon of peace. He never praised or flattered, or showed any undue partiality, but the mere presence of his son shed a tranquil satisfaction through the whole family; and yet it was nothing that he said or did that diffused this spirit of content around. It is related of Silvio Pellico, that, when he merely walked through the wards of his prison, his presence was felt, by the instantaneous change in the aspect of the prisonres. The ferocious became human, the violent gentle, the melancholy smiled; such was the power of a beautiful nature. In my brother it was the perfect freedom and fidelity of his manners to his feelings; the transparency of thought, word, and deed; we felt in the presence of a *true* being; he seemed surrounded with that pure living ether, in which painters enshrine their Madonnas and Saints. There was such a peaceful unison in the beaming sweetness of his countenance and the unpretending gentleness of his demeanor, he seemed indeed an angel in disguise, come to diffuse a heavenly fragrance over the homely and common cares of our every-day life; and if there was no pause in domestic duties there was a holiday in every heart.

The reverence that he had for his father was not mingled with reserve and fear, as is apt to be the case in families educated under the severe Puritan rule; there was something so genial, so joyous, in the son, that the veil fell from the father's mind in his presence, and they met as equal and confidential friends.

A young person who was much in the family at this time, surprised at the ease with which he laid

aside the Puritan reserve of children towards their parents, exclaimed, on one occasion, 'Why, Joseph says *any thing* to his father.' And on the principle of saying any thing, when his father informed him of his intention of marrying for the third time, he answered, 'Why, papa,' for he always preserved this childlike appellation, 'I believe you interpret the Apostle's injunction, to be the husband of one wife, as a command never to be without a wife.' His father smiled, and said he thought it a good interpretation.

The distance in years, as well as in intellectual progress, between him and his younger sisters was too great for them to feel that familiar confidence with him that he so much desired. They looked up to him as to a superior being, while he made every effort to remove their timidity and to increase their confidence in his friendship and tenderness. Every thing that he left in his humble home when he went to Exeter was cherished with miserly care, — the simple drawings and prints that he pasted on the wall of his bedroom, the chest where he kept his boyish tools; and even a small twig that he stuck into the soil, in a very inconvenient spot, was never allowed to be pulled up, and a large tree, only a few years ago, attested the careful affection with which 'Joseph's tree' had been regarded.

These months spent in the instruction of youth at the Academy he always regarded as of peculiar value, as leading him to review and fix in his mind his own early classical studies, and as giving him that accuracy and readiness in elementary principles in which the preparatory schools of the country were at that

time chiefly deficient. He often repeated, that he considered it a singular advantage to a young man to be able to fix that which he had himself just learned more firmly in his memory by teaching it to another; thus deepening the first footprints of learning, before they were effaced by the successive tracks of other sciences.

His extremely youthful appearance while a teacher must have presented a strong contrast to the young men, far older in face and limb, as they were in years, than their instructor; and this gave him at first an embarrassment that appeared in real diffidence, and enhanced the youthfulness of his aspect. He was almost discouraged, as appears from one of his letters; but he had already learned never to shrink from any duty that he had deliberately undertaken.

At one time he had the honor and privilege of being the instructor of Daniel Webster.* Mr. Webster, in a private memoir of his early life, says, — 'My first lessons in Latin were recited to Joseph Stevens Buckminster, at that time a pupil in the Academy. I made tolerable progress in all the branches I attended to under his instruction, but there was one thing I could not do, — I could not make a declamation, I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster especially sought to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like the other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse in my own room, over and over

* The time when my brother was the instructor of Mr. Webster, was in 1796, while he was yet a pupil in Exeter Academy. He was so far advanced in his studies, that 'the first lessons in Latin' of Mr. Webster were recited to him. — E. B. L.

again; but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the masters frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated, with the most winning kindness, that I would only venture *once;* but I could not command sufficient resolution, and when the occasion was over I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification.'

What interesting thoughts does this description excite, with all the gathered associations of so many years! The youthful teacher winning the future statesman to exert that unsuspected power which has since had such wide-spread and powerful influence. Did he discern that noble intellect, that exalted genius, then concealed in the bashful reserve of his pupil? The sensibility that made Webster shrink from display would have indicated to a penetrating eye the hidden power; and the persevering kindness with which the instructor urged again and again that he would only venture *once*, proves that he was conscious there was much concealed that only needed encouragement to bring out and make him know his latent power. Mr. Webster was older than Buckminster. Had the teacher been permitted to live to observe the splendid career of the pupil, with what pride would he have looked back to the moment when his youthful voice soothed and encouraged the diffidence of one afterwards so eminent.

As soon as Joseph was established in the Academy, he began the preparatory studies for the profession which seems from his earliest consciousness to have

been his free, unbiased choice. The author of the beautiful memoir of him already quoted says:—'The process of study and of thought through which he passed in forming his theological opinions cannot be too much praised. It is strange that a principle so natural and so constantly observed in all the other sciences, that of beginning with what is simple and clear, and gradually proceeding to that which is doubtful and dark, should have been so often reversed in the study of theology. He avoided as much as possible all the controverted doctrines of divinity, till he had given himself a thorough initiation into the evidences of religion, natural and revealed; examined the nature and degree of the inspiration of the sacred writings, in order to determine what laws of interpretation are to be applied to them; taken a general survey of the questions connected with the criticism of the Bible; and sanctified all his investigations by the habitual study of the spirit of practical religion. Having by these inquiries, together with an accurate knowledge of the original languages, prepared himself for the interpretation of the more difficult and obscure parts of Scripture, he commenced the study of them with the aid derived from a comparison of the opinions of the best commentators, of different sects and opinions. He now permitted himself to consult the writers on dogmatic theology, and he has often told me with what eager curiosity, with what trembling interest, he read Taylor and Edwards on original sin, and pushed his researches into those higher speculations, where so much caution is necessary to prevent the mind from becoming enslaved to a peculiar system, and shut for ever against the light of truth.'

There is a note among his manuscripts describing the manner in which he studied the Scriptures, which may be worth repeating. He began by the preliminary questions relating to connection with other passages; the time and place and cause of the passage, and the circumstances of the people and nation. Then he compared the various readings and settled the meaning of the words as well as he was able, by accurate translation, division and punctuation. Then by philological notes, concise and explanatory, and by comparing commentators, he endeavored to educe the best meaning and the true doctrine. Lastly, he added practical and moral conclusions.

The above is quoted as giving a comprehensive view of his method of study through the whole of his short life. At Exeter he was but just beginning. He had laid out a most extensive plan, which it would have taken a much longer life to complete. He thought himself but a beginner upon the outer threshold of knowledge, and the wide horizon constantly opening before him and constantly enlarging in advance of his eager footsteps. He began every study with a most devout and humble spirit; and, of a very large number of prayers preserved among his papers, many have reference to and were written at the commencement of particular studies. Of the result of his conscientious application of his powers his sermons are now the only memorial, and it will be seen, as we go on with this memoir, what advance he made even in the short path he was permitted to travel.

But his professional studies, although holding a high place in his esteem, were not allowed to encroach upon the time which it was his duty to devote to the

Academy. He felt a warm interest in its reputation, and entered into a correspondence with gentlemen who were acquainted with the English schools of the highest rank. In a letter to the late John Pickering, written at this time, he says, — 'The institution established here has, of late years, from its ample endowments and from other causes, such a degree of credit and respectability that the trustees and instructors find it in their power to take the lead of other academies in the country, and to establish for themselves any course of study and system of instruction which they please.' He received an answer from Mr. Pickering, and from Mr. King, then our ambassador, who had two sons at Harrow school, an ample account of the course of studies at both Harrow and Eton schools. This was not a duty required of him, but it shows the generous ardor with which he promoted the welfare of every worthy object.

That he was at this time a diligent student appears from a journal, in which the books he read are recorded, with remarks upon them. Unfortunately, a great part of this journal is kept in a short-hand character. There is a record of nearly three months in the journal, written out in plain English.*

* From November 1, 1800, to January 20, 1801: — "Priestley's Harmony of the Gospels, Parts 1st and 2d. Cave's Primitive Christianity. Whiston's Josephus, 4 vols. Studies in Hebrew. Made extracts from Priestley and Josephus. Jew's Letter to Voltaire. Grotius de Veritate. Priestley's Corruptions of Christianity; twice. Do. Plain Account of Lord's Supper; also, Kippis's Sermon on the same subject. Made an abstract of Bythner's Institutiones Chaldaicæ. Read Dean and Otis on Prosody. Read the Pursuits of Literature. Read Latin, and about six pages of extracts from Zeno-

A letter of this period written to Mr. Frank Williams affords the first intimation of his religious views and preferences.

'Sept. 1801.

'My dear Friend, — If you had searched the recesses of my heart, you could not have selected topics of correspondence more dear than those which filled your last letter. The Chapel service was ever anticipated by me as one of the richest sources of improvement which Boston, so fertile in such sources, could afford. The sublime simplicity of the Liturgy; the accuracy, elegance, and at the same time the solemnity, of the style in which it is composed, seem at once to reconcile us to the ceremony of its forms and its repetitions, and exalt the soul irresistibly to feelings of devotion. Add to this the deep and full tones of the organ, not when sounding the wild fugue of an *executioner*, but swelling the notes of celestial praise; and where is the soul so narrow, so sordid, that it perceives not an expansion, an enlargement towards more exalted worlds? The soul is borne along without effort, on the full tide of song, as if itself were dissolving into music, or, to give you a better idea of an indescribable sensation, we feel that we almost wish to die, to dissolve into sound.

'But how shall I express to you my regard for the man who fills the desk? — in private life so charitable, so benevolent, so catholic; so full of the finer feelings of the soul; richly adorned with knowledge; full of the most rational candor, with an excellent taste, and, united to all this, a judgment entirely independent; not parsimonious of reproof, but gentle as a parent in the application.

phon's Cyropædia in Dalzel's Col. Gr. Maj. I was confined by illness one fortnight, during which time I read nothing but the history of Sir Charles Grandison. Brought from home Beza. Leighton's Crit. Sacr. Butler's Analogy. Newton on the Proph. Locke's Paraphrase. I desire to be thankful that I have been able to do so much."

Devoted to the young, like Socrates, he has often had an Alcibiades. You acknowledge his remarkable pulpit gifts, the perspicuity of his discourses, the solidity of his reasoning, the ingenuity with which his sentiments are defended, the general weight of the instruction that his sermons contain. Eternal happiness attend him, "my guide, philosopher, and friend!"

'But, my dear F., I have ever found, where there is so great a disparity of age as between Mr. Freeman and myself, though there may be profouud respect and a chastened familiarity, there is still wanting that full congeniality and unrestrained mutual effusion of sentiment that exist between those of more equal ages.

'I confess to you I was very much pleased with some passages of your letter, which I was not prepared to expect from your connections and habits of life. To obtrude a pious sentiment or a religious impression, when we know it will be made the sport of ridicule and insult, is not a merit or a duty, but only an impertinence. Who would introduce an Apostle to the gaming-table? But to bear witness to our Creator when circumstances demand, and to avow our belief when it is attacked, or when occasion justifies, is no less the honor than the duty of a young man. I have often found that the exclusive society of *men of this world* leaves me little disposition to cherish the few sparks of piety which have been kindled in my breast. In the midst of such society our *religious honor*, if I may so speak, grows dull; a sarcasm against Christianity hardly wounds us, our testimony to the truth becomes more feeble. This, I say, I have witnessed within myself, and forgive me if I was thus more easily induced to believe it of others.'

To his residence in Exeter, at this time, my brother was indebted for many valuable and long-enduring friendships. That of the venerable Principal of the Academy and his family, were among the most pre-

cious acquisitions of his life. After the lapse of nearly fifty years, Mrs. Abbot writes of him thus: —

'The relation in which he stood to us while Assistant at the Academy was that of a most cherished and tenderly beloved friend; and although not a member of my family, yet no one was ever welcomed with more heartfelt joy around the domestic altar than this favored son of promise. His very presence brought with it a gentle and joyous exhilaration. After the lapse of almost half a century, and with the mental infirmities of age pressing upon me, I find it difficult to recall in detail the many anecdotes which, perhaps, an earlier period would have enabled me to retain; but the time-hallowed *impression* of his social and intellectual resources can never be forgotten.'

He was indeed, as his venerable friend expresses, 'the son of promise and the son of hope.' He had just completed his eighteenth year. He had been borne along from year to year upon his father's hopes and prayers; he had passed through all preceding trials, and, although so young, his character for all purposes of excellence was fixed and decided. He had entered upon that course of never-ending progress, in virtue and knowledge, from which there was now no danger of his turning aside; he had begun the race upon that path whose light shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; dawning honors began to blush around him; loving friends stood ready to witness his progress; his father relaxed his anxious brow, and began to thank God for this 'son of promise;' when suddenly, as by an arrow from the cloudless sky, he was struck down by the

fatal malady that followed him afterwards, almost unrelentingly, to the close of his short life.*

His illness excited universal sympathy in the Academy, and the writer well remembers the consternation which spread in the little circle of home, when the news of this distressing event struck upon the hearts of parents and sisters. While some anxious friends looked upon this visitation as the wreck of all their hopes, and others urged the immediate relinquishment of all mental effort, and a total change from a studious to an active life, — while his father bowed submissively, but with stricken heart, to the 'sovereign will of God,' — the son was calm and undismayed. From a passage in his journal, we learn that he endeavored to discern the designs of Providence in this dispensation, — to look upon it as a check to all worldly ambition, and, whatever his future success, as a perpetual lesson of humility. It was not from ignorance, nor from insensibility to the appalling nature of the malady, or the tremendous consequences to which it might lead, that he received the stroke thus calmly. How little they knew him, who imagined it was from ignorance, or from any thing but the humblest acquiescence in the will of God, the following extract from his journal shows.

'Another fit of epilepsy. I pray God that I may be prepared, not so much for death as for the loss of health, and perhaps of mental faculties. The repetition of these fits must at length reduce me to idiotcy! Can I resign myself to the loss of memory, and of that knowledge I may have vainly prided myself upon? O my God! enable

* His first attack was in the Academy, in the autumn of 1802.

me to bear this thought, and make it familiar to my mind, that, by thy grace, I may be willing to *endure* life as long as thou pleasest to lengthen it. It is not enough to be willing to leave the world when God pleases; we should be willing even to live useless in it, if he, in his holy providence, should send such a calamity upon us. O God! save me from that hour!'

The passage above was never intended for human eye, but after reading it we are deeply impressed with the manliness of his future course. It was, indeed, the most striking trait in his character. He never referred in any manner whatever to his malady. It was never an excuse from any, the utmost, mental exertion. It was never allowed to diminish his usefulness, and hardly to impair his cheerfulness. Only the sister who lived with him, and whose watchful eye was scarcely ever closed, knew how often his attacks occurred, and how he shook off the languor and lassitude they left, and with serene brow armed himself for the waiting duty.

Some extracts from letters to a classmate, remain, of this period.*

'Exeter, Sept. 1801.

'Dear Friend, — My feelings and habits are so much changed since I wrote you last, that I have hardly one passion in common with those which dictated my former letters, except that of affection for you, which I hope to retain amid all the reverses of life. Your last letter, though couched in the gentlest language, was a severe reproach of my negligence in suffering a correspondence once so interesting to languish in suspense. But it has ever been my fault to be too much the slave of time and

* Rev. Joshua Bates, D. D., late President of Middlebury College.

circumstance, and to suffer the frequency of correspondence to abate without any diminution of regard to my friends. My last letter to you, which I have not to this day completed, I had wrought up with considerable pains. It was a summary of arguments used to confute Mr. Hume's assertion of the *impossibility* of *proving miracles* by *testimony*. As I had begun it as much for my own satisfaction as for your perusal, as fast as I matured a paragraph I copied it into the letter. When this *ingens opus* was nearly completed, as it lay loose upon my table, it was by some mischance torn and mutilated, and rendered wholly useless. About this time my mind began to be occupied with the idea of coming here, and my situation since has left me neither the disposition nor the ability to resume the subject.

'It is so long since I have made any effort in the way of composition, that the news of your having written two sermons really alarmed me. Go on, my friend, and prosper, and may the God of truth lead you into all truth, and give you understanding in all things. As for myself, I feel my literary enthusiasm abate by this change in my situation; the spoils of ancient and of modern learning are snatched out of my hands, and he who once vainly and ambitiously aspired to the name of a scholar is now reduced to teach beggarly rudiments to the child, or to hammer the higher branches into harder heads. The poor moments of leisure which I enjoy will hardly admit of any close application, and if the approach of winter does not strengthen my mind, with my body, I shall soon be obliged to look back upon my past life and say, "*Fin!*" O my friend! of all the maladies of the mind, melancholy is the worst. It is at once the parent, the offspring, and the companion of idleness.

'If you ask what has been my course of reading since I have been here, I could scarcely answer, as it has been without order, without interest, and without effect. I have read about a hundred pages of Latin, about thirteen in

Greek, and the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm in Hebrew, and consulted the Greek Testament about a dozen times. I have made out to get through Montesquieu's Rise and Fall, and one volume of Sully's Memoirs.

'If possible, I will spend a day with you in the vacation, and we will see each other face to face. I love better to converse than to write. If I should hunt up the originals of my last letter, I will reduce them to some order and send them.

'Farewell! Yours, with unabated regard,

'J. S. B.'

From the above letter it appears that the change from the careless freedom of college life, to the somewhat irksome duty of teaching the *beggarly rudiments*, was at first not without its effect in checking the serenity of his disposition. He suffered at first from that which is always to men of rich endowments a vexing and irksome employment. But he was able to convert it into a source of mental improvement for himself, and into an elevating and satisfactory occupation.

Another extract from a letter of this period, to the same friend, follows: —

'Exeter, March 1st.

'Indeed, my dear friend, the circumstances of your settlement evince that you still retain some of the wisdom of the children of this world. I rejoice at it, because I think that, by being relieved from the pressing cares of a scanty subsistence, you will have leisure to devote to those pursuits which are at once the duty and the dignity of a minister. The age calls loudly for able defenders of Christianity. The wild boar threatens to tear down the hedges of our vineyard, and the laborers are ignorant and inactive; they know not how to use their tools for the culture of the vine

or the defence of the vineyard. I hope, my friend, when the husbandman cometh and asketh for the fruit, we may all be able to produce some of the richest clusters. When I think of the duties and opportunities of a minister of the Gospel, the mark to which they should press forward seems much more elevated than the attainments of many of our clergymen would lead one to expect. Let us endeavor, my friend, to magnify our office, that it may, by the blessing of Heaven, prove at least a barrier to that inundation of infidelity on one side and enthusiasm on the other, which seems to be sweeping away all that we hold valuable.

'My reading has reference to the study of divinity, as far as my little leisure will admit. My principal progress has been in the Latin and Greek languages. But I have not the suitable books to prosecute such a course of study as I should wish to mark out.'

CHAPTER IX.

JOSEPH'S RESIDENCE AT WALTHAM. — THEOLOGICAL STUDIES. — CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS FATHER UPON HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS, AND UPON HIS ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY. — PURPOSE OF RELINQUISHING HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION.

1803. Aged 19. In the midst of the perplexity arising from the father's reluctance that his son should continue the laborious charge of instructor at Exeter, and, at the same time, the mental excitement of preparing for his profession, Providence opened a way, and the kindness of that excellent relative, Theodore Lyman, suggested the means, by which he could be relieved from the instruction of the Academy. My brother had ever found in him and in Mrs. Lyman, almost the interest and solicitude of parents. He had sometimes spent a part of his college vacations, under their hospitable roof, and in the interval between his leaving college, and entering upon his duties at Exeter, their house had been to him a home in parental kindness, and far more than his own humble home, in the attractions of luxury, and the access to refined society. These excellent friends now interposed, and, while they desired that he should live in their family, with leisure to pursue his studies, proposed that he and his father should be relieved from the mortification of dependence, by the light task of

instructing Mr. Lyman's two sons, and preparing the elder for college.

It was in the beginning of the year 1803, that he entered Mr. Lyman's family, as an instructor, and he then wanted a few months of completing his nineteenth year. His residence at Exeter had given firmness and dignity to his manners, and he had gained in stature and in manliness of appearance. When the family removed to Waltham, he accompanied them; and in that beautiful residence, surrounded with all the soothing and strengthening influences of nature, he advanced both in vigor of body and clearness of perception and intellect.

Amid the scenery of this lovely retreat, where land and water are so sweetly blended, and the hand of taste has almost created another Eden, it seems as though he must have felt the peace of Eden. With the luxury of leisure, the early morning hours for study, and the quiet evening for reflection, soothed by the murmur of the brook that ran near by, in which the peaceful stars were reflected, the perfumes of fragrant shrubs and the songs of birds blending with the waving of the grass upon the gracefully undulating lawns, it would seem as if the whole year must have been one long holiday of tranquil happiness. And so it would have been, could the kindness of disinterested friendship and the society of the refined and the cultivated have made it so. We learn from passages in his journal that this year of outward peace was one of great mental trial. It does not appear what was the cause of the conflict, but we can only infer that it was connected with the growing difference of his religious opinions from those of his

father, which he knew must at length be made known, and occasion that beloved father extreme pain. We do not know what secret conflicts were going on in the soul amidst outward tranquillity. The great battles of the spiritual life are usually fought alone, and in silence. It is not while the whole energies of the mind are employed in sustaining the weight of the conflict, that descriptions of the battle are given. It is afterwards, when they can be looked back upon with calmness and with collected thoughts; — and *he* did not live to draw lessons for others from the work in his own soul. That which appears outwardly is what must long before have been ripening in the mind, and all that is seen is the fruit that falls from the tree of life. "The world hears only the rustling of the leaves, beneath which the ripening fruit is concealed."

It was at this time, as appears from his journal, that he made a thorough examination of the Trinitarian, Socinian, and Arian hypotheses upon the person and character of Christ, reading the standard Trinitarian writers, and Priestley's History of the Corruptions of Christianity, the Apostolic fathers, the contest of Priestley with the Monthly Review, and Bishop Horsley's Tracts. His journal gives a very full account of these studies, and, could his own copies of the works have been preserved, we should be able to see by remarks and references how faithfully he compared and illustrated the various subjects. While engaged in these studies he received the news of the death of Priestley, and wrote in his journal: — 'Perhaps for the variety and universality of his acquisitions he may be placed at the head of the learned

of the eighteenth century. Party politics, that bane of every thing great and good, have cast a shade over some parts of this great man's character; but I believe that posterity will do justice to his integrity, as well as his talents. But rather than lament a loss of such magnitude, let the friends of rational religion and religious liberty bless God for granting our age such a strenuous and learned friend, and for continuing him so long, the admiration and glory of science and of religion in its various departments.'

He says in a letter to his father, about this time, that he has read and thought upon the subject of the Trinitarian hypothesis almost to distraction. The result of his inquiries at this time seems to have been, that he rejected Priestley's view of the pure humanity of Jesus, and also the hypothesis of a Trinity in Unity. He seems to have adopted the belief of the pre-existence of the Saviour, and of the connection of his life and death with the pardon of sin, while repentance and a holy life were also necessary to insure the favor of God.

An extract from the journal of this period shows the great admiration he felt for another work which he had just studied with attention.

'*February* 22. Finished Hartley this evening. I have not read the works of Bacon, Newton, or Aristotle; but if I may be allowed to judge from the impression which this work has made upon my own mind, it is the most wonderful work ever completed by one man. Acute, ingenious, original in his theory, clear and decisive in his facts, deep but impartial in his reasonings, unbiased in his conclusions, he presents us with a work, the unassisted, but complete, production of one mind, explaining all the usual phenomena

of mind from a simple and undeniable principle, that of association; and by this clew guiding us through the mazes of metaphysics and of morals. In fine, every part of his work is the part of a consistent but stupendous whole. Though the theory of vibrations may be wholly separated from the system, it is most ingeniously interwoven with it. The second volume is peculiarly interesting to the theologian, as it vindicates the ways of God to man. It contains the only hypothesis which satisfactorily illustrates the introduction of evil and the nature of human actions; and, to crown the whole, a rich and unusual vein of piety runs through the work, which cannot fail to recommend it to the serious Christian. Thus I have ventured to record the superficial decision of my feeble judgment. If I should dare to point out the weaker parts, I should mention the chapter on the terms of salvation, and some few passages in the evidences of Christianity and some remarks on Evangelical counsels. I do not think his account of the love of God either exaggerated, enthusiastic, or fanciful, especially when he so often acknowledges that it is hardly attainable in the present life. His notions of refined self-interest and its pleasures are not easily understood, and are very inadequately explained; and there seems to be little propriety in making the moral sense a principle of action, *distinct* from the principles of benevolence, piety, and rational self-interest. Of the notes of Pistorius, it is enough to say, that they are worthy to accompany the work on which they comment.'

The profound admiration and respect that my brother felt for Dr. Freeman has been already mentioned. The latter being connected by marriage with his father, he frequently invited the son to visit and pass weeks at his house; where his influence insensibly won upon the mind and heart of the young man, so that he became in some degree involved in the design

of Dr. Freeman to associate him with himself as a colleague, and finally to leave the labors of the Chapel pulpit to him. He had obtained a promise from him, that, with the consent of his father, he would immediately assist him in reading the Liturgy, and, as soon as he was licensed, he would preach in his desk. When these circumstances came to the ears of his father, they probably presented the first certain confirmation of his fears, that his son was imbibing the liberal sentiments of Unitarians, or 'Socinians,' as those who embraced Dr. Freeman's views were called. Some misgivings naturally arise as to the wisdom or propriety of making public letters, which, like the following, revive the remembrance of an ancient strife, and expose feelings and fears over which death has sealed its calm silence. Such documents admit of an unfair use in the sectarian strife which has not yet ceased. But generous and considerate minds will accompany their perusal with a candid commentary, and will smooth over the seeming harshness of human judgments with the gentler spirit of Christian charity, which they who feel their own need of it will ever be ready to extend to the sincere and good. The struggle which is to be exposed between earnest and serious convictions, formed through thought, study, and prayer, and the tender sensibilities of filial love, grieved even by dissent from a father's opinions, is too sacred a matter for cold, controversial dispute. The revelations here made may serve as an intimation of the gentler feelings which were involved in the more passionate and contentious issues opened in the doctrinal warfare of past years.

'Dec. 3d, 1803.

'My dear Son,—I have seen with anxiety, for a very considerable time, your partiality to particular persons, and have feared that your happiness would depend too much upon the place of your destination. You should not think any persons or place necessary to your happiness. You should realize that the Divine favor and approbation are the great prerequisites to happiness, and endeavor to be prepared for any place to which God shall call you, with the manifest tokens of his favor. If your years and experience were such as to render it prudent to settle in the ministry, and you had qualified yourself in the judgment of those who license candidates, and you had made an experiment of your gifts in less splendid and populous places than Boston, I should not object to your supplying Brattle Street desk, as they have desired; though I think the situation far from eligible for a young minister who would act in all things with a wise reference to the account which he must at last desire to give "with joy, and not with grief."

'As to the manœuvre in School Street, for I can call it nothing else, as it wears a singular complexion, so it excites singular emotions. I fear you have suffered your great partiality for Mr. Freeman as a man to warp your judgment and seduce your heart respecting some of the important doctrines of our holy religion, and the foundation of our hope as sinners. Could he have taken such a step, unless he had believed it would be agreeable to you? Could he have been so ungenerous as to reduce you to the situation, so painful to your feelings as a son, which he must have known, without saying any thing to your father? I feel myself under obligations to Mr. Freeman and his family for kindness to me in past days of distress; but if they are to be cancelled at such a premium as the delicacy of conscience of my son, or of his being ensnared into his system or principles, it would have been better for

me to have died without their sympathy. Could he have proceeded so far, if he had not been possessed with the persuasion that you were favorable to his opinions? — opinions which, in my view, annihilate the hope of every sinner, and destroy all the energy of the Gospel to sanctify and renew the soul. Could he flatter himself that a descendant of the venerable and firm, though catholic, Stevens, and the independent and honest train of Buckminsters, could be induced to aid in the support of sentiments that he did not believe, or that he was so pliant that by art and industry and flattery, he could be moulded into any thing? I confess, my son, I feel myself hurt by this business; especially that Mr. Freeman, considering your extreme youth and your relation to me, should take such a step, without ever hinting one syllable of his intentions to me. I can excuse him upon no other principle, than that he has never known what the heart of a parent is. I hope you have resolutely and finally stopped their proceedings. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* If not, you must decline their proposal, and at once excuse yourself from their service. If Providence should spare my life and yours, and give me any leisure from my present crowd of duty, I will endeavor to devote some hours to you upon this subject.'

This letter enables us to understand the entry in Joseph's journal, of December 22d, 1803: —

'Went to Newton, [the residence of Dr. Freeman,] Thursday, and returned on Saturday. This has been a week of distress, from causes which I hope to look back upon with satisfaction. O, that I could reconcile the commands of conscience, the claims of parental love, and the wishes of fond and partial friends! Let vanity yield to prudence and self-knowledge, and both be the offspring of humility. O God, enlighten my understanding, purify

my desires, increase my single love of duty, and guide my present steps!'

Dr. Buckminster had urged upon his son his own desire that he should leave Boston at this time, where Mr. Lyman's family always resided in the winter, and place himself under the instruction of Dr. Lathrop of Springfield, or Dr. Dana, of Ipswich.

He writes to his son again, December 27th, 1803:—

'I was in hopes that before this time you had left Boston, to which I fear you are too much attached, and that you think a residence there too necessary to your happiness.

"Fixed to no place is happiness sincere;
'T is *nowhere* to be found, or *everywhere*."

'Our happiness, my son, must be the result of doing our duty, of submitting to God, and enjoying his favor, or we should be wretched in palaces, nay, even in paradise. I have heard nothing from you since I recommended your going to Dr. Lathrop's to spend some time. I think your friends judge unwisely for you and for themselves by urging you to preach, and especially in wishing you to settle in Boston. Many will think that your remaining there, and being exposed to the complimentary remarks and the wishes that will be urged upon you, is an indication of your desire to settle there; and this will prejudice many against you, and give them a distaste for your services, if you should in future be called to preach there. Then, after all that has been said and done, if your preaching should not be acceptable in Boston, you will, I fear, be mortified, and perhaps discouraged. If the plan I proposed had been agreeable to you, it would have omened well for you; but I can do no more than advise, and refer all to God.

'If your heart is really possessed with the fear and love of God, and you are willing, from love to Christ and the

souls of men, to be a partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel, and to be a laborer in any part of God's vineyard, and are ready to offer yourself, you had perhaps better present yourself for examination; but whenever you begin to preach, I would advise you not to begin in Boston. I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.'

Thus his father watched every avenue to, and was as solicitous to guard the delicacy of, his son's honor, as he was careful to shield him from disappointment, and to prevent him from experiencing the least mortification. The next subject of anxiety is the application for the son to preach at Brattle Street, Boston.

'December 31st, 1803.

'My dear Son,—I have treated the idea of your preaching in Boston, or, indeed, preaching any where, at present, as mere matters of Utopia; but I received a letter this week from Judge Sullivan upon the subject, in which he seems to think there would be no inconvenience or impropriety in your beginning in Brattle Street, and intimates that he had suggested it to you, although he relieved me by observing, that you did not give him any encouragement, or receive the matter as a subject of serious consideration.

'Although I have supposed that you had thought of the ministry as a profession, and it is perfectly agreeable to me that you should enter it, if God has given or should give you the necessary qualifications, yet, considering your extreme youth and the state of your health, I have wished you to look upon it as an object in the distant future. But if you have thought of beginning to preach any time within these six months, you should resolve to reside with some clergyman, whose company, conversation, and ministerial gifts would assist and initiate you into some of the more private, as well as public, offices of the profession; then, when it shall be judged prudent or proper, you should

come forward in some more retired place, certainly not begin in the metropolis of New England. It is better to have it said to us, "Come up higher," than to have it said, "Go down lower." I hope you will not consent to that which has at least the *appearance* of vanity, by making your first attempt in Boston, — that your friends will not urge it, and that you will not permit them to urge it.

'You know, my dear son, that it has always been my opinion that it would be best for you, as I think it is for every student in divinity, to spend some time with an approved and respectable clergyman before he begins preaching; and I hope you will take some measures to study awhile with Dr. Lathrop of Springfield. As to your qualifications for examination, I have no doubt you would acquit yourself so as to obtain approbation, and if I were as certain of your having those qualifications for the ministry which God only can give, as of your having those which are attained by human industry and application, I should not object to your offering yourself for examination. But you would come with fairer prospects from under the wing, and with the countenance, of some respectable clergyman, than from your present residence. I hope God will be your guide and guardian, and if he designs you for a laborer in his vineyard, he will furnish you and send you forth. Let us hear from you soon. Your affectionate, but anxious father,

'J. Buckminster.'

We have seen that Judge Sullivan consulted both father and son upon the subject of the son's preaching at Brattle Street, in December, 1803. The next step was, that a committee of the Brattle Street Church addressed themselves to the son, in the beginning of March, 1804, urging him to make his first trial there. Upon which his father writes: —

'March 19th, 1804.

'My dear Son, — You have long had my opinion and advice; nor have I seen any reason to alter them; and though not delivered in that peremptory and absolute way that used to be the custom in the treatment of children, they were no less decided. If my advice had been regarded, and you had passed the winter at Springfield or Ipswich, you would have escaped your perplexities, and would have been in greater readiness to meet the application of the Brattle Street Church. I should now advise you to place yourself with one of those gentlemen, and tell the committee in Boston, that, as soon as your instructor thought proper to bring you forward, you would commence preaching. It is, indeed, absurd for them to fix their eyes only upon you.

'If you are qualified to begin to preach, the train of your preparation has been a little singular, and you must come upon the stage under that disadvantage. I can do nothing for you, my dear son, in the perplexed and embarrassed state of my family. If your mother were not so ill, I should desire you to return home; but her situation is such as to demand all my attention, beside the family being so encumbered with nurses that little study could be done here. If you cannot reconcile it to your feelings to go to either of the gentlemen I have mentioned, why cannot you reside a little while with Dr. Morse or with Mr. Homer of Newton?

'I should be glad to see some of your essays or dissertations upon some doctrinal points, if you have written any; it would enable me better to judge of your ripeness for your public appearance. But, whatever you do, ask counsel of God, and rest yourself upon his mercy.'

Upon this request of his father, Joseph went to Portsmouth, and, in various conversations with him, the painful doubts of the son upon those points of doctrine which the Calvinistic theology deems necessary for acceptance with God became apparent. The

son says, in his private journal, that he could never dispute or argue with his father; that such was his tenderness for him, and his habit of implicit acquiescence in all his wishes, that disputing was as impossible as it would have been to have disobeyed his orders in his childhood. But when it came to direct question and answer, the candor and honesty of the son would not permit him to make use of any concealment or mental reservation.

The father was at this time oppressed by family cares and anxieties. The long and dangerous illness of his beloved wife was drawing rapidly to a fatal termination, leaving him with a young and almost helpless family, so that, when the fact of his son's departure from what he believed the faith once delivered to the saints came with conviction to his heart, it is not strange that he was nearly overwhelmed. In the letters that follow, he seems to have forgotten the ripening excellences of his son's character, the comfort he had already enjoyed in his docility, and the confidence he felt in the manliness of his character, and, because a certain speculative faith was wanting, to have regarded all the rest, to use his own expression, as 'only filthy rags.'

This difference in religious sentiment was probably the severest trial to both that they could have met with in the unclouded confidence, the transparent openness of intercourse, that existed between them. Although it is proper for the memorial of both that the correspondence should not be be withheld, yet, as they were both of *one spirit*, both loved their Divine Master supremely, this difference of their faith respecting him never for a moment impaired their

love to him, or to each other. They could never be far apart, for they stood upon the same ground of intimate conviction of the greatest and most important truths. God was next the heart of both. But the one belonged to a particular system; he was trammelled by a theory, and he feared that his son would be bewildered and lost, were he not also bound by the faith of ancient creeds. Both possessed the same principle of inward, spiritual life. It came from the same source; it conformed both in thought, temper, and action to the inward oracle of right; in both it led to disinterested love of man, — to high endeavor for the good of others; it gave strength to suffer to the one; it gave him humility to bear success to the other. It has been said that it came from the same source; to continue the metaphor, one drank it from the iron pipes in which man had bent and checked the stream, the other from the pure, freshly flowing river. We may believe that both were channels of God's blessing to others, each performing services equally acceptable in his sight.

Upon this visit at Portsmoth, my brother preached his first sermon, at York, in the pulpit of his venerable relative, Mr. Lyman, the father of his step-mother. He was disabled from preaching, and had long been confined to the house by a palsy; but upon this occasion he once more ascended, with tottering steps, the pulpit stairs, to listen to his young relative. The occasion and scene were made striking by the extremely youthful appearance of the young preacher, his beautiful countenance radiant with genius and the expression of elevated thought, and that of the aged minister, whose white hairs were covered with a

velvet cap, and who could not even rise when the prayer was offered for him, that his trembling steps might be gently supported through the short descending path to the grave. They presented almost the extremes of life meeting in one common petition, for there were some present who thought the life of the younger more frail and tremulous than even that of the aged pastor.

There was a circumstance which the writer well remembers. My brother, in reading the chapter from Scripture, omitted a word, or substituted a different meaning of some word, which the elder minister instantly corrected, by calling out in full voice the received reading; the other slightly smiled and went on.

This meeting-house and congregation of Old York were both among the most ancient and primitive in the country. The venerable old building is now replaced by a modern structure, with slips within, and white paint without. The ancient building was perfect in its iconoclasm. The square, oaken pews, polished and dark with age, were guiltless of all carpet, cushion, or seductive invitation to wandering thoughts; the beams of the ceiling were formed of heavy timber, roughhewn into form. Beneath the pulpit was an inclosed seat for the elders, two hoary-headed old men, with long, waving locks. Upon the corner of these seats the old frame for the hour-glass kept its place, the sands long since run out and motionless. In front of these was another square inclosed seat for the deacons, and facing them, upon the floor of the meeting-house, were seats for the singers. Within the childish memory of the writer, the hymn

was given out two lines at a time, and sung with pauses breaking the harmony of the verses. In each pew, close to the mother's elbow, was the little wooden cage, where the youngest child, still too young to sit alone, was for two long hours an infant prisoner.

Primitive as was the church, the congregation also retained its Puritan aspect, as they arrived, one family after the other, from their old farm-houses among the hills. The wife, the sister, or the betrothed dismounted at the old oaken block, close to the meeting-house door, from behind her cavalier; and the old family horse patiently took his position outside, till the long service was over. The old sexton in the porch, rope in hand, and arrayed in his cocked hat, waited anxiously for the pastor; when, quitting the bell, he preceded him, hat in hand, to the pulpit stairs, and then, when the door was closed, respectfully took his seat. All these ancient customs passed away from our manners even before the Puritan meeting-houses disappeared from the landscape.

The letters that follow were written immediately after my brother's visit to Portsmouth. It is to be regretted that so few of the son's replies have been preserved.

'June 25, 1804.

'My unhappy Son, — I can pity you and pray for you, but I know not how to help you, preparing to be a minister of Christ, an ambassador of God, preparing to pull down the strongholds of sin, to turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, and yet believing that your Master is only a created being, or a delegated

messenger of Deity! How faint must be your hope of success, how weak your expectations, how fallacious your confidence, — striving to reconcile sinners to God, and yet presenting them with no other righteousness as the ground of their hope of pardon and justification but their own, which is but as filthy rags! An awakened conscience will never get ease upon such ground. Nor will the Church of Christ be ever built up where the doctrine of justification is not among the fundamental principles that are taught. A worldly church may be built; men may be formed to external decency and order, but the corrupt fountain of the heart will never be cleansed, nor the soul formed to be a habitation of God, where the doctrine of Christ's atonement is disowned, or where it is not made the ground and cause of communicating grace to men.

'You ask my advice when it is too late to give it. You should have listened when I urged your studying with some clergyman last winter. You have never had any proper education for the ministry, and will feel the inconvenience of it all your days. I would now urge your immediately going to Springfield, were it not that I hear Dr. Lathrop is not in a situation to take pupils; but if you can be released from Mr. Lyman's family, I would advise you to go to Dr. Morse, or Dr. Dana of Ipswich, or to come home.

'As to preaching, I do not see how you can extricate yourself. Your friends have committed you, by binding you to a promise to preach at such a time. If the committee of Brattle Street, or of any other church, should apply to you with the view of hearing you in order to a *settlement*, I advise you, as an honest man, (and this you seem desirous to be,) to tell them plainly that you do not believe in the proper Deity and Divinity of Christ, nor in his vicarious satisfaction and atonement for the sins of men, and I presume they will trouble you no more; or if they should, nevertheless, urge you to preach, I advise you, in your first sermon, to be explicit upon those points, and not make use

of any concealments or expressions that may mean any thing or nothing. This will decide the matter with you; you will be able easily to relinquish your profession; for I cannot believe that the churches of Christ are so removed from the foundation of the Apostles, and have so lost the principles of the Reformation, that they would settle ministers who deny the Divinity of the Head of the Church, or the price at which it has been purchased and redeemed. If, therefore, you preach where you have any reason to suppose the people hear you with a view to settlement, be open and explicit.

'It is not for me to judge another man's servant, nor to judge my own son, but I desire to receive it as a humiliating rebuke from my Lord and Master, that he should so far conceal from you what appears to me the great, important, and eternal truth, and pervert your judgment from the simplicity that is in Christ. O that I may be removed from every idol but God! Your mamma is very ill. To God I commend her and you, and trust he will give his grace to all. I know he will be glorified in us, whatever be our life here or our situation hereafter.'

The son now informs his father that he has engaged to preach, the succeeding Sabbath, at Waltham, for the Rev. Dr. Cushing. After some domestic information, the father replies: —

'July 7, 1804.

'My dear Son, — As to the unpleasant situation to which you have reduced yourself, pledged as you are to preach, I know not what to say. Indeed, you have always been so reserved with respect to your opinions, that I know not what you do believe, or what you would preach and say to your fellow-men. How you can doubt those doctrines that lie at the foundation of all the hopes of Christians I know not, except from an injudicious course of reading. I am per-

suaded you will think differently upon these doctrines when you come to have more acquaintance with your own heart and the hearts of others, and when you read the Scriptures with this impression, which is certainly a just one, that they were designed as a rule of faith and practice to men in general, to the unlearned as well as the learned, to those that are incapable of criticising no less than to those who by subtilty of reasoning make plain things intricate and dark things plausible. Certainly the doctrine of the Trinity, as it is usually received, the Divinity of the Saviour, and his propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of men, by whose righteousness we are justified and by whose grace we are sanctified, are the most plain doctrines of Scripture, and those who deny them are obliged to explain away the word of God in order, with any show of plausibility, to support their doctrine by the word of God. I am sorry you have pledged yourself to preach. Read Dr. Bates's Harmony of the Divine Attributes in the Work of the Redemption, and put yourself under the instruction of some learned and pious divine. Open your perplexities and difficulties to him, but above all pray to God to guide you into all truth, and to keep you from wounding his honor and his cause.'

The son replies as follows. Would that we had more of his filial letters!

'Waltham, July 23, 1804.

'My dear Father, — I received last night a letter from Judge Sullivan, as chairman of the Brattle Street committee, inquiring whether they might expect me, and at what time, if any, I would engage to supply them. I should have answered by letter, but Mr. Lyman thinks I had better see him, which I shall do to-morrow, and endeavor to preclude all expectation of hearing me, and all hope of any future consent to their wishes.

'You express your surprise at my ever having thought

of preaching with such sentiments as I entertain. I do not exactly know what sentiments you suppose me to hold; but I have always considered it to be the object of the Christian dispensation to lead men to virtue and holiness, and that this also ought to be the great object of its ministers. To this end the doctrines of the Gospel are auxiliary as means or motives, without any intrinsic value in themselves, or in the acknowledgment of them, except so far as they lead to this great end, the promotion of Christian excellence. If, then, I could believe that this great end could be attained without insisting upon Jesus Christ being the *most high God*, I felt no scruple on this score in endeavoring to bear a small share in this honorable employment. If circumstances should occur which would make it proper or necessary for me to make an explicit avowal on this head I would be prepared to meet them; but if they should not, I conceived it to be my first duty to recommend holiness by motives which I could honestly urge, and leave my opinions upon disputed points to the private inquiries of my hearers. I wished not to deny other men's belief, but only to be excused from preaching what did not make a part of my own. Even under such circumstances I hoped, by the blessing of God, to prove a servant not entirely unprofitable. I did not foresee, in its utmost extent, the pain which my skepticism on some points would give you, and I trusted, perhaps, too much to the influence of time, and to the tenderness of the parental relation.

'If, however, as seems now to be the case, you think that son unfit to be a preacher who, without supposing Jesus Christ to be the Most High God, believes that he is an illustrious person, enjoying a most intimate communion with God, and possessing a peculiar relation to him, (a relation which we can perhaps never justly understand,) constituted also our infallible guide in faith and practice, and exalted to be the dispenser of all spiritual blessings, and the future judge of mankind;—if also, in your opinion, it is not

sufficient for the purposes of Christian obedience, and of love and gratitude to Christ's character, to consider his death as the highest act of his obedience and suffering for the benefit of sinful man, and as the ground on which God chooses to dispense his pardon to the penitent, without considering it as an infinite satisfaction for the offended justice of God, separate from which God could not or would not pardon sin; — if such, I say, be the nature of your views on this subject, *actum est de prædicatione.*

'But I have already written and thought on this subject almost to distraction. You will no doubt say, my father, that I should have taken your advice last winter, and put myself under the tuition of some clergyman. Perhaps I ought. No doubt many of the perplexities of my present situation would have been avoided, but others would perhaps have arisen, and the principal one *might* not have been removed. Besides, in declining your proposal, I had the universal sentiment of my friends here in my favor. *Now*, it appears to me there is little difference between relinquishing the profession entirely, and committing myself to the instruction of any clergyman under the uncertain hope of attaining at last to those views of Christian truth which you deem essential.

'I have employed almost every day since my return from Portsmouth in reading the most orthodox works on this subject, Edwards, Jamieson, Ridgely, etc., and from what I know of the state of my own mind I despair of ever giving my assent to the proposition that *Jesus Christ is God, equal to the Father.* I have been thus explicit to you, my dear Sir, that, whatever may be my future lot, I may still retain the consciousness of having preferred the relinquishment of any prospect of fame and preferment to the slightest evasion or hypocrisy upon subjects deemed by you so important. If this letter have any thing of a presumptuous or dogmatical air, I pray you to forgive it, as it has arisen from the desire not to be misunderstood.

'It is probable that I might get a tutorship at college; this would be congenial to my pursuits, and it is not probable that I shall live to grow a burden upon their hands. I rejoice to hear that mamma is better. If you can only satisfy yourself that I do not cease to be a subject of the grace of God when I cease to be a Trinitarian, and let not this disappointment prey upon your mind, I may still be useful and happy.

'Your dear son,

'J. S. B.'

The sympathy of a reader is strongly enlisted alike for the father and son, in this their mutual confidence, which nothing impaired on the part of the son, and which yielded on the part of the parent only to a most cherished conviction of the supreme importance of speculative opinions. What an exhibition have we here of the different offices of the heart and mind in settling the essentials of Christian belief!

To the foregoing honest and explicit letter the father returned answer: —

'July 30, 1804.

'My UNHAPPY SON, — If you are fixed and settled in the sentiment that Jesus Christ is not a Divine person, nor any thing more than a created messenger of God, and that the business of his coming into the world was only to publish truth, and to attest the truth that he published with his blood, and give hope and confirmation of a resurrection, but not to make atonement and satisfaction for sin, and if there is no hope of your having different views upon these points, it is best for you to think of some other profession than the ministry; you had better be a porter on the wharf than a preacher with such views.

'You are young enough to turn your attention to the study of law, or to the theory and practice of physic. I

advise you never to be a preacher with such an opinion of your Master and his system, as a denial of his Divinity and his atonement necessarily involve. I do not doubt, my son, that men have had the *real* consolations of the Gospel who have held different views of *many* religious truths, nor that men have had serenity of mind in holding the grossest errors. But the *consolations of the Gospel* cannot be enjoyed by those who destroy the *fundamental doctrines of the Gospel*, and he who does not build upon Christ as the foundation of all hope, and upon his blood as the price of purchase, and the blood of cleansing from all sin, can have no solid hope of salvation. Could you have been persuaded to follow a different course of study, it appears to me these difficulties would have been avoided; but I have thought it my duty to advise, rather than to insist, and if God should blast the fond hopes that I have entertained respecting you, he will be righteous. I desire to give up all into his hands: my wife, my children, and my own soul.'

Upon the receipt of which letter the son writes in his private journal: — 'Oh God, assist, guide, and direct me what course of life to pursue! Save me from prejudice, from indifference, from ambition, and from worldly views.'

And to his father he writes thus: —

'August 10th, 1804.

'My dear Father, — Your last letter appears to be final upon the subject of my preaching; but as I have already made an engagement to preach for Dr. Cushing, my sermon may also be a valedictory. It would be more congenial to my feelings and pursuits to be a tutor at the College, than to study either of the professions you mention. My tastes are literary, and as I am not ambitious of riches, the salary,

together with my own little fortune,* would be amply sufficient, even if my health should fail before the term of my existence.

'I cannot conceal from myself and from you, that this termination of the expectations of friends, and, may I not add without vanity, of the ample preparation I have made for my profession, is a severe disappointment of my fondest hopes. Yet the preparation may not be altogether lost. If God should spare my life, I may be able to do something in diffusing a deeper love of intellectual pursuits, and a purer taste among young persons of my own age; and the malady with which God has visited me is a perpetual warning to me that I have no right to expect a long life.

'You must permit me to differ from you in the propriety of declaring my views from the pulpit. I shall always be ready to give an answer to private inquiries, but I conceive that it would be only an arrogant assumption for the youngest of preachers to intrude upon a mixed audience views that might be startling, that perhaps are not yet matured; and although I see no expectation of my ever becoming a Trinitarian, further investigation may modify what is now the subject of incessant thought and constant prayer.

'Your affectionate son,

'J. S. Buckminster.'

That Joseph was entirely sincere in his intention of relinquishing, out of respect to his father, the profession of his choice, appears from a letter written, but perhaps not sent, to Mr. Sidney Willard, the Librarian of Harvard College.

'Dec., 1803.

'Dear Sir, — I should have given myself the pleasure of waiting upon you a second time before you left Portsmouth,

* Left him by his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Stevens.

but I was not only unwilling to interrupt you while taking leave of your friends, but the subject upon which I wished to speak with you was in some degree private. You will recollect that I then took the liberty of asking you, if you intended to leave your present situation at Cambridge. I should not have been so impertinent as to propose the question, except that I had heard it mentioned from several quarters that such was your intention, which I was the more induced to believe, from knowing that you had been for some time engaged in preaching. I sometimes indulge my inclination for a residence at Cambridge, and the office of Librarian I have always thought would be most accommodated to the pursuit of my favorite objects. Perhaps it is presumptuous in me to expect ever to attain it; at best, my prospect of success is so uncertain, that I have been induced to give you this intimation of my wishes, presuming that you will not think it impertinent in me to suggest them. If your intention of leaving Cambridge depend upon circumstances *at present* doubtful, you will greatly oblige me by giving me notice of your determination whenever it is decidedly formed. I will take the liberty, also, of requesting you to inform me whether any application for the office has yet been made. If my request should appear to you in any degree improper, I must beg your pardon for troubling you with this letter.'

CHAPTER X.

CHARACTER OF DR. BUCKMINSTER'S PREACHING. — EXTRACTS FROM HIS SERMONS. — LETTERS.

1803.* Dr. Buckminster had now been settled in Portsmouth twenty-four years, and during that time he had been pursuing the usual quiet routine of the duties of a parish minister, varied and rendered more than usually interesting by the state of the public mind in this transition period of the country. The country was then passing through those momentous events which finally established its prosperity; but while they were in progress, they deeply agitated the minds of all men, and laid upon public instructors a double weight of responsibility. It was then deemed proper, even indispensable, that ministers should preach upon all subjects of public and political interest, expressing their individual opinions with moderation, but with decision and independence; and it sometimes happened that they did not confine themselves to the bounds of moderation. There were at this time very few newspapers, — no reading-rooms; the public press was just beginning to be the important instrument of good and of evil which it has since become, and the preaching of the

* This year the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Buckminster by the College of New Jersey.

ministers, at least in country places, was one of the great means of instructing and informing the people in political affairs, as well as in religious duties.

Since the period of Dr. Buckminster's settlement at Portsmouth, the treaty had been concluded which finished the war and established the independence of the country. The terrible depression of public credit which followed, and all the distressing embarrassments of the period, he bore, together with his faithful parish, waiting for better times for the full payment of his moderate salary. The adoption of the Constitution; the choice of rulers, and of Washington as the first President; his visit to Portsmouth; his retirement from the Presidency; the choice of John Adams; the death of Washington, and the subsequent celebration of his birthday and also the commemoration of the day of his death, were signal occasions, upon all of which Dr. Buckminster preached sermons which his hearers thought worthy of more extensive circulation, and at their request they were printed.

A sermon, preached by him at the time of the visit of Washington to the Eastern States, subjected him, from those who did not hear it, to severe censure. Dr. Buckminster was not informed till late on Saturday that the illustrious guest would worship at his church in the forenoon, and the sermon was prepared in haste from Psalm xxiv. 7, 8: — 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle.'

Perhaps the selection of the text was unfortunate;

but to all who heard or read the discourse, it appeared as far as possible from any intention to flatter. The sermon was not introduced, as is usual, by the annunciation of the text, but by an address to the people, congratulating them upon the safe arrival of the President of the United States. The preacher says: —

'We now see this illustrious patriot, like the father of a great family, visiting its various branches to bless and to be blessed, to start the tear of joy, and awaken mutual congratulations. He comes, — not attended with mercenary guards, like kings and emperors, who hold their dignity by hereditary descent, who ever fear where no fear is, — he comes not in the triumph of military parade, to show the spoils and laurels he hath won, — but he comes triumphing in the confidence and affection of a free and grateful people, who, under God, hail him as the deliverer of their country, and the protector of its liberties. . . . . .

'Too much respect, that fall short of religious homage, cannot be paid to one to whom we owe so much; were more to be offered, he would say, with the angel in the Revelation, "See thou do it not! I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus. Worship God!"

'Whatever distinctions there may be among mankind, however indebted we may be to an earthly benefactor, they all fade away before our Father; "For one God hath created us; there is none in the heavens that may be compared to him, there is none among the sons of the mighty that may be likened to Jehovah." Permit me, then, my friends, to take occasion, from this auspicious event of a kind Providence, to excite your expectations, exalt your conceptions, and solicit your preparation for the approach of that glorious character, "who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" who is so infinitely exalted that it is the crowning excellence of

the most perfect and exalted human character to be his servant and disciple. This I shall do by calling your attention to that sublime demand of the royal poet : —

'"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."'

The sequel of the sermon was an exhortation to his hearers to be prepared for that great coming of Jesus, and to open the doors of their hearts to give him entrance. And in conclusion he said, 'that it was the greatest distinction of their illustrious guest that he honored the Saviour, and rendered homage to the Father of all.'

In as far as a man like him could permit himself to cherish an almost idolatrous affection for any human being, Dr. Buckminster felt that affection for Washington. The only journey that he appears to have made while tutor at New Haven was to visit the camp at Cambridge, — where, indeed, his uncle, Colonel William Buckminster, was ; but his object appears to have been to see the illustrious man. Of the twenty-five sermons that were printed during his ministry, six were devoted to the character, and in public commemoration of Washington. Only twice does the writer remember to have seen her father weep. The first time was at the death of that great man. When the news of that sudden and disastrous event reached him, tears, a flood of tears, impeded his utterance as he attempted to impart the news to his family.*

* It was his habit to send a copy of his printed sermons to Washington. These were always acknowledged by a letter from the President's own hand.

It was urged, at the death of Dr. Buckminster, that the best legacy that could be given to his parish would be a volume of his sermons. Such a gift was rendered difficult by his habit of writing in a character, the key to which was not understood. As his mind was highly poetical, the character of his preaching was discursive rather than argumentative. Scripture biography, especially that of the patriarchs, was a favorite subject for his sermons, in which his vivid imagination entered fully into the picturesque Orientalism of their lives and characters. But David was the Scripture character in whose poetical and devotional spirit he wholly sympathized. The fervent piety and touching humility exhibited in the Psalms of David excited in him the strongest emotion. The poetry of the Scriptures was ever on his lips, and much quoted in his sermons.

The writer is painfully aware that, where the space is limited and the occasion admits of no more, detached parts afford but a very inadequate impression of the whole sermon.

Before giving any extracts from Dr. Buckminster's writings, the opinion is quoted of one who had formed his judgment from an intimate acquaintance, and who could not be suspected of partiality.

'The character of Dr. Buckminster's mind was strongly marked. It had much originality. No person could be conversant with him without noticing that strength of volition which indicates superiority of intellectual endowment. His mind was rapid in its operations and impatient of delay. In the character of his mind he was qualified for distinction in the departments of elegant literature. Such in his early life was his taste for the attractions of music and poetry, that

he seriously apprehended he should be drawn from solid usefulness of character, to enjoy the allurements of fancy. Under this apprehension, he almost totally abstracted himself from his favorite pursuits, and for Parnassus substituted Mount Zion. In his sermons and in his services as a minister, traces of a playful imagination were ever visible. He seemed to delight to dwell upon the figurative language and the rich imagery of Scripture, and to adorn the solemn truths of religion with all the ornament that the sacred classics could supply. . . . . .

'His sermons were not labored by art. His mind was not accustomed to the regular management of argumentative discourse. It was impatient of the forms of close investigation and systematic reasoning. It glanced with rapidity from one subject to another, and when truth was discovered he was eager to give to it a practical effect. His discourses, therefore, were often rather a collection of truths and exhortations deemed important and useful, than a systematic arrangement of arguments and thoughts upon any particular subject.' *

It may be added, that the effect of his preaching was to produce emotion, rather than conviction. Emotion is necessarily transient; and, although he was one of the most eloquent of the Orthodox persuasion, there was no revival in his parish during his ministry.

The first of his sermons that was given to the public was upon the occasion of the National Thanksgiving, appointed by Congress, December 11th, 1783, after the ratification of the treaty of peace with Great Britain. It is remarkable for a eulogy upon Louis the Sixteenth, 'who, while Protestant powers

* From Dr. Parker's Funeral Sermon.

stood aloof from our aid, and, like the priest and the Levite, passed over on the other side, like the good Samaritan, rose to our assistance; and, as a second Cyrus, offered his aid for securing our liberties.'

The next of his sermons which was printed was after the death of Mrs. Porter, of Rye, the wife of one of his brethren of the Piscataqua Association. She was a lady of remarkable loveliness of person and character; and as she died soon after the death of his own first wife, similarity of circumstances, and sympathy of feeling under the same bereavement, produced utterances of peculiar tenderness and eloquence.

Of the extracts that follow, the first is from a sermon preached February 22d, 1800, — the day appointed by Congress to commemorate the death of Washington. The North and South Parishes united upon this occasion, and, as it was not the Sabbath, the sermon has more of a political aspect than is usual. The theme of the discourse is, that 'religion and righteousness, or justice, are the basis of national honor and prosperity.'

'Let us strive to preserve that American veneration for God and his judgments, and a practical regard to that glorious system of truth and duty which he has given us. This will be our wisdom and understanding; this will be the means of our renown among the nations of the earth; and, what is far more, it will secure to the institutions of our young republic a stability and permanency by the blessing of Him, whose it is to make great and give strength unto all.

'May we not be encouraged to this duty by the fond, and not, I believe, enthusiastic hope, that God designs America as the honored and happy instrument of extending the banners of truth and freedom, and of placing a barrier against the flood of infidelity that has deluged so great a part of the Old World? Do not the views and principles with which this country was settled, its situation with respect to the nations of Europe, the remarkable dispensations of Heaven in reference to its religious as well as political interests, give rational ground for this hope? Without a prevalence of virtue and justice, republics cannot exist; without religion, virtue cannot prevail; and no religion affords so firm a basis, or exhibits such animating motives to a manly virtue, as that which brings life and immortality to light, and holds forth rewards and punishments stamped with eternity. If we retain any reverence for revelation, we must believe that God will preserve his Church in the world. He may remove it from one place, but it shall be firm in another. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. "The kings of the earth may set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his anointed," but, in the sublime language of Scripture, "He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision; then shall he speak to them in his wrath, and vex them in his hot displeasure." From these considerations, may not the friend of religion, of good order, of liberty, encourage a rational hope that God will yet maintain his throne among us, and display his banner, because of truth? And may not every such true patriot be encouraged in every rational exertion to revive a practical regard "to all those dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, of which religion and morality are indispensable supports?"

'Let it not be thought a vain repetition if I again exhort my enlightened and reflecting fellow-citizens to soften all their unpleasant feelings, and merge all their party views in

a united veneration for God and his government, and in a conscientious and exemplary observance of his laws and institutions. Thus shall we prove, that, though we are men, and liable to err, under the impressions to which humanity is subject, yet we are indeed the friends of our country, and ready to do every thing in our power to secure to it the shield and benediction of Him who can make a little one to become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation.

'If there is any confidence to be placed in the deductions of reason, or any credit to be given to the declarations of Scripture, we learn from these remarks who are the true friends of our country, and the means of securing to it national honor and prosperity. The true friends of our country are those who rationally and devoutly reverence, adore, and fear God, and keep his righteous judgments and conscientiously walk in his statutes and ordinances. I would not be understood to insinuate that contemners of religious duties, and even men void of religious principle, may not have an attachment to their country and a desire for its civil and political prosperity; nay, they may even expose themselves to great dangers and make great sacrifices to accomplish this object; but by their impiety they weaken the energy of those inspiring principles that serve to ennoble, invigorate, and enlarge the public mind, and introduce principles that enervate and corrupt public sentiment. They take away the heavenly defence and security of a people, and render it necessary for Him who ruleth among the nations by righteous things in judgment, to testify his displeasure against those who despise his laws and contemn his ordinances. In the present state of the world, fleets and armies are necessary means of security and defence; but they will eventually prove a broken reed to the nation that despises the God of armies, and pours contempt upon his authority. There is no counsel, understanding, or might against the Lord. The true fearer of God and worker of righteousness is the truest friend of his

country, and the means of her defence; and when such is the character of the rulers of any country, her renown will go forth among the nations, and she may look for national honor and prosperity.

'This subject directs the honest, independent, and patriotic citizen in the exercise of his high birthright as a freeman, in giving his suffrage for civil rulers. This, though a natural right of man, is enjoyed but by a very small portion of our race. They who are distinguished by this high privilege ought to honor themselves by an honest and dignified exercise of it, and not carelessly despise their birthright, much less sell it at a less premium than a mess of pottage, to answer the party purposes of ambition, or pride, envy, or any other low passion.

'The character of a nation, then, my friends, is decided by the character of its rulers, especially in a free and elective government. If the rulers of a people are men of principle, who fear God and own his statutes, the nation will be regarded in this approving light by Him who superintends the affairs of nations. Every friend to his country, in the choice of its civil rulers, should have his eye upon the faithful of the land, — upon such as fear God. It is to be expected, other things being equal, that we should give our suffrages for men whose political views accord with our own; yet scarcely could that man vindicate his claim to the meed of patriotism who should give his suffrage to a man, who had *no other* claim to the dignified station of a civil ruler, or who was destitute of the commanding influence of *religious principle*.'

A sermon which he preached before the general election, February 28th, 1796, upon the duty of republican citizens in the choice of their rulers, from the text, 'Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land,' drew forth very severe animadversions from some person of the Democratic party, in an anony-

mous pamphlet. Although many of Dr. Buckminster's published sermons are occasional, and upon subjects of public and political interest, those of a domestic character have a more tender and intimate reference to life.

A sermon upon domestic contentment, from the text, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith,' Prov. xv. 17, was printed, at the request of the young unmarried men of Portsmouth, to whom the doctrine of the discourse was peculiarly comfortable. The extracts that follow are from a sermon, also of a domestic character, preached at the ordination of Rev. James Thurston, at Manchester, 1809.

'"Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus John xi. 5.

'There are Christians of different degrees of amiableness, age, and stature. In this family, which was the object of our Saviour's special affection, there was a striking variety of disposition. They are described by an able pen.

'Of Lazarus much is not said. He seems to have been a serious, solid, established professor of religion; but the two sisters are more strongly marked, — more minutely characterized. Mary, it is probable, had lately been called. She was full of those pleasing, but often transient, emotions which generally accompany the beginning of the Christian life. Wondering at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth, she sat at the feet of Jesus. The reverse of all this was the defect of Martha. She was anxious and eager. She was susceptible of domestic vanity, and therefore too fond of parade and expensive entertainments, — cumbered about much serving. She was also fretful, and, by the loss of temper, betrayed into such indiscretion as to break in upon our Saviour's discourse, to complain to him of her sister's negligence, and bring upon herself his

friendly reproof. Yet Jesus *loved* Martha as well as Mary. He knew her frame; he saw kindness reigned in her heart, and that she was no less attached to him than her sister, though she had mistaken the best, the most acceptable way of expressing it.

'Religion, though divine and perfect in its origin and tendency, is human in its residence, and in its exercises it receives a tinge and complexion from the region that it occupies. If we withhold Christian affection till we find perfect characters, the world must ever want that evidence, by which, according to our Saviour's directions, they are to be assisted in discerning his real disciples. And should we not blush to demand what nothing but ignorance of ourselves could prevent our knowing that we could not proffer in return? The reality of religion is not determined by the perfection, but the sincerity, of its subjects. The best of men are at best but men. The most advanced Christian is sanctified but in part; and he who pretends to perfection is, by the highest authority, pronounced perverse. Yet we are not making an apology for sin. There is an essential difference of character between him who hath tasted that the Lord is gracious, who hath received Christ and believed in him, and he whose spiritual senses have never been exercised to discern the things of the Spirit of God. The former hates sin and loves holiness; he is dead to sin, and alive to righteousness. He delights in the law of the Lord *after the inner man*. He receives with meekness the reproofs of wisdom, and tests his character by repentance and reformation. If we do not embrace such characters, with all their infirmities, in the arms of Christian charity, we neither imitate our Master nor respect his directions. *He* despises not the day of small things. The bruised reed he does not break. He gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom, and succors and defends the most helpless of the flock. He commands those that are strong to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves; to be tender and pitiful; to receive him who

is weak in virtue, and not perplex him with doubtful disputations. The Christian minister should cherish this disposition towards all the lambs and sheep of the fold, but it may be diversified in its exercise by all the various circumstances and characters of his people. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

'In this trait in our Saviour's character and ministry, we find an apology for what is often imputed to ministers as a fault. I mean a particularity, or what is called partiality, in our friendships and affections. Few ministers escape this charge, and fewer, perhaps, are free from deserving it; but the history of our Saviour certainly excuses and justifies a kind and degree of partiality. While a minister is ready for every office of ministerial duty, and has a disinterested concern for all his people, and a Christian affection for such as wear the livery of Christ, he is not bound to receive all to equal intimacy, but may choose those who shall share his more especial friendship and confidence. Jesus, doubtless, had a sincere affection for all the Apostles, yet John is distinguished as the disciple whom he preëminently loved; and he gave him, both living and dying, marked tokens of his tender affection and confidence. John not only sat next him at meat, but leaned on his bosom. And, when hanging on the cross, Christ said to this disciple, "Behold thy mother! and to her, Behold thy son! and from that time this disciple took her to his own home."

'Jesus was kind and attentive to all his followers, but this family in Bethany seems to have been the place of his frequent and most delightful resort. It is but just, however, to remark, that the ground of this preference and delight seems to be altogether laid in religion, and to be cemented by their spiritual improvement, and their delight in the company and conversation of the Saviour. If this be the discriminating line of our partialities, and we give the preference to scenes and circles where our appropriate duties and services are most acceptable, though partiality be imputed to us, we shall suffer little by the imputation. But

if our preferences are influenced by a worldly spirit; if the circles of amusement, of social pleasure, or animal indulgence command our choice, and we have men's persons in admiration because of selfish advantage, we shall find nothing in the life or example of our Saviour to give us countenance or excuse; nor will it be easy to shield ourselves from reflections upon the genuineness of our affection, or the purity of our zeal.

'But did not the Saviour, it may be asked, attend festival occasions? Did he not sup with the rich and honorable? Assuredly; and so may we. We are not to go out of the world, because we are not of it. Happy will it be for us, if, on these occasions, which duty and decorum call us to attend, we can so have the example of Christ shedding its influence upon us, that we may catch some favorable moment to say something for his honor and the edification of our friends. Though Jesus did not decline nor refuse these occasions of festivity when they fell in his way, yet candor will acknowledge that he never coveted them, and that he ever converted them into purposes of religious and moral instruction. The bosom of his beloved family, the retreat at Bethany, had far superior delights for Christ. And the Christian minister in the retired circle of Christian friends, familiarly conversing and explaining the things of the kingdom, will think with more satisfaction upon the example of his Master, than when mingling in the common resorts of men, hearing or telling something new, or joining scenes of hilarity and amusement. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus," and he expressed this distinguishing affection by his familiar visits.'

Near the conclusion of the sermon, he thus speaks: —

'From the tenor of this discourse, my Christian friends, you will conclude that I entertain fears that the private,

social duties of our profession, the minor concerns of our office, command too little of our attention. If I mistake, or if the defects of one place do not apply to another, forgive me this wrong. But the general genius and taste of the present day for extravagant pleasures, — the prevalence of a love for elegance, splendor, and refinement, for literary distinction and pulpit eloquence, — increase my suspicions. These ought to have their weight, and a share of our attention; but if the interviews with our people be suspended, or lose their religious cast and complexion, our people will lose a great part of the benefit of our *public* instruction, which, like seed unwatched and unwatered, will yield but a scanty harvest. Is not private visiting the principal engine of sectarian success? Wandering from house to house, filled with zeal for their peculiar principles and practices, they make them the subject of serious and familiar conversation in all families and circles that will listen to them; accompanying their instructions with great fervor of devotion and warm expressions of kindness for those who will join them. The tender and thoughtful receive this spirit of proselytism as the spirit of real religion, and thus they are seduced and led away from the footsteps of that flock which has belonged to the fold of Christ since the days of the Reformation.'

We must indulge ourselves with one more extract, which shows the Christian liberality and the catholic spirit of Dr. Buckminster. It is from a sermon, preached at a time of great sectarian zeal, respecting the Baptists.

'The *unity* of the Church does not consist in a unity of sentiment upon points of doctrine, much less in uniformity of worship or modes of administering its ordinances; but the *unity* of the Church consists in receiving and acknowledging Christ as its head, and submitting to all that we in conscience believe he has enjoined, — *in partaking of his*

spirit, so that sin is confessed, forsaken, and abhorred, and holiness loved and pursued. Does not the Apostle support this sentiment, when he exhorts "to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace"? All *real* Christians, doubtless, agree in certain great leading points of doctrine; but they may differ widely in their mode of explaining and enforcing them. "They have all drunk into the same spirit," and are the subjects of similar exercises and affections; but they may worship in very different forms, and have various opinions upon the rites and institutions of religion. We should therefore be careful that our zeal for the unity of the Church does not weaken its energy or destroy its beauty, and that our attachment to the mere form of administering instituted rites be not carried so far as to obstruct the enlargement of the Church.

'It is scarcely more reasonable to expect that men should be perfectly harmonious in religion, than in any other matter that interests and affects their passions. Considering their different capacities, advantages, modes of education, habits of thinking, and prejudices from various sources, it is to be expected that they should have different views of truth and duty. And in the enjoyment of that extensive religious liberty with which this happy land is favored, and the universal toleration of all sects, it is to be expected that different denominations should multiply among us, and support themselves with a zeal that is usually attendant upon novelty, and on a separation from long established principles and forms. When success attends these, and they spread and increase, other denominations are apt to kindle with the fire of envy and jealousy, and to cherish a disposition to forbid and suppress them. But the instruction of our Master is, "Forbid them not." If they acknowledge Christ as their Lord and Master, and partake of his spirit, rejoice in the good that is done, whatever irregularities attend the doing of it. Every enlightened Christian is fully persuaded in his own mind that the way in which he worships God is most

agreeable to his revealed will; but he is not to denounce those who differ from him, nor think that they cannot be accepted of God, while they conscientiously worship according to the light and understanding they have; nor should they refuse to such the tokens of Christian fellowship, nor forbid their exertions to promote the common cause of Christianity.'

The extracts which have been given from Dr. Buckminster's sermons may hardly be thought to justify or to account for the popularity which usually accompanied and followed his preaching; or to bear out the assertion made by a surviving member of the Piscataqua Association, that the associate at whose house the ministers assembled more frequently selected him to preach than any other, and that he was always admired by the people. In answer it may be said, that, as his manuscript sermons were written in a short hand now impossible to decipher, the selections could only be made from his printed sermons; that these were upon political subjects, or upon occasions which did not admit of that spontaneous and impassioned eloquence for which he was most admired in the village pulpits. His habit was, at the close of his sermon, when he was thoroughly imbued with his subject, to throw his notes aside, and give way to that spontaneous flow of thought which gushed up from his ardent soul. This led to impassioned appeals to the conscience, to the hopes and the fears, of his audience. In his printed sermons there are few traces of that vivid imagination and ardent temperament which distinguished his extemporaneous performances.

Connected with his public ministrations was the

deep interest he took in the musical part of the worship of the Sabbath. Almost his only recreation was the promotion of the singing of his society. For this purpose the choir were very frequently invited to meet at his house. There was a large room in the parsonage, originally intended for private lectures; but as Dr. Buckminster never held these in his own house, the room was rarely opened except for the accommodation of the singers, and he was exhilarated and delighted when there was a full choir, and a tune or an anthem was well performed.

In relation to this subject, a characteristic anecdote is told of him. Musicians are proverbially sensitive, easily wounded, and apt to take offence. Upon one occasion, the pastor, or the singers, or the parish, had unconsciously given offence, and the whole choir deserted at once, without the least intimation of their purpose, leaving the seats empty on Sunday morning. After reading the hymn as usual, and finding no voice raised, he stepped again into the speaker's desk, and began to sing alone. His voice was of a peculiarly sweet and silvery tone, and thrilled through the whole building, and touched every heart. He sang the whole of the first stanza alone, but at the beginning of the second some timid voices were heard joining in from different parts of the audience; one after another the voices were tuned, and before the hymn was finished the whole congregation united in one burst of music. It was remarked that the singing had never been so agreeable, and that the society could dispense with the services of the choir. The next Sunday all were in their places, and, it is

believed, with no explanation and no complaint from the pastor.

During these years of Dr. Buckminster's ministry, events and circumstances touching more intimately his private ministerial duties took place. In the months of August and September, 1798, a putrid malignant fever, like the yellow-fever of Philadelphia and New Orleans, prevailed in Portsmouth. It was confined to the part of the town where most of the members of the North parish dwelt, and many of his most valued parishioners were attacked. Consternation and terror prevailed throughout the town, and numerous families rushed into the neighboring villages, as they did formerly from the plague in London. In the course of less than three months one hundred and seven persons died in a population of about five thousand. In the midst of the universal dismay, the physicians of the town were stricken down by the disease. My father remained with his family, and used every proper means to prevent the calamity from spreading. He was always, from early morning to midnight, among the sick, serving and watching, performing the part of physician and nurse, as well as that of spiritual comforter. Often, in one day, after having spent the night with the afflicted, and closing the eyes of the dying, he was obliged to array the dead in the garments of the tomb, to accompany them to their last resting-place, and to speak words of comfort and peace to sorrowing and trembling relatives. From thence he returned wearied and exhausted to his family; but not till he had changed every garment, and submitted to

the processes for counteracting contagion. His meeting-house was not closed, as was the case with many others; he preached every Sunday, and devoted every other hour to his sick and dying friends, of whom some were among the most valuable of his parishioners; but his own family, with himself, escaped all illness.

Until after his death there was no division between the Congregational churches of Portsmouth. The epithets Orthodox and Liberal, Calvinist and Unitarian, were unknown between them. Not the most remote insinuation is intended that the former state of things was better than the present, for though union is better than disunion, 'disunion may indicate a better state of things than is indicated by concord.' Perhaps it may be mentioned, as an unusual act of liberality in another denomination, that the members of the Episcopal society, the day after the fire that consumed St. John's Church, met in Dr. Buckminster's meeting-house. It was Christmas day, and they were without a Rector. The service was read by one of their own number, and my father preached from the words, 'Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers worshipped thee, is burnt up with fire.' His sermon, from its sympathy and appropriateness, gave great satisfaction. There were other Christmas days when this church was without a Rector that he was invited to preach, and the liberality that asked and the courtesy that answered the demand were mutual.

In the mean time there were divisions in another form which gave him much pain and perplexity. About the beginning of the century a zealous and

effective, but very violent, Baptist preacher came to Portsmouth, and made a strong impression there, dividing the congregations and taking from Dr. Buckminster's society some of his most valuable friends and church-members. The two divines entered into a written controversy upon the subject of adult and infant baptism, each supporting his side of the argument with ability. At the close of the controversy, Dr. Buckminster preached three sermons upon the subject, which were printed, from one of which sermons an extract appears upon a preceding page.

Such an experience is one of the severest trials to which a sensitive and conscientious minister can be subjected. It requires truly Christian liberality, and a catholic spirit which rejoices in good, however done, to see those for whose welfare he has earnestly labored turn from him after years of friendship, — to see the tender seeds of piety spring up and ripen in hearts that he has watched and guarded for many years, and, just as the fruit is ready to be gathered, one who has neither sown nor watered come in and reap the harvest.

The extracts which have been given from his sermons are a very inadequate and imperfect representation of Dr. Buckminster's power in the pulpit. The pathos of his voice, his earnestness of expression in the beseeching appeals to the heart and conscience, uttered with a power that would have spread terror in the audience, if they had not been immediately succeeded by pathetic entreaty to come to the fountain of refreshing waters, and to seek mercy from Him who is ready to save, cannot be represented by any description. His appeals to the audience re-

minded one of eloquent passages in the sermons of Bossuet. To borrow the words of a contemporary, — 'It was no compliment to him to say that his preaching was eagerly sought by the parishes in neighboring villages. When it was known that he was expected to preach, no weather, however tempestuous, and no distance, however great, would keep the farmers' families from the Sabbath worship. The village meeting-house was crowded with a rapt and eager audience. Old people shed tears when they recollected and mentioned sermons they had heard from him in his youth, and hymns that he had read with peculiar pathos were cherished in the memory and repeated many years afterwards. His prayers were spoken of by the aged as having comforted and raised the spirit far above the cares of earth; they brought conviction to the sinner, peace to the contrite, and a soothing tranquillity to the mourning heart.'

In speaking of my father's ministerial gifts, I have quoted the opinions of contemporaries, and relied upon the representations of others. A letter from the Hon. Daniel Webster, who was, during his residence in Portsmouth, a member of his church and a constant attendant upon his preaching, speaks of him thus: — 'Of your father, his power and eloquence, his appearance in and out of the pulpit, his graceful manners, his agreeable social habits, the fervor and glow of his pulpit performances, I have a most lively and distinct recollection.'

Another,* the venerable survivor of the Piscataqua

* Rev. Jonathan French, of North Hampton, N. H.

Association of Ministers of Dr. Buckminster's time, speaks of him in the following manner : —

'I revered and loved him. His memory is very precious to me. But you will need nothing from my recollections in describing his noble person, his frank, intelligent, dignified, kind, and cheerful countenance, his unaffected and engaging manners, his purity and stability of character, his unvarying uprightness, his fidelity in the performance of his Christian and ministerial duties, and the habitual life of piety which in him was always apparent.

'He stood very high in the opinion and affections of the Piscataqua Association. With nothing in his deportment which savored of self-seeking, he was venerated and beloved by his brethren, and admired by their people. At a period when ministers of the Association selected for themselves the preachers for their several public occasional meetings, Dr. Buckminster oftener than any of his brethren was called upon to preach. I heard him frequently, and on various subjects. The matter and the manner of his discourses were always eminently instructive and interesting.'

The Rev. Dr. Lowell, still pastor of the West Church in Boston, who may be supposed to differ in some points from Mr. French, coincides with him in regard and admiration for Dr. Buckminster. He thus expresses his opinion and his reminiscences : —

'I do not know that I have been acquainted with one of Dr. Buckminster's profession, who impressed me with a deeper conviction of a sincere and heartfelt devotion to the duties of his sacred office than he did. There was nothing of trifling or levity about him, and nothing of austerity. He was grave, but not gloomy ; certainly not habitually so. I have always supposed that his natural disposition was a cheerful one, and that, though it was sobered and chastened by his religion and his trials, it was not essentially changed.

'In his person he was tall; in his manners refined and dignified, with a countenance indicative of high mental superiority, as well as acute sensibility, with the kindest affections. And he possessed all these. He was a remarkable man. Had he been ambitious of any other distinction than that of a faithful minister of Jesus Christ in the comparatively contracted sphere in which Providence had placed him, he would have attained, I am persuaded, to great eminence.

'In his preaching, he dwelt often upon the terrors of the law, but if, as he should do, he made the violated law speak out its thunders, by him, "in strains as sweet as angels use, the Gospel whispered peace." With his talents, and unction, and noble presence, and clear, sonorous, flexible voice, he could not fail to be an impressive preacher.'

To these I must be permitted to add one more extract.

'No one could be once in the presence of Dr. Buckminster and ever forget him. His noble and eminently striking countenance, faultless in its symmetrical beauty, his dignified and graceful manners, made a deep impression, even before his conversation had allowed one to form an opinion of his eminent talents.'

The most interesting part of his character was not understood except by his own family. After the death of his first wife, he was plunged for many months in deep gloom. His second wife, after the first two or three years of her married life, was almost always an invalid, and occupied in rearing a young family. From these causes she led a life of seclusion, so that there was not that frequent intercourse between the pastor's family and the younger members of the parish which would have enabled them to see

him in the most interesting relations of life, where his tenderness and kindness would have won their love, even more than his public ministrations commanded their reverence. Of his domestic character only those who lived under the same roof, and witnessed the spirit of accommodation, the deep, fervent, but delicate and forbearing love in every family relation, the genial humor, the playful familiarity with which he treated his elder children, the patience and winning tenderness he showed the little ones, could know that, whatever reverence he might command in public, his fervent sensibility was the most attractive trait in his character. The moment his clear and musical voice was heard, the children were wild with impatient joy to be in his presence; and then the infant was in his arms, the smaller children were climbing his knees; and in their infantile complaints, no one had the power of soothing like himself. The youngest child was sent from home to nurse; the distance was perhaps half a mile; every day during the winter, when the snow or rain did not actually descend with violence, the little girl was brought home in her father's arms, and carried back again in the afternoon by the same tender guardian. And, with all his tenderness of feeling, it was his deep sense of duty, of parental responsibility, that made him so careful, so incessantly watchful, over his children.

His habits were as exact as frequent domestic interruptions, with a large family, could permit them to be. He had almost a passionate love for gardening, and in summer the rising sun usually found him there. His were always the earliest pease, cucum-

bers, etc., and when his little girls were old enough, he assisted them to keep their small flower-borders rich and fragrant with early blossoms. In the winter, the wood-pile was substituted in the early morning instead of exercise in the garden; and young men, students of law in Portsmouth, among them Daniel Webster himself, were invited to join him in sawing wood. I believe, however, that, after one trial, they gave him no opportunity to repeat the invitation.

It was his unfailing practice to finish his sermons before noon on Saturday, and the afternoon of that day was given to visiting the sick or afflicted of the parish; other afternoons of the week were devoted to general visiting. Those who had long been unable to attend meeting depended upon their Saturday afternoon visit, and were in the habit of saying that their Sabbath began at the hour when their pastor came to pray with them.

I should leave a beautiful trait of Dr. Buckminster's character untouched, did I omit to mention his tender and respectful attentions to the aged. The parents of his second wife dwelt at York, on the Maine side of the Piscataqua River, eight miles distant from Portsmouth. Madam Lyman was a most lovely example of attractive old age. She retained the vivacity, the quickness of perception, the gentle dignity, and the winning sweetness, which we are apt to think belong exclusively to the younger periods of life. She had been educated by Mr. Moody of York, one of the distinguished Puritan divines of our country, and she was familiar with the old English poets; quotations from which she would frequently introduce into familiar conversation. It may

be thought that this would have a ludicrous air of pedantry; but the quotations were so appropriate, so evidently suggested by the topic, that they lost their formal air, and seemed, from her lips, the only thing that could be said upon the subject; her son-in-law would often meet her quotations with others of a humorous description, as he was almost as familiar with poetry as herself. Dr. Buckminster visited these aged relatives as often as once in two or three weeks, and showed, by his respectful gallantry to his charming step-mother, 'that sixty was winning, as well as sixteen.'

The impression may have been made in the early part of this memoir that he was subject to constant depression of spirits. No impression could be more erroneous. Only at two or three periods, during the whole course of his life, did he suffer from nervous depression. At all other times he was a most cheerful and fascinating companion. His company was sought by young and old, and, in all social visiting, the pastor's presence was indispensable to the cheerfulness of the occasion. Parties were not then so large but that each one might enter into the amusement of the whole. His imagination was so lively, his conversation so rich and varied, he was so happy in allusions to subjects that arrested the attention, and made a lasting impression of something valuable, even when amusement alone had been sought, that it may be safely asserted that his character, in its beauty and goodness, was as eloquent a sermon as those that fell from his lips on the Sabbath; and his benignant countenance spoke a benediction upon all who looked upon it.

His remarkable unworldliness, and his persuasion that sentiment is the treasure-house of happiness, and that young ministers especially should have in reserve for the peculiar trials of their calling, the domestic affections, to fall back upon as the surest of all resources, made him think lightly of pecuniary cares. He used to encourage his brethren, when their means were scanty, to give themselves to their appropriate work, and to confide in the Providence of God. He said, 'As a general thing, it is with ministers in regard to their livings as with the Israelites of old in gathering manna. They gather, some more, some less. He that gathers much has nothing over, and he that gathers little has no lack.'

A few of his familiar letters to his daughters close the chapter.

'June, 1801.

'My dear Daughters: — It is unreasonable to expect that you should know how much interested your parents are in your welfare, or how anxious they are that you should pass the critical and most important period of youth so as to leave no painful or humiliating reflection for years of more mature life. We are thankful that God has given you (for we are indebted to him for all we have) healthy constitutions, and that degree of understanding that gives us reason to hope, that, if you are not wanting to yourselves, you may pass through the ordinary stations of life with reputation to yourselves, and with comfort and usefulness to your friends. You have passed the more playful season of youth, and are now in the seed-time of life, and as you sow, so will you reap. While you are endeavoring to cultivate and improve your minds, remember it is all with the ultimate view of improving your hearts. Hate every immorality. Cherish an habitual sense of the presence of

God, and know that his eye is always upon you. He has said, "I love them that love me, and they who seek me early shall find me." Do not live without daily prayer. Do not profane the Sabbath by entering into any amusement unbecoming the day. . . . . .

'My dear children, I am anxious for you, and would do every thing in my power to promote and secure your present and future felicity. If you are wise, my heart will rejoice; if you are vain, foolish, and frivolous, you will multiply the gray hairs on my head, and the sorrows in my heart. To God I have often commended and do again commend you, and pray that he would give you wisdom and grace.'

'July, 1801.

'My dear Daughters, — The continued illness of your mother rendering it inconvenient for her to write, I will not let slip this favorable opportunity of addressing you. Doubtless your situation, at this period of your life, is highly agreeable to you both, and I hope it will be improving; but this depends very much upon yourselves, upon your resolution and unremitting care to form your manners, to repress every awkward and ungraceful habit, to study what will make you agreeable and useful to others, and qualify you to act, not a frivolous and dissipated, but a dignified and useful, part in life. Your dear mother used to say, that it was not any one particular act or motion that characterized the lady. It was not to walk well, to sit well, to stand well, or even to talk well; it was the whole general effect of every action, and motion, and word, that constituted and formed the agreeable whole; —

"The thousand decencies that flow
From all her words and actions."

'There is danger, from all that you may see and hear from young ladies collected from the different ranks and walks of life, that you may imbibe prejudices against the regular, retired, domestic life which you have hitherto lived,

and that you may contract a fondness for gayety and frivolity. But be assured, my daughters, if contentment and happiness are objects of desire with women, at any period of life, they miss their aim if they live a life of folly, frolic, or frivolity. If we were to live here for ever, there would be no contentment in such a life; but when we consider that a few years must terminate our residence on earth, and then we must give an account of the deeds done in the body, it is the extreme of folly and stupidity. We are willing you should share in the innocent amusements of your years, but wish you to remember that your object should be to endeavor to prepare to be useful in life, to minister to the comfort of your connections, and the support of religion. Be good and obedient to your instructors, careful observers of their pleasure, condescending and affectionate to your companions; but be not dupes to their follies or whims. Be always merry and wise. I am willing you should amuse yourselves, but be serious and remember you are old enough not only to *say*, but to *pray*, your prayers.

'Your affectionate father.'

Although there are some scores of such letters as the above, addressed to his daughters while they were at boarding-school, only a very few have been selected, as a more faithful impression of Dr. Buckminster's character is given by inserting those letters that are more directly upon the subject of religion.

The tenderness of the father for his daughters increased as he advanced in life. One of his younger girls having been sent to Boston, for the purpose of attending a dancing-school for one quarter, the anxious father wrote to her at least every week, and sometimes more frequently.

'August 22d, 1808.

'My dear F.,—Having no mother to write to you and advise you, you must suffer a father, as far as he is able, to attempt to supply that inexpressible loss, and I am persuaded, my love, that you will respect his counsel. My object in sending you to dancing-school is not so much that you may learn to dance, as that your manners may be formed, and that you may be able to conduct yourself with propriety. I was very much gratified to receive a letter from you, the first you have ever written to papa; it came safe, and was a very pretty letter. I noticed that it appeared to be written in a great hurry, but such things will happen when ladies are full of business and full of cares. Though I am desirous you should have an education that will enable you to appear without blushing in the society of your equals, and form you to be useful and agreeable, yet my principal concern should be that you may be educated to know God and Jesus Christ, and be trained up to fear, love, and serve him. I hope, my daughter, you will not forget the religious education you have received, nor neglect to read the Bible every day, and pray to God to take care of you, and bless you, and keep you from offending him, while you are growing up to serve him in this ensnaring world. Be sure I shall pray for you, love, every day, and it would be a pleasure to me to know that you prayed for your father and your brothers and sisters. I hope they pray for you. I know they love you. Be a good girl, and every body will love you.

'I hope you will retain your affection for Portsmouth, and, though contented wherever you stay, you will always give the preference to your father's house till you get one of your own.

'I preached yesterday to my people from Timothy's knowing the Scriptures from a child. He was an excellent youth, and this early religious knowledge was a principal cause of his excellence. The Bible gives good directions for our worldly comfort and prosperity, and it is the only

book that shows how sinners may be forgiven and made happy. It says, and there never was a juster saying, that "favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be honored!"

'We all send love, from the oldest to the youngest, by

'Your affectionate father.'

'September 2d, 1808.

'My dear F.,—I have so many cares and avocations, that I have but little time to write. I am sorry, when you have so much time on hand, that you should stand upon punctilios with papa. If you knew how much I love you, and am concerned for your welfare, you would think of me every day, pray for me when you prayed for yourself, and write to me whenever you could. I send you a little book with an address on one of the blank leaves from your dear father's heart; if you have never seen it, I hope it will please you; if you have seen it, yet, for your father's sake and your own, you will read it again and again. But there is no book, my dear Frances, like the Bible. Let no business nor pleasure, no company nor care, prevent your reading and recollecting some part of it every day. Other books may make us wise for this world, but *this*, believed and obeyed, will make us wise to salvation, through faith that is in Jesus Christ. If others neglect the Bible, or speak lightly of it, O, do not you! Remember who has said, "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

'I find you have a desire, my little daughter, to attend the dancing-school ball, and I would not so far thwart your inclinations as to forbid it; but I would caution you against thinking that to figure at a ball is any essential part of a lady's education, who intends to form the refined and elevated character which I hope it will be the ambition of my daughters to attain. No lady is at any time more respected for distinguishing herself in these sportive exhibitions. I

sent you to dancing-school, in the hope that you would acquire an easiness of manners that would render you graceful and respectable in the formal or the family circles that you may be connected with in life.

'I presume, by your letter to one of your sisters, that you have been to the theatre. I hope the edge of your curiosity is taken off, and that once will suffice for such an amusement. The theatre, my dear daughter, is a dangerous place for young women, although it is the fashion to praise it, and talk about those who distinguish themselves there. Yet who esteems an actor upon the stage? Who ever came home from a play better fitted in mind or heart to read the Bible, pray to God, and lie down upon his bed prepared for sleep or death?

'Your affectionate father,

'J. Buckminster.'

CHAPTER XI.

JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER. — HIS THEOLOGICAL STUDIES. — CORRESPONDENCE. — HIS INVITATION TO BRATTLE STREET CHURCH. — HIS ORDINATION.

1804. Aged 20. Nearly a year had passed since the correspondence we have inserted between the father and son,* and while domestic cares pressed heavily upon the former, the sorest of all his disappointments was the wavering and unsettled faith of his son upon some doctrines which the father believed essential to true piety, to the culture of the religious affections, and to all usefulness and success in the profession he had chosen.

It has been seen that my brother did not pursue his studies in the customary manner, which, as there were no schools of theology at that time, was usually by residing in the family of a clergyman, and studying divinity, as law and physic were studied, under the direction of a master. As the study of divinity was almost wholly technical, that is, the study of the forms and phraseology which the divine science had taken in the hands of man, two or three years was ample time to furnish a candidate. He seems early to have taken a more liberal view of the studies requisite to his profession. In one of his college

* Pages 137 – 155.

themes there is a humorous description of the manner of *finishing* a candidate for the ministry. He, on the contrary, thought that no culture could be too generous for this, in his estimation, the most noble of professions; that every branch of human knowledge should contribute to form and enrich his mind who was to address every class of persons, upon subjects the most momentous and of imperishable value. And as the preparation could not be too liberal, so the acquirements and the additions to his rich stores of preparation should never cease, but go on augmenting to the end of life.

His father retained the old-fashioned idea, that it was indispensable for a student of divinity to live with a clergyman already settled, and learn ministerial duties from his example. That my brother's studies were pursued in a manner different from the usual course is undoubtedly true; but with the privilege of obtaining books from the College library, which he could not have enjoyed by residing in a remote country village, the society of the learned of all professions, and the excitement of mind that is obtained in all literary pursuits, where the chain of thought is kept bright by the perpetual collision of different intellects, must have more than counterbalanced the advantages of private instruction in ministerial duties. There is also a class of duties for which little preparation of the intellect can be received from books or from instruction. To comfort the afflicted and bereaved, to soothe the guilty or agitated soul, to support with tender sympathy the lonely mind as it approaches the gate of death, to be what Jesus was to the sisters and Lazarus, the heart itself is the best, and perhaps the

only, instructor. He who does not feel, cannot teach upon such occasions; — the silent pressure of the hand from a heart deeply moved is better than whole volumes of formal consolation.

There are, fortunately, the means of showing, from a journal of his studies, kept very exactly, the year previous to his settlement in Brattle Street, that his reading was extensive, comprehensive, and most conscientious, and that in compliance with his father's advice, he faithfully studied Orthodox writers. He made an accurate analysis of most of the books that he studied, which is too long to be inserted here. The part of the journal which is afterwards inserted is from December, 1803, to December, 1804. It probably gives a fair account of his manner and course of study, and the theological student of the present day can judge how far it would have been better to have yielded to his father's earnest advice, to put himself under the guidance of some settled or aged minister. No doubt, the helps that students have since derived from the introduction and translation of German theology, the study of the German language, the various learned and critical reviews, which were then almost unknown, the establishment of professorships and schools, — the impulse given to theological studies by all these aids would have been of incalculable advantage to him, — would have abridged his labor and cheered him on his solitary path. During this whole year, also, he was harassed and distressed by his father's disapproval of his method of study, and by the withholding of his consent to his advancement in his profession. This alone must have thrown disheartening uncertainty over all his

pursuits; and if he could have been discouraged, it would have turned him aside from that which he always felt was the sure direction and leading of Providence.

How sad are the reflections that follow from reading the record of his studies! He had learned the mastery of his tools, and had laid out a great plan upon a world-wide area, lengthening out, also, to the end of life, where the ardor of pursuit would never flag. And had a long and healthful life been allotted him, his favorite passion would have cheated it of its loneliness. 'And what,' as he said of another, 'might not have been expected from him, had he enjoyed the lights that have been thrown upon criticism and theology since his death?'

Notwithstanding the matter seemed finally settled, in the last letters that passed between father and son, the friends of the latter, in Boston and Cambridge, still urged him to preach. In the beginning of September he visited Portsmouth, and we infer, as the subject was not again mentioned, that he satisfied his father's scruples so far as to obtain his consent to his preaching. There seems to have been a silent consent between father and son, that differences of opinion should sink away, and that they should stand together, although on opposite sides of theological ground, firm to both of them, joining hands across the abyss that separated them; the father trusting to time to fill the chasm, the son to parental tenderness to overlook it.

My brother makes this entry in his journal, in September, 1804: — 'Returned from Portsmouth ten days

ago. By the persuasion of Boston friends, and the consent of my father, I recommence preaching. Last Sabbath of September preached for Mr. Cushing of Waltham, Matthew xi. 29: "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." What its issue will be I know not. If I could satisfy myself and my father better in undertaking this work, I should go on with a lighter heart, notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties of my situation.' A number of the leading men of the Brattle Street society went to Waltham upon this occasion to hear his first sermon, and the result was another pressing invitation to preach for that society.

On October 21st, 1804, he preached for the first time at Brattle Street. After the entry of this fact in his journal, he adds, — 'May I dare to say, *Deo juvante!*' The people of Brattle Street Church were very prompt in their measures. At their next meeting it was voted unanimously, 'That the committee for supplying the pulpit be requested to invite Mr. Buckminster to preach to us four Sabbaths, upon *probation*, with a view to settle as our minister.' Upon which he received the following letter from the chairman: —

'Sir, — As chairman of the committee for supplying the pulpit in the parish of Brattle Street in Boston, I have the pleasure to transmit to you the inclosed vote of that society.

'From the unanimity that prevailed when the vote was passed, it may be considered as a leading step towards forming a connection which I hope will promote their interest and your happiness. The office of minister to this ancient society will be an office of care and anxiety; but, from the character of the parish, I think you may reason-

ably conclude that you will for ever receive from its members all the candor and support necessary to your station as a minister.

'I remain, with ardent wishes for your health and usefulness, your sincere friend and humble servant,

'JAMES SULLIVAN.'

In his answer, Mr. Buckminster says: — 'In pursuance of this vote, I consider myself engaged to supply the desk in Brattle Street for four Sabbaths; but I wish that this engagement may not be considered as an expression or intimation of a final determination in consequence of any future proceedings of the society.'

It may, perhaps, excite surprise in those unacquainted with our society, to find the Brattle Street Church so ready to invite as their pastor a young man of only twenty years, and he so prompt to accept such large and heavy responsibilities. It had been the habit of the place, and of Brattle Street especially, to call very young men, and, if they were found inadequate, to give them an assistant preacher, and that the society proposed to do in this instance. It must be recollected, also, that my brother, though young in age, had been four years preparing for his profession, and that he had a strong conviction that only a short time would be allowed him in which to complete his work.

His preaching, together with that of Rev. W. E. Channing, who had just been settled in Federal Street, was said by Dr. Kirkland to have formed an era in the history of the pulpit. The sermons of the New England divines had hitherto been rather commentaries upon Christian doctrines; or, if upon ethical

subjects, they were supported by a long array of texts of Scripture; argumentative they were, and requiring the closest attention and exercise of the intellect to be appreciated and understood. They were not glowing essays addressed to the intellect, the heart, and the affections, like the sermons of Channing, who had just begun his brilliant career, and whose thoughtful and fervid eloquence drew to him crowds of devoted and admiring listeners. A contemporary thus speaks of Mr. Buckminster: — 'I cannot attempt to describe the delight and wonder with which his first sermons were listened to by all classes of hearers. The most refined and the least cultivated equally hung upon his lips. The attention of the thoughtless was fixed. The gayety of youth was composed to seriousness; the mature, the aged, the most vigorous and enlarged minds, were at once charmed, instructed, and improved.'*

Many gifts for a pulpit orator were united in him, but there was one quality that made his preaching so eminently effective. It was intellectual sincerity. The truths he enforced were not only clear to his heart and beautiful to his imagination; they were the strongest faith of his intellect. He not only loved the truths he preached for their softening and civilizing influence; he believed likewise that they were the power of God unto salvation. This entire conviction of the intellect is aside from moral purity or pious affections; it is to the soul what the breath of life is to the body.

His father, hearing the flattering reports of his

* Mr. Thacher's Memoir.

preaching, writes to him in a strain calculated to chasten the pride of applause, and apparently without any elation himself.

'Dec. 3d, 1804.

'My dear Son, ... Common fame speaks of your preaching with general acceptance. This was to be anticipated from the expectation that was raised about you, but nothing is more fickle than the applause of the multitude, excited by showy talents. Be not elated. Your own letter intimates that your friends flatter you that the society to which you are preaching will be united in you. If they are understandingly united, your wishes may perhaps be gratified. Do not, my son, trust to the favor of man; look to God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift; and may he bless you, soul and body, for time and for eternity!'

On November 10, 1804, the society in Brattle Street voted, with only one dissentient voice, to invite him to become its pastor. The proceedings of the society were as follows: — 'Judge Sullivan, Moderator. Major Melville made a motion that Mr. Buckminster should be invited to preach four Sabbaths, with a view to settlement. Seconded by H. G. Otis. A unanimous vote. Mr. Cooper observed that he was not sufficiently informed of Mr. B.'s orthodoxy, and threw out hints of Arianism and Socinianism. Judge Sullivan observed that he assented to the church covenant. Mr. Hancock observed that he had no fears. Mr. Cooper desired a day of prayer. It was overruled. The committee of the parish were desired to make the necessary preparations to expedite a settlement in case the call was accepted.'

Thus we see, that, in this ancient and orthodox

church, there was no concealment. All was openly conducted. The candidate's answer was given upon the second succeeding Sabbath. He does not attempt to conceal the gratification he felt in finding his services so highly appreciated by them; but, not having completed his twenty-first year, his youth induces him to propose that a colleague should be settled with him.

'GENTLEMEN, — No rule of propriety or delicacy requires me to forbear all expression of pleasure at the testimonies of approbation and good-will which have marked the proceedings of your society; neither am I sensible of any advantage which would result from the longer delay of an answer to an invitation adopted with such unanimity, and recommended by such encouragement. But while I give you this early intimation that I have concluded to accept your proposals, I should be unfaithful to you and to myself, if I did not express my apprehensions that you will be called to overlook many deficiencies, and to excuse many mistakes, in one whose youth and consequent inexperience, united with precarious health, will ask for a continuance of all the indulgence which his past intercourse with you encourages him to expect.

'If, in the course of events, an opportunity should occur of associating with me another pastor, much of our mutual anxiety might be relieved, and the interests of a numerous society judiciously consulted. But if the cause of Christ should not be found to suffer from the insufficiency of my single efforts, I trust I shall be disposed to thank that God, in whose strength alone the weak are strong, in whose wisdom the inexperienced are wise, and with whose blessing the most feeble labors will not prove unsuccessful. If God should spare my life, I hope some of its most cheerful and permanent consolations will be found in the uninterrupted harmony, the increasing affection, and the spiritual improve-

ment of this large society. To instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the wandering, to console the afflicted, to reconcile the alienated, to declare the whole counsel of God, and, at the same time, to give no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed, are duties which no pastor can even partially perform, unless encouraged by your utmost charity and aided by your public and private prayers.

'For these, then, I ask, and may that God who has hitherto blessed the religious interests of your society in granting you a succession of luminaries whose light has not yet departed, though their orbs have set, continue to build you up in faith, charity, purity, and peace, and give you at last an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

'J. S. BUCKMINSTER.'

The noble, considerate, and generous sentiments by which the Brattle Street society were ever governed in their relations with him; the indulgence with which they ever regarded his youth, and the consequent deficiencies of his experience; the cordiality with which they met his every wish; the tenderness and sympathy with which they looked upon the embarrassments occasioned by his illness, were met by him with feelings of the deepest gratitude. The time that he was their pastor was rendered the happiest portion of his life; and had it pleased God to lengthen his days, the tenderest relations, no doubt, would have been knit between them.

His father was now consulted, whether he would take part in the ordination. The son's letters are lost, but his father wrote as follows: —

'Dec. 14, 1804.

'MY DEAR SON, — I received your letter last evening, having been expecting one for several days. The contents

were such as I anticipated, after having heard of the partiality with which your preaching was received. If that church and society have chosen you for their minister, and you choose to settle with them, I know of nothing to hinder it. Every society has a right to choose its minister, and the minister is bound to follow what he believes to be the leading of Providence. I suppose the votes you mention were given by the society, not by the church in distinction from the society; if so, there is some informality in the process. The church should lead in calling a minister, and the parish concur; for parishes are not known in the Gospel, nor in ecclesiastical councils. I know not whether this distinction is observed in Boston and its vicinity.

'You will doubtless, my son, accept the call, and they will wish you inducted as soon as possible. Even if I had no scruples upon my mind respecting the sentiments you entertain, I should be willing to be excused from any part in the tender and affecting scene, and I should be glad to spare you from that anxiety which sons feel respecting the performances of their fathers. And under present circumstances this anxiety will be increased on your part, lest your orthodox, or rather, bigoted, father should mortify you with his theology, and perhaps offend the society over which you are to be settled. Therefore I should much prefer to be left out of the affair. . . . . .

'It is a great and arduous work, my son, upon which you are entering; but he that desires the office of a Bishop desires a good work; and if he enter upon it with proper furniture, with right views and motives, sensible where his strength lies, he will be supported under all his burdens, and receive out of the fulness that there is in Christ (in whom dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily) according to his necessities. God forbid that I should cease to pray for you, and I hope, my son, that you will maintain constant and fervent prayer in your closet. Study upon your knees, my son, and search the Scriptures with humility and prayer.

I hope God will guide you into all truth, and that the Spirit will bring to your remembrance the things wherein you have been instructed in your youth.

'As you will now be a minister in Boston, where temptations and dangers are many, permit a father to exhort you to have regard to your health. Resolve fixedly not to go to large dinners or entertainments in any frequency; and do not join parties of mere amusement. Your predecessors were perhaps injured by such indulgence, and their lives shortened; take a good portion of regular exercise, not barely in visiting, but in riding, walking, or in sawing wood. I hope you will rise early, and not spend your nights in study. Sad experience will teach you that this practice is hurtful to the delicate structure of the nerves. I can say no more, but commend you to God. Although in many things I have doubtless failed in parental duty, my conscience testifies that I have always had at heart your best good, and it will ever be a subject that will rise up and lie down with me.

'P. S. As I have expressed in the letter, it will be more agreeable to me to take no part in the *act* of your settlement; but if it should be your wish that I should preach, I suppose that could be done without my taking any part in the council of ordination.'

'Dec. 31st, 1804.

'My dear Son, ... Since it seems to be your wish that I should attempt to preach at your ordination, I have been throwing together some thoughts upon a subject not very foreign from those you suggest to me, but they are at present in the state of the world at the very beginning of the creation. I shall endeavor to reduce them to some form, in order that, if your mother's health will permit, I may be able to be with you, and support you, on the day that must be anticipated by you with great seriousness and anxiety. I would by no means dictate to you respecting a preacher in case I should fail, but I am sorry that Dr. Morse should

be unpopular with any of your society, or that you should feel as if any of the society did not esteem and respect him.

'If I were as much of a Hopkinsian on some points as you, my son, are upon others, I should be glad they had thought of Mr. Appleton* for Cambridge [for Hollis Professor of Divinity]. I think there is no man so likely to render calm and to keep quiet the two opposite parties, and to preserve Cambridge from becoming the arena of theological discord; but the loss to me, to the Academy, and to our Association would be irreparable.

'You must be prepared with another preacher, lest your mother's health should forbid my being with you. She has frequent ill turns that chill the ardor of the hopes I sometimes form of her recovery. I desire to be humble under all God's rebukes, and receive submissively all his dealings. I hope the clouds he spreads over my prospects here will serve to brighten the scene beyond the grave. Happy he who can say, "Yea, doubtless I esteem all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord." That you and I, my dear son, may have this knowledge, and through it, *comparatively*, despise all earthly things, may God give us grace sincerely to pray!

'Your affectionate father,

'J. Buckminster.'

The day for the ordination had been appointed for the 30th of January, just a year after the society had first asked him to preach upon probation, when he had been held back by his own youth and his father's anxiety. A most severe snow-storm occurred on the 28th, but, notwithstanding the depth of the snow, his father arrived the evening before the appointed day.

* Afterwards President of Brunswick College.

Joseph makes this record of the ordination in his journal: — 'The council met at ten o'clock. Papers were produced. Dr. Kirkland moved for a confession of faith. It was read. No objection was made to it. My father preached. The ordaining prayer was by Dr. Lathrop. Charge by Dr. Cushing. Concluding prayer by Dr. Morse. Fellowship of the churches by Mr. Emerson. Psalm and benediction by myself. Every thing proceeded, by the blessing of God, with perfect decorum, and the solemnities were more interesting than usual.'

The sermon, of which the text, chosen by Dr. Buckminster, was, 'Let no man despise thee,' was not certainly one of his happiest efforts. It was too desultory, and, as he said, 'the heart of a parent, that anxious, busy thing, could scarcely be diverted from the image of his son while addressing superiors in age and standing.'

The address to his son at the conclusion is now deeply significant to those who know the peculiar tenderness of the relation between them, and how it had been strained and wounded by the conscientious scruples that led them to different conclusions in their doctrinal sentiments.

'My son, the day has arrived in which you are to be completely invested with that office, divine in its origin, important in its design, and beneficent in its influence, of which you have been emulous from your earliest years, and which you have always kept in view in your literary pursuits. While I have endeavored to restrain your ardor and check the rapidity of your course, motives of concern for the honor of God, and for your reputation and comfort, influenced my conduct. But a power paramount to all

human influence has cast the die, and I bow submissively. God's will be done!

'In the hours of parental instruction, when my speech and affection distilled upon you as the dew, you have often heard me refer to the cheering satisfaction with which I presented you at the baptismal fount, in the name of the sacred *Trinity*, and enrolled you among the members of Christ's visible family; would to God I might now lead you with the same cheering hope to the altar of God, and lend you to the Lord as long as you shall live! But the days are past in which you can depend upon the offering of a parent. To your own Master you stand or fall. God grant the response may be, "He shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand!"'

And thus he pleaded for his son with the society:—

'The heart of a father, alive to the interests of a son and not indifferent to the honor of the Gospel, recoiled from the idea of his beginning his ministerial efforts upon so public a theatre, and before so enlightened an audience; and the hope that longer delay and greater experience would render him more equal to the duties of the ministry, and more worthy of the esteem and respect of his fellow-men, induced me to yield with reluctance to your early request to hear him as a candidate. But since your candor and charity have silenced my scruples, and your affection and judgment have become surety for the youth, and he himself has said "he will go with you," I yield him to your request. Bear him up by the arms of faith and prayer. Remember him always in your devotional exercises. May God have you and your pastor within his holy keeping! May he shed down upon you unitedly his celestial dews, that you may be like a watered garden, and like a spring whose waters fail not!'

CHAPTER XII.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS. — ILLNESS. — MUSIC. — LETTERS.

1805. Aged 21. The father, having left his Benjamin in Boston, returned, and the son appeared to begin his ministry under the happiest auspices, but he enters in his journal, immediately after the ordination, — 'Alas! who knows what is before him?' The very next day he was seized with a severe fever, brought on, no doubt, by anxiety and fatigue, and he was not able to commence his ministry till the beginning of March. Although at first a severe disappointment to him, it was a season rich in valuable instruction. Besides the lessons of patience and resignation, it taught him the value of sympathy, and of some of the virtues that dwell almost exclusively in the sick-room, — the endurance and unwearied tenderness of woman, and the value of those nameless services, that the poorest individual may render, but which the mines of Peru can never repay; and it added new strength and delicacy to the bonds of friendship he was just beginning to form with many of his parish. The first time he preached, instead of the usual addresses upon the mutual duties of pastor and people, he took the text from the hundred and nineteenth Psalm: — 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted'; and, from some passages of the ser-

mon, we learn how deeply he felt the uncertainty of his blessings, and that sinking of the heart which debility and lassitude impose.

'Sickness teaches us, not only the uncertain tenure, but the utter vanity and unsatisfactoriness, of the dearest objects of human pursuit. Introduce into the chamber of a sick and dying man the whole pantheon of idols which he has vainly worshipped, — fame, wealth, pleasure, beauty, power, — what miserable comforters are they all! Bind a wreath of laurel round his brow, and see if it will assuage his aching temples. Spread before him the deeds and instruments which prove him the lord of innumerable possessions, and see if you can beguile him of a moment's anguish; see if he will not give you up those barren parchments for one drop of cool water, one draught of pure air. Go tell him, when a fever rages through his veins, that his table smokes with luxuries, that the wine moveth itself aright and giveth its color in the cup, and see if this will calm his throbbing pulse. Tell him, as he lies prostrate, helpless and sinking with debility, that the song and dance are ready to begin, and that all without him is life, alacrity, and joy. Nay, more, place in his motionless hand the sceptre of a mighty empire, and see if he will be eager to grasp it. This, my friends, this is the school in which our desires must be disciplined, and our judgments of ourselves and the objects of our pursuit corrected.'

After enumerating some of the lessons taught by sickness, he says: —

'We beseech you, then, do not mistake us. When we discourse to you of the beneficial fruits of affliction, we talk of no secret and magical power which sickness possesses to make you necessarily and immediately good and wise; but we speak of fruits which must form, and swell, and ripen, — fruits which time must mature and watchfulness preserve.

We represent sickness as a discipline which you must live to improve, — a medicine whose operation cannot be ascertained if the patient dies in the experiment. O, defer not, then, I beseech you, defer not to the frantic hours of pain, to the feverish hours of disease, to the languishing hours of confinement, — defer not till then an attention to the things which concern your everlasting peace. You think they will be hours of leisure. Believe me, it will be the leisure of distraction or insensibility; — it may be the leisure of death.'

As none of his family could be with him during his illness, he became acquainted with many of his parish in the most interesting relation, that of comforters and cheerers of the slow hours of convalescence, and he formed ties of gratitude that were never broken.

His father wrote to him every three or four days during his illness. One letter only is inserted.

'Feb. 9th, 1805.

'My beloved Son, — We enter deeply into your suffering situation, rendered so peculiarly trying to you by the time at which it has fallen on you, just as you had received the charge of a church, and expected to appear before them as their minister; but God is the rock, his work is perfect. He knows how to time, influence, and overrule all his dispensations towards us. You and I, perhaps, both needed this check to our vanity, and this sensible conviction of our frailty and dependence, not upon ourselves, but upon him. It becomes us to receive evil as well as good from the hand of God, and we shall find it good for us to hope and quietly wait for his salvation. All things shall work together for our good if we love him, and are called according to his purposes.

'I feel confidence that you are in the midst of friends,

who will do every thing in their power to relieve and help you. Endeavor to be submissive, my dear son, and place your ultimate hope and dependence upon Him who is able to bring sweetness out of affliction. I trust you will find it good that you have been afflicted. It may, perhaps, furnish you with thoughts and reflections that will enable you the more tenderly to sympathize with your afflicted people, when you shall be called to see them and to administer to them the consolations wherewith you have yourself been comforted of God. We hope, also, it may be the means of making a change in your constitution that shall relieve you of the malady with which you have been exercised. Endeavor, my son, to preserve your mind as free as possible from anxiety. Your pulpit shall be supplied. "Commit your way to the Lord and he shall establish it; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass." Although your pains are severe and weakening, we trust they are not dangerous. If your disorder should put on any fresh appearance, I shall endeavor to go up and see you, although my calls at home are a forbidding circumstance to such a journey. I hope Mr. Thacher will continue to write as often as he thinks proper, and that we shall soon hear pleasant tidings from you; but we must refer all to the wisdom and goodness of God. Good night, my son. I hope you will sleep in ease and quietness.'

That even long after his recovery he felt deeply the weight of responsibilty he had taken upon himself, appears from a sermon written in the course of the year.

'My grace, says Jesus to the drooping apostle, my grace is sufficient for thee. Sufficient for what? For health, life, toil? Yes, my friends, and for the duties of a profession, of which no one knew better than this feeble apostle the labors and the responsibility. In a frame weak as the reed

which every blast bends to the dust, he bore a spirit which disdained the iron gripe of adversity ; a spirit which persecution only wrought up to exertions almost miraculous ; a spirit which death itself could only set free to expatiate in the rewards to which it had continually aspired. That eloquent apostle understood well the various duties which are implied in the cure of souls, — of souls, my friends, the most precious gems in the circle of God's gifts to his creation. And they are to be preserved, too, for God himself; they are to be prepared, not for earth only, but for heaven, — to be cleared from all the dross that now incrusts them, and purified for a region of spirits, where all is pure, intellectual, and godlike. He, then, who would fit men for heaven must consult, in the exercise of his pastoral duties, all the grades of human capacity, and, what is more, all the varieties of human disposition. He must accomplish in himself that rare union of prudence and zeal, of caution and earnestness, which it is the hardest problem in human character to combine. He has to secure the reception of the Gospel with which he is put in trust, principally by throwing light upon the darkened understandings, or by seizing upon the avenues to the hardened heart. A course of instruction that might gain the superficial would revolt the wise; and the rich, the enlightened, or the consequential hearer may be charmed, while the poor and the ignorant may be perishing in silence, disappointment, or want. Paul, when he harangued the polite Athenians, or addressed the judges of the Areopagus, selected topics and employed a style which would not have gained a bigoted Jew within the precincts of the temple. The discourse which almost persuaded the noble Agrippa to be a Christian is the most classical and eloquent in the Acts. It is clothed in language which would not have betrayed the native of Tarsus in the most polished circle of Greece. The Epistle to the Hebrews, on the contrary, if it be really the work of the Apostle, is filled with arguments of which the force could

be felt only by a superstitious adherent to the old Mosaic ceremonies, but which would have been to the Athenians ridiculous and unintelligible. So, also, at the present day, a wise and faithful pastor cannot hope to reclaim an acute and polished skeptic by the usual appeals to authority, or by bringing up in array the commonplaces of theology. A delicate and sensitive spirit, open, candid, and seeking earnestly for the truth, is not to be treated like a bigoted understanding, obscured with prejudice acquired too early to be remembered, and incrusted too deep to be washed away with persuasion. There are some man, of strong, unpolished, native intellect, who are affected by reasonings, illustrations, and persuasions far different from those adapted to minds which have been enriched by the learning or polished by the taste of the times. In the differences, too, of opinion which will be found among believers, the aged and opinionated must see that his opinions are respected, even when they are doubted; and he must not always suppose them to be believed when they have not been controverted. The young and the presumptuous must be checked with caution, lest he should become indifferent or hostile; but he must be seasonably converted, lest he should perish in the vanity of fashionable unbelief, or the pride of intellectual speculations. In short, Christianity is to be recommended to all the various measures of human capacity, now by reasonings, then by persuasion; here by removing prejudices, and there by strengthening them; sometimes by appeals to the heart, sometimes to the intellect, sometimes to the hopes, and sometimes to the fears; in one word, by means as various as the minds which the light of celestial truth is intended by its Author to illumine. . . . .

'Consider, too, that all these complicated duties of the Christian minister are enjoined by especial sanctions. He is immediately and peculiarly responsible to his God. In his eye, the day of his examination is perpetually present. Hardly dare I speak to you on this subject, my friends.

Hardly dare I to think of the inexpressible anguish with which I should learn, in that solemn day of my account, that this man was made an unbeliever by some unwise statement of mine; this youth was fixed in an error, which has colored his whole life, by my injudicious treatment of his doubts; this gay spirit was lost by my omitting an opportunity of making a serious impression upon his heart, while it was intenerated by sorrow; that fine understanding was shattered by an affliction, which I might have assisted him to bear, had I communicated earlier the consolations of the Gospel to his heart, and here is a dear friend, whose sin I neglected to reprove; how awfully is his account lengthened because I stood beside him a silent witness of a single fault! But the subject is too painful, I will not pursue it.

'O God, I prostrate myself in the dust before thee, and acknowledge my insufficiency! What in me is dark, do thou illumine; what is low, raise and support; what is wavering, establish; what is weak, strengthen; what is wrong, forgive! Let but thy blessing follow me, and then what is sown in weakness shall be raised in power, to thy glory and to everlasting life.'

Mr. Buckminster wanted a few months of twenty-one years, when he began his ministry in one of the largest societies in Boston. By the conditions of the will by which the parsonage-house was given to the Brattle Street parish, in perpetuity, the minister for the time being is obliged to make it the place of his constant residence. Convenient, and in many respects eligible, it is, by its public and exposed situation, near the courts and lawyers' offices, and not far from the commercial part of the city, a noisy abode for one who wishes, in his hours of retirement, to be a diligent and absorbed student. Its accessibility to

the then busiest part of the town exposed him to perpetual interruptions in the day-time, and led to the habit of prolonging his hours of study far into the night. The house was also too large for one who had no family, and no prospect of forming family connections. He went into the house, therefore, as a boarder with the persons already there, reserving a large and pleasant room for his study. This was soon made extremely attractive by the number of books it was his delight to collect, and by the interesting pamphlets and literature of the day, scattered all over his round study-table. It was the centre of attraction for all his young friends, and for the elders among the clergy, and was soon called the 'ministers' exchange.'

Soon after, for his own private recreation, he added a chamber organ to his room, where, in the pauses of his hours of study, he delighted to indulge his passion for music. It was at first a solitary recreation, but soon he induced his choir to meet there to practise ; and in subsequent years he had concerts in his house.

If any among the living remember this study, they will recollect its cheerful aspect in the sunshine of winter, and the air of retirement that was given to it by the closed blinds in summer, and, above all, the cordial, the cheering, the glowing expression of affectionate kindness with which he welcomed his friends. Here were passed his happiest days, in pursuits most congenial, and perhaps too attractive, for his uncertain health and frail organization. Fortunately, the office of a clergyman in Boston does not allow of exclusive devotion to study. To borrow the words of another,

'It is the general habit of the place for the individuals of each society to make their minister a part almost of their families, a sharer of their joys and sorrows, — one who has always access to them, and is always welcomed with distinguished confidence and affection. . . . . This intimate connection with his people, although, to a man of any sensibility, a source of the most exquisite gratifications of the human heart, makes a great addition to his toils. It makes a deep inroad upon the time he would give to study, and almost compels him to redeem it from the hours which ought to be given to exercise or repose. By the variety and painful interest, also, of the scenes and occupations to which it calls him, the mind is often agitated and worn down; while the reflection, which it is impossible always to exclude, of the insufficient ability with which his duties are performed, and the inadequate returns he can make for the friendship and confidence he receives, must often come over and oppress his spirits.'*

The above remarks apply more directly to the relation which existed between ministers and people in the good city of Boston, at the close of the last century. Ministers were then expected to spend a very large portion of their time in visiting the different families of their parishes. The intimacy was so close that every joy and sorrow, every item of good fortune, and every trial, however light, was imparted to the sympathizing friend. The infant, from the hour of its baptism, was one of the lambs of his flock. If a boy, his progress was watched through the successive schools, and after he entered the college or the

* Memoir by Mr. Thacher.

counting-room. If a daughter, the minister fixed his paternal and indulgent eye upon her, till he was called to consecrate her union, probably with another of his flock; and at the marriage-supper, the honored place at the left hand of the bride was reserved for him.

The minister and his flock passed through life, rendering to each other countless mutual services; and, when the pastor stood at the grave of a parishioner, paying the last tribute of earth to earth, he felt as though he had lost a member of his household. The sermons of such a minister could be neither searching nor pungent. He looked so nearly into his parish, that their faults must have been lost to the mental eye, by the thousand excuses he was impelled to make for them. Then he could scarcely speak of faults and follies which he had observed, without making an application so distinct as to rend the veil of charity which should cover a multitude of sins.

The young ministers who were settled at the beginning of this century found it necessary to modify in some degree the custom of the place, — to spend less time at the social fireside and more at the study-table. If they would render their sermons such as would satisfy themselves, and such as their societies demanded, they must give up the enjoyment of the almost daily hospitality of some kind parishioner; and the fine leg of mutton or the famous turkey must be eaten without the blessing being asked over it by the favorite minister. The time which was gained by briefer and less frequent visits was devoted to the mental preparation, by which their sermons gained in richness of thought, in power and eloquence. Certainly there is no place on the face of the globe,

where discourses from the pulpit are of a higher standard of excellence than in Boston.

That Mr. Buckminster began, immediately after his ordination, to acquaint himself intimately with his parish, appears from a manuscript book, alphabetically arranged, of every family, and of many persons, belonging to the Brattle Street society. The number of persons forming the different families, the occupation of the parents, the names of the children, are recorded; then are added, in Latin or French, remarks, notices, and characteristics, important only for him to know as their friend and spiritual adviser.

The object that next claimed his warmest interest and attention was the singing of the choir of Brattle Street Church. I have mentioned his exquisite ear, and the passionate love of music that appeared in his earliest years. Before he went to Exeter Academy, he had learned to blow the flute, but was discouraged by his father, who feared the effect upon his health. He afterwards took some lessons on the violin and violoncello, but relinquished them, as creating a too passionate love, that encroached upon his other studies; but, as soon as he could unite his favorite pursuit with the improvement of the church music, he began to learn to play upon the organ. His own voice was eminently musical, and his enthusiasm was scarcely permitted any bounds when he could induce a fine voice of either male or female performer to join the choir. One evening in the week was devoted to rehearsing with the church singers in his own study, and these were truly his hours of relaxation and delight. He was sometimes so fascinated and lost

in the sounds he could himself draw from the organ, that his sister, leaving him after one of these evenings, and thinking he would immediately retire, awoke, far in the night, still hearing the organ from his study, and, upon going down, found him still sitting at the instrument, wholly unconscious of the flight of time.

A few years after, he assisted in making a collection of tunes for sacred music. He devoted much time and labor in comparing and arranging such as were suited, either from their intrinsic value or from their sacred or tender associations, to the worship of the church; and I believe the Brattle Street Collection, though small, is esteemed a valuable selection of tunes, even by musicians.

One other evening in the week was devoted at this time to young men of his own age, and even younger, whom he could induce to meet him at his study and converse upon moral and religious subjects. There was no formality in this meeting. It was not called a prayer-meeting, nor a meeting for inquiry; no publicity was given to it, and those who attended it were not subjected to observation from others. Induced by his invitation, or by the attractiveness which his own youth gave to religion, many went to open to him their anxieties, to satisfy an inquiring spirit, to seek direction for a doubting mind, to find a balm for an awakened conscience, or to inquire the path to religious peace. Privacy was secured by removing the light from the entry, which usually indicated that he was from home, and the evening was closed with prayer. One of the objects of this meeting was to suggest and to lend books to those young persons who evinced a taste for reading and self-improvement.

May we not suppose that many young men, who afterwards led eminently Christian lives, received some of their best religious impressions from these evening meetings?

About this time he corrected for the press Miss Hannah Adams's History of New England, and made such alterations for a second edition as were advisable to render the book as plain and familiar as was consistent with elegance of style. By this and other acts of friendship, he secured the grateful attachment of that simple, unassuming nature, the childlike innocency of whose mind and manners formed a curious contrast with the abstruse character of her investigations and pursuits.

At a little later period of his life, while Miss Adams was compiling her history of the Jews, the most frequent visiters to his study perceived, as they entered, seated at the same table with him, diligently compiling her notes, and abstracted completely from present things, the unassuming and plainly attired form of this simple old lady. She was so familiar and so quiet, that, though they pursued their studies many days and weeks together, they never disturbed or interrupted each other. The author of the *Memoir of Miss Adams* * has given so interesting an account of their intercourse, that the writer avails herself of it here.

'It was on a visit to Boston that Miss Adams first saw Mr. Buckminster. He was then about sixteen years old. Those who knew him well will not think her description an exaggerated one. "He had then," she said, "the bloom of

* Mrs. George G. Lee.

health on his cheek, and the fire of genius in his eye; I did not know from which world he came, whether from heaven or earth." Though so young, he entered fully into her character, and, before they parted, gave her a short but comprehensive sketch of the state of literature in France and Germany. After he became the pastor of Brattle Street Church, he, with Mr. Stephen Higginson and Mr. Shaw, the active founder of the Athenæum, proposed to Miss Adams to remove to Boston; at the same time procuring for her, through the liberal subscription of a few gentlemen and ladies, an annuity for life. She had then commenced her History of the Jews, and nothing could have been more favorable to its progress or her own ease of mind, than this benevolent arrangement. She could never speak of her benefactors without deep emotion.

'From Mr. Buckminster she received the most judicious and extensive assistance. She was in the habit of visiting him in his study, and had his invitation to come when she pleased, and sit and read as long as she pleased, or to take any books home and use them like her own. Perhaps people are never perfectly easy with each other till they feel at liberty to be silent in each other's society. It was stipulated between these students that neither party should be obliged to talk. But her own language will best describe her feelings. "Mr. Buckminster would sometimes read for hours without speaking. But, occasionally, flashes of genius would break forth in some short observation or sudden remark, which electrified me. I never could have gone on with my history without the use of his library. I was indebted to him for a new interest in life. He introduced me to a valuable circle of friends; and it was through him that I became acquainted with Mrs. Bowdoin, (afterwards Mrs. Dearborn,) whose kindness and attention to me have been unceasing. Mr. Buckminster's character was the perfection of humanity. His intellectual powers were highly cultivated and ennobled. Yet even the aston-

ishing vigor and brightness of his intellect was outdone by the goodness of his heart."

'Mr. Buckminster assisted Miss Adams's researches, and procured her information for her History of the Jews. He took a warm interest in this oppressed people, and often prayed for them at the communion service in the same language in which Jesus prayed for them: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

'It is impossible not to look back with admiration upon the benevolence that prompted these kind attentions; and it is not a difficult effort of the imagination to enter the library, and view these laborious and widely dissimilar students together. The one distinguished by the natural ease, grace, and elegance of his manners; the other, timid and helpless. The one, advancing with the elastic step of youth; the other, declining into the vale of years; yet both drawn together by those sympathies which spring from the fountain of perfect and everlasting good. Who would not be touched by the spectacle,' adds Mrs. Lee, 'of a young man of such distinguished talents, equally sought by the world of science and of fashion, extending a helping hand and devoting so large a portion of his time to a timid and unassuming woman, shrinking from the ills of life, but who derived her happiness from the same sources that he did, — literature and religion? When, from indisposition, she omitted for any length of time her visits to his study, a kind note, or a still kinder visit, alleviated the infirmities of of her health.'*

Miss Adams herself remarks: — 'I could not have completed my History of the Jews, if I had not been animated and encouraged by his participating in the interest I felt in this extraordinary people. Though entering into the details of the sufferings of the per-

* From Mrs. George G. Lee's Memoir of Miss Hannah Adams.

secuted Jewish nation, yet the enthusiasm of Mr. Buckminster inspired me, and the pleasure of conversing with him upon a subject with which he was intimately acquainted rendered the time I was writing my History one of the happiest periods of my life.

This was only one of many instances in which he encouraged, animated, and helped the timid and the unassuming, and aided retiring merit. Among his private papers are many memorandums of sums obtained from ladies of his parish for the indigent, or for those who, like Miss Adams, asked only the encouragement and sympathy of friendship. His calls upon their bounty seem never to have been denied; and among those whose names appear, Mrs. Bowdoin, Winthrop, Lyman, Otis, Mrs. S. Cobb, — all have gone to reap the reward of their beneficence.

Perhaps there never was a period in the whole of his short life, when he was more attractive to his friends, or more valuable to society. His activity was unwearied, his cheerfulness had known no blight; for the uncertainty that hung over his life was habitual to his thoughts, and was merely a check to the too impetuous pursuit of the riches of the mind.

'So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in *bright* felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,
That who but saw him once, remembered long;
And some in whom such images are strong,
Have hoarded the impression in their heart,
Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherished master-piece of ancient art.'

Since his settlement, his malady had very much increased. He had scarcely been settled ten months, when he wrote in his journal, October 31st, 1805, — 'Another fit of epilepsy. I think I perceive my memory fails me! O God, save me from that hour!'

And yet, notwithstanding this perpetual admonition of his frailty, there never was a person in whom life was more joyous and gladsome. He had a great deal of the Greek in his disposition. He entered deeply into life. Every thing in nature, every external object of life and beauty, was a source of joy to him. His intimate friend and biographer observes, 'His head resembled the finest models of the antique,' — and though certainly the form of the head is not an infallible sign of the intellectual powers, yet the character here conformed to the head. Life, sentient life, was exuberant in him, like a morning in spring. He saw harmony, and grace, and beauty every where, from the smallest flower that sips the dew to the brightest star that shines in the firmament.

> 'The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him were opening paradise.'

Although he was eminently spiritual, and the unseen world was not a world of shadows, but of realities, to him, there was nothing mystical in the tendencies of his mind. What would have been the result of the German studies which he was just beginning at his death, can only be conjectured. The mystical element might have been developed as he proceeded in his inquiries. The joyousness of the

present might have been lost in unsuccessful researches after the obscure and hidden; and the rational interpretation of that which was vouchsafed to his serious studies, might have been involved in gropings after the impenetrable secrets of the future.

To return for a few moments to Dr. Buckminster. He was at this time passing through one of the severest afflictions of his life, and, although only fifty-four years old, there appeared to be a general breaking up of the fountains of health. The immediate cause was the death of his wife, to whom he had been attached with a passionate regard, exceeding that which he would have approved in another to any earthly object. She had formed, as he says in one of his letters, 'the happiness and the ornament of his home,' and now he was bereft of the sweetness of life. His son, recording her death in his journal, writes with fervor, 'O God, support my dear father!' To afford his own aid in comforting him, he went immediately to Portsmouth, and spent more than a week, preaching for his father two Sabbaths.

Although her illness had been long, her death at the last was sudden and unexpected. It threw my father into an agony of grief, in which his friends feared for his life or his reason. The whole of the night and day following her decease, he remained overwhelmed with sorrow, his agitated footsteps pacing to and fro in his study, so that even his children feared to approach him. He was left with a family of seven children, four of them being very young. His eldest daughters were now old enough to take charge of the family, and he, soon recovering

his calmness and faith, presided over them with a firmness and decision scarcely looked for in a man so tender in his affections. But it is the hardest and finest of materials, that, when drawn out into delicate chords, vibrates at every breath, and thrills at the touch of joy or sorrow.

My father was very anxious to keep his family together, and that they should depend upon the sentiment of affection and union for their happiness. I have endeavored to express the intensity of the religious sentiment in his life; he was no less anxious to enforce the absence of all worldliness, and the dependence of the heart upon spiritual good and mutual affection, as the aliment of life to his family. It may, perhaps, provoke a smile, in these days, when material interests are so supreme, and life seems mean and homely without the addition of luxury, to say, that his family enjoyed many of the best luxuries of the mind, and felt themselves rich, when his income could never have reached the amount of a thousand dollars a year. With this sum, at a time when the expenses of an education were much less than at present, he was able to educate both his sons at Harvard University.

The letters of my brother that follow close the year.

'August, 1805.

'My dear Sister, — I have purchased a very beautiful little book,* which I wish you to accept, though you have not, as the lady to whom these letters were addressed, been presented with a set of the British poets, (which I hope, however, one day to be able to send you,) for some of

* Aiken's Letters upon the British Poets.

them I know often amuse the leisure of young ladies, and I trust will not long be unknown to you. If I should meet with any thing equally elegant and pleasing, E. shall not be forgotten. These letters are written by one of the most correct and impartial critics now living.

'I know not but I ought to have written to both of you while you were left alone at the head of the family; if I have been negligent, let this acknowledgment plead my excuse. I hope, by the time this letter reaches you, you have been relieved from anxiety by my father's return. Write to me particularly about the state of his health; whether it is amended by the journey; whether the incidents of it were agreeable; his companion pleasant; whether his expectations were answered; and, above all, whether his spirits and comfort are in any degree recovered. Would to God that the duties of my parish had allowed me to be his companion!

'I have been very much employed of late in parochial duty, owing to the great sickness among children. Within the last month, I have attended eleven funerals.

'Your affectionate brother.

'P. S. I hear nothing of the baby and nurse in any of papa's letters. I believe he thinks me a kind of creature who does not care much whether you are dead or alive. However, it is true that I am pretty much absorbed in myself, my sermons, my parish, my singing, and other occupations.'

'December, 1805.

'My dear Brother, — Nothing has given me more pleasure than to hear of the happy turn which your inclinations have taken towards study. The taste for it being once acquired, it will not easily be lost; but, by God's blessing, will preserve you from many temptations to which you would otherwise be exposed, and provide you with a source of the purest pleasure in your leisure

moments, even if you should not be a professional man. And it is not necessary, as some imagine, my dear brother, to study one of the professions because you have been through the preparatory courses of college studies. They will adorn the life of a merchant or an agriculturist, and be to you only an additional incentive to any honorable pursuit.

'I wish you to be thoroughly grounded in your Latin and Greek grammars. With a perfect knowledge of your rules, every thing afterwards in parsing and construing will be easy. But a deficiency in this knowledge is very seldom supplied in advancing years. The preterites in Latin, and the anomalous verbs in Greek, are of great importance to a correct scholar. No man can presume to pass in England for a liberally educated man, who is deficient in quantity, or who is not master of prosody, and therefore makes mistakes in pronunciation. The knowledge of geography, history, logic, and rhetoric may be very much supplied in mature years; but of the languages it cannot, because the memory then does not easily retain rules.

'Be a good, regular, studious boy, and God will bless you. If you are not a learned man, you may be what is much better, a pious and useful one. But I sincerely hope, that, as your mind enlarges, you will be more and more attached to your books. It will give me the truest pleasure to hear that you are growing in every thing good and honorable, and that one of these days you will feel an inclination to come and study with your brother, Joseph.'

'My dear Sisters, — I thank you for the articles for my wardrobe. I could not but think, as I looked at the immense number of stitches that you have set for your brother, of the precious moments that might have been better employed. I send you a book,* that will, I am sure, agreeably amuse those moments that you can spare for reading.

* Knox's Elegant Extracts from the British Poets.

'The reason of my not writing before has not been illness; neither ought I to say it has been too many avocations, for a man can always find time to pen a few lines, though the press of business may make him forget that he ought to write, and this has been my case. I am glad you have returned to the pleasures of home, and I doubt not you have found them only enhanced by the variety you have seen abroad. As to ———'s French, I doubt whether she will have resolution enough to master the first difficulties without assistance. If she has a little easy introductory book, of which, by the help of a dictionary, she can learn the sense, it will be more attractive to her than to begin with the grammar. If not, I will send her one.

'Thank papa for the book he sent me, and not the less because I already possess it, and have read it. "The Force of Truth," or, at least, the force of conscience, ought to strike a person very powerfully, who, with a Socinian creed, has dared to subscribe, or to hold a living, in a church whose articles are unquestionably Trinitarian, as was the case with Mr. Scott.

'This letter is as rambling as a young lady's at a boarding-school. I will bid you good night, my dear sisters. Peaceful slumbers, undisturbed by any gay recollections, be your night's blessing. You have left a good name here; remember, it can be preserved only by real virtues, — benevolence of disposition, a cultivated mind, and, as the security of all excellence, an inwrought sentiment of piety and moral obligation. This is permanent; good feeling is momentary. Read Miss Hamilton on Religious Principle. E., and F. also, pray read it. I do not mean to preach, however.

'Your brother, J. S. B.'

CHAPTER XIII.

ORDINATION OF A CLASSMATE. — MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY. — ANTHOLOGY CLUB. — JOURNAL OF STUDIES. — LETTERS.

In January, 1806, Rev. Charles Lowell was settled at the West Church in Boston. He and Buckminster had been college classmates and intimate friends, and the latter was chosen to deliver the right hand of fellowship. An unusual truth and tenderness was infused into the fraternal address made to the candidate by his friend, in a service which always owes a portion of its effect to natural feeling.

'If,' he says, 'in offering you the fellowship of the churches, I should suffer myself to dwell with too much fondness on expressions of personal good-will, you, I know, would forgive me, but I should hardly have performed the duty assigned me by this honorable council.

'We, and all our churches, are by this act united, not in the bonds of an ecclesiastical league, not under the dominion of infallible superiors, not for the purpose of strengthening the secular influence of our religious societies, nor in the spirit of any selfish and mercenary connection, but in those equal and spiritual ties which God has hitherto blessed and hallowed to the peace of the New England churches. For we are all united in the same faith and profession, in the same duties and hopes, in the same ordinances and liberties, and, as we trust, in the same spirit also, under one Lord, even Jesus, and "one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all."'

This address was pronounced just as divisions were beginning in the churches of the Boston Association, and one of the publications of the day, speaking of it, said: 'Notwithstanding the sanctity of the occasion, the following simile was received by the audience with a murmur of approbation.'

'Is there not, amid all the varieties of opinion and faith, enough left us in common to preserve a unity of spirit? What though the globes that compose our planetary system are at some times nearer than at others, both to one another and the sun; now crossing each other's path, now eclipsing each other's light, and even sometimes appearing to our short-sighted vision to have wandered irrecoverably, and to have gone off into boundless space; yet do we not know that they are still reached by the genial beams of the central light, and continue in their widest aberrations to gravitate to the same point in the system? And may we not believe that the Great Head of the Church has always dispensed through the numerous societies of Christendom a portion of the healing influences of his religion? has held his churches invisibly together when they have appeared to be rushing farthest asunder? and through all the order and confusion, conjunction and apposition, progress and decline of churches, has kept alive in every communion a supreme regard to his authority, a portion of the spirit of their Master, as a common principle of relation to him and to one another?'

He closes with these words: —

'If I might be permitted now to express a wish for you and for myself, it would be this: that, as our gracious Master, when he was on earth, sent forth his seventy evangelists by two and two, to preach the Gospel in Judea, he would also send us forth together by his authority, would permit us to travel in company through the journey of a useful ministry, and would enable us to return to his pre-

sence together at last, rejoicing to find that our names have been written, with the names of our people, in the book of life.'

It was in this year that my brother began to contribute to the pages of the *Anthology*, a monthly review, which had succeeded the *Literary Miscellany*, a short-lived periodical, commenced the previous year in Cambridge. The Anthology was supported by a society of gentlemen in Boston and Cambridge, consisting of the youngest of the clergy and many distinguished laymen. It was planned in a wholly private manner, and the business was afterwards conducted at weekly evening meetings, held in the beginning in succession, at the houses of the members. This meeting took the name of the *Anthology Club*. A light supper was allowed, but it was never a convivial club. Perhaps it was one of the most agreeable literary societies that ever existed in Boston, and among its members were some of the most honored names in every profession. It will show the almost village character of Boston society forty years ago, and the early hours of fashionable parties, to mention that ladies would not invite company on Anthology evening, because the meeting of the club robbed them of the presence of the most agreeable gentlemen.

The introductory address of the sixth volume of the Anthology, written by Mr. Buckminster, thus explains the purpose of the publication, and apologizes for its deficiencies : —

'The faults of our work, of which no one can be more sensible than its editors, result from causes which we can

only hope to counteract, but not entirely to remove. The Anthology has hitherto been supported by the unpaid and unregulated contributions of a few literary men, who are well pleased when the public profits by their reading, or shares in their amusement. They have yet had no extraordinary stimulus to write but the friendly curiosity and occasional encomiums of men like themselves. They are not enlisted in the support of any denomination, nor are they inspired with the fanaticism of literary crusaders, associated to plant their standard on territory recovered from heathens or heretics. They are satisfied if they can in any way contribute to the mild influence of our common Christianity, and to the elegant tranquillity of a literary life. They are gentle knights, who wish to guard the seats of taste and morals at home from the incursions of the "Paynim hosts," happy if they should now and then rescue a fair captive from the giants of romance, or dissolve the spell by which many a youthful genius is held by the enchantment of a corrupt literature. If, with these objects, they can retain the pleasures of lettered society, —

> "Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
> Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
> Sollicitam explicare frontem," —

they will try to be as insensible to the neglect and contumely of the great vulgar and the small, as they are to the pelting of the pitiless storm without, when taste and good humor sit around the fire within.'

When it is recollected that all of the contributors to the Anthology were men engaged in laborious and exacting professions; that their contributions were the fruits of chance half-hours, or of moments lighted by the midnight lamp, after days of fatiguing labor in their offices; 'that they did not pass under the rigorous review of any single editor'; that each was

his own censor, proof-reader, and critic; — there is certainly a wonderful degree of unity of purpose and harmony of sentiment, and a general respectability, in its pages, highly creditable to the dawning literature of the day. Any one reading it now will be startled at the independent tone of its criticism.

Among its regular contributors were the Rev. Mr. Emerson, and Rev. Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner, who wrote upon classical themes and supplied many literary anecdotes. Professor Willard of Cambridge, whose articles were learned criticisms or reviews, Mr. William Wells, Mr. Frank Channing, Mr. William Tudor, were all occasional contributors. A. M. Walter, Esq., who seems to have been the darling of a numerous circle of friends, was one of its most responsible supporters. Then there were many very pleasant persons who belonged to the club, who did not contribute to the pages of its periodical, — drones in the hive, that were too agreeable to be turned out. Mr. John Lowell enriched its pages with his graphic 'Letters from Europe,' in a series through two or three years. The papers under the signature of R. were valuable and rich, — supposed to have been written by Mr. Rockwell of Boston. There were many fugitive papers sent from regions far from Boston. Daniel Webster, from the rocky wilds of New Hampshire, enriched its pages with his winged thoughts; and some eloquent papers upon Greek literature came from Maine, which proved, as was remarked at the time, that their author dwelt nearer to Athens than the editors themselves.* Samuel Dexter wrote occa-

* Charles Davies, Esq., of Portland.

sionally for its pages, and a tardy *Remarker*, full of calm and transparent thought, proved that Dr. Kirkland could sometimes, amid serious cares, finish a lighter production.

Perhaps, of some of these gentlemen, it may be said that they have left no productions of the pen by which they are remembered; their contributions to the Anthology lie forgotten in its pages. But is it rational or fair to complain that wine has not been stored in the cask, and preserved for future years, from the vines whose clusters have been gathered from day to day, as soon as they were ripe, to refresh the thirsty lip, to soothe the sick, and to serve for the dessert at the table of every passing day? There was at that time no class of literary men, and had there been, there was little encouragement given to literature. Low as was the price of the Anthology, it had far more readers than subscribers; and though the contributions were all gratuitous, it scarcely paid the expense of printing.

Mr. Buckminster's anonymous contributions to the Anthology were very numerous. It is impossible at this time to know how numerous. Rough sketches are found among his papers of many articles which were anonymous at the time, and the author unsuspected. The first thing that was known to be his, was a letter, written while he was in England, containing an account of his visit to Johnson's birthplace at Lichfield. As Johnson is as interesting at this day as at the time when it was written, and as it is a fair specimen of his epistolary style, the letter is inserted here.

'Birmingham, June 19, 1806.

'My dear Friend, — Yesterday I travelled the whole distance from Buxton to Birmingham (sixty-one miles) in a post-chaise, with a young American, born near Portsmouth; and we shall probably keep company till we reach the metropolis, the *urbs sacra*, the city of the gods. This charming country is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to behold. Ceres and Flora must have laid their heads together, I think, to lay it out, and I have found that Thomson's Summer is a perpetual commentary upon the road I have been travelling.

'Yesterday, about 5 o'clock, P. M., I passed through Lichfield. I purposely delayed dining till this late hour, that I might spend a longer time on this classic ground. As soon as I alighted at the hotel, I inquired for the house where Dr. Johnson was born. I was immediately shown to one about two hundred rods off, and I am sure I should not have walked with a quicker step, or with more expectation, to see the amphitheatre of Vespasian.

'The house where Johnson was born stands in the centre of the town of Lichfield, at the corner of a square, within a few paces of the market and the Church of St. Mary's, I think. It is now an old three-story building, rather showy without, and rather shabby within. The first apartment on the lower floor, which was the bookstore of Johnson's father, is now a tinker's shop, filled with copper tea-kettles, tin pans, candlesticks, &c.; while a small room adjoining is occupied by a maker of electrical machines. In the chamber over this shop, once divided into two, that mighty spirit, destined to illuminate the generation which received him, and to exalt our estimate of human capacity, was ushered into this world. This chamber is now, as I imagine, the tinker's drawing-room! There remains a small fire-place in one corner, and the walls are hung round with paltry pictures, —

> "The seasons framed with listing find a place,
> And brave Prince William shows his lampblack face."

The floors are much worn, dirty, and uneven, and every thing within the house bears the appearance of poverty and decay. The tinman, named Evans, was not at home; but his wife, a chatty old woman, told us, in answer to our queries, that the present rent which they paid was eighteen guineas, and that the taxes were as much more. This, to be sure, is quite as much as such a house would be worth in Boston, and nothing but its central situation can render it so high. The old lady then called her little grand-daughter, to conduct us to what is called the Parchment house, to which Johnson's father afterwards removed, and to show us the willow-tree, of which there is a tradition that it was planted by Johnson or his father, but nobody knows which. However this may be, it is one of the most remarkable trees in all England. It is certainly twice as large as any willow I ever saw in America, and it is allowed to surpass every other in this country. The tinker's wife told us that her house was frequently visited by travellers, and I dare to say that the gratuities which she receives for her civilities in showing it amount at least to the rent of the house. Here is a subject for meditation. A tinman is now able to secure a comfortable habitation by showing the chamber where Johnson was born . . . . . that Johnson, who has wandered many a night through the streets of London, because he was unable to pay for a lodging!

'As we were returning to our inn, we espied a curious figure of an old man, with laced round hat, scarlet coat, with tarnished trimmings of the last age, and a bell under his arm. Upon accosting him, we found that he had been town-crier for many years, and a kind of Caleb Quotem; that he always shaved Dr. Johnson when he came to visit Lichfield; that his name was Jenney, seventy-four years old, with strength and spirits unimpaired.

'The cathedral at Lichfield is worthy the attention of every traveller. Who shall say that the daily view of this ancient, dark, and reverend pile, once the residence of

monks, may not have contributed to impress on the mind of young Johnson a superstitious veneration for the splendor of a church establishment, and have even given him that melancholy bias, which he discovered toward many of the ceremonies and doctrines of the Church of Rome. Indeed, I know of nothing so calculated to inspire a secret suspicion of the presence of the departed, as to walk through the long, still, and echoing aisles of a Gothic cathedral, lined on each side with the tombs, and ornamented with the figures, of men who died centuries ago; for while you are trembling at the sound of your own steps in these lofty and silent cloisters, and seem to shrink into littleness under the venerable grandeur of the roofs, you can hardly bring yourself to believe that such a vast and solemn structure is uninhabited; and after having heard the great gate close upon your coming out, you cannot avoid the impression, that you are leaving these awful retreats to some invisible and ghostly tenants.

'Dr. Johnson, and David Garrick, and Gilbert Walmsley, have monuments in this cathedral very near to one another. You remember the Latin epitaph which Johnson wrote for his father's tombstone, who was buried here; I know you will hardly forgive the dean and chapter, when I tell you, that, in paving the church, they have lately removed it, as well as another, which Dr. J. caused to be placed over the grave of a young woman, who was violently in love with his father. The inscription which Dr. J. wrote was nothing more than this,—"Here lies ——— a stranger, ob. &c." This anecdote I had from the verger, a tattling old man, who showed us the cathedral. He professed to have been "very intimate" (these were his words) with Dr. J. His name is Furneaux.'

Besides the description of the destruction of Goldau, sent from Europe, there is a letter from Paris, containing 'A sketch of the present state of literature and theology in Paris.'

There is in the pages of the Anthology a curious controversy between the Rev. Dr. J. S. J. Gardiner and Buckminster, upon the merits of Gray as a poet. This controversy bears some resemblance to the discussions between the romantic and classical schools in literature. Dr. Gardiner maintains with dry reasoning that Pope's is the only true model for real poetry. And Buckminster supports, in the following passage, the opinion that the most thrilling touches of sublimity and beauty are consistent with great indistinctness of images and conceptions.

'It is hardly to be believed, before making the experiment, that we should be so much affected as we are by passages which convey no definite picture to the mind. . . . . We must acknowledge that there is a higher species of poetry than the mere language of reason. Spenser, Milton, and even Dryden, knew this, and they studied successfully the Italian poets; but after the time of Dryden, our English poetry began to be formed too exclusively upon that of the French. The authority of Pope has been eminently useful, but the world is not yet persuaded that to be a poet it is indispensable to write like Pope. . . . . .

'For my own part, I take as much delight in contemplating the rich hues that succeed one another without order in a deep cloud in the west, which has no prescribed shape, as in viewing the seven colors of the rainbow, disposed in a form exactly semicircular. After having read any poem once, we recur to it afterwards, not as a whole, but for the beauty of particular passages. . . . . .

'The distinguishing excellence of Gray's poetry is, I think, to be found in the astonishing force and beauty of his epithets. In other poets, if you are endeavoring to recollect a passage, and find that a single word still eludes you,

it is not impossible to supply it occasionally with something equivalent or superior. But let any one attempt this with Gray's poetry, and he will find that he does not even approach the beauty of the original. Like the single window in Aladdin's palace, which the Grand Vizier undertook to finish with diamonds equal to the rest, but found, after a long trial, that he was not rich enough to furnish the jewels, nor ingenious enough to dispose them; so there are lines in Gray, which critics and poets might labor for ever to supply, and without success. This wonderful richness of expression has perhaps injured his fame. For sometimes a single word, by giving rise in the mind of the reader to a succession of images, so pre-occupies it as to obscure the lustre of the succeeding epithets. The mind is fatigued and retarded by the crowd of beauties, soliciting the attention at the same moment to different graces of thought and expression.'

Dr. Gardiner, in his reply, again maintains, —

'That he knows of no sublime passage in Homer, Virgil, or Milton, but what is perfectly intelligible; and scarcely a description which would not make a good picture. Indeed, I lay it down as a general maxim, that whatever imagery a good painter cannot execute on the canvas must necessarily be incorrect. If there be any exception to this rule, it can only be where images are presented to the mind which are not subjects of the eye, as the rattling of the quiver on the shoulders of Apollo on his march to avenge his insulted priest.

'In his "Ode for Music," (an odd title, by the way,) Gray has these lines: —

> "And thus they speak in soft accord
> The liquid language of the skies."

'Now I should be happy if you would inform me in what consists "the astonishing force and beauty of this

epithet." If Gray had written "the language of the liquid skies," we might have supposed he meant thunder in rainy weather. But I presume the beauty of this epithet arises from that inimitable obscurity which is the great source of Gray's sublimity. . . . . .

'The ode on Summer, published in the last *Sylva*, is superior to Gray's on the Spring, and, without borrowing a single thought or expression from him, exhibits all his peculiarities: his quaintness of epithets, his affected alliterations, and the general glitter and tinsel of his style.'

Dr. Gardiner closes thus: — 'Sincerely wishing that you will in future employ your acknowledged talents as a writer more usefully than in the defence of absurdity.'

Buckminster answers with a further vindication of Gray, and closes thus: — 'I beg leave to reciprocate your benevolent wish, with a little variation; that, instead of employing your "acknowledged talents" as a poet in burlesque imitations of Gray, you would have the goodness to give us an ode equal to the "Bard."'

It would perhaps be hardly worth while to call the history of this gentle controversy from the oblivion of the pages of the Anthology, were it not to introduce an anecdote recollected and imparted by the Hon. James Savage, a member of the club. 'Controversy,' he says, 'sprang up in the club on the literary nature of Gray's odes, and the war began with a burlesque ode to Winter, by our president, Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner, who followed it up with one on Summer, also in the Anthology. In the same No., Buckminster gave a forcible defence of the imagery and epithets of the poet, which, the next month, was

replied to by the assailant, and, in the following No., was strengthened by the other side; and this also was counterworked by another parody of the lyric inspiration, in which Gray's great odes were caricatured. A fourth attempt at the ludicrous, by our president, contained something unguardedly personal from the satirist to his antagonist, which produced strong though silent emotions of sympathy in many of the party. In an instant, the writer threw the inconsiderate effusion into the fire. This,' says Mr. Savage, 'as a striking instance of the powerful influence of the gentleness of Mr. Buckminster, and of the profound regard felt for him by a critic of opposite sentiments in a protracted controversy, has dwelt forty years in my memory; yet the kindly natured polemics had, I dare say, in half as many weeks, utterly forgotten it. From that moment, no allusion was made in the club to Gray's merits.'

Another object, the design of which originated in the club, and was most earnestly urged by my brother, was to rescue from oblivion, and review in the Anthology, the American books which had been printed since the settlement of the country. In the introduction to this department of the Anthology, called 'Retrospective Notices of American Literature,' written by himself, he says: —

'We propose to commence a review of books in American literature, which have either been forgotten, or have not hitherto received the attention which they deserve. Interested as we are in every thing that relates to the honor of our country, we are not ashamed to express our conviction that one reason of the low estimate in which our

literature is held among ourselves, as well as in Europe, is, that there has been no regular survey of this field of letters. It is supposed to be utterly barren, because it is so wide and desolate, and because there has never been a map of the region. But as in the highest parts of a mountainous country, which appear at a distance to be covered with eternal snows, you will discover in crevices and little spots some humble and modest plants, which sufficiently reward the toilsome ascent of an enthusiastic botanist; so, in the extensive if not copious records of American learning, we hope to detect a few rare and undescribed specimens, which may, by this means, awaken at least the regard of some future historian of literature. It is unfortunately true, that, while every country in modern Europe has produced copious annals of its literature, or maintained regular journals of its new works, this country has, till within a few years, had nothing of the kind.'

After saying that the design would not embrace works in theology, he remarks: —

'It would be an endless task to review even the works of tolerable merit in this class, which have issued from the presses of New England alone. Here we are proud to mention the works of Jonathan Edwards, a man whose powers of mind need not have bowed before the genius of Locke or of Hartley, and whose theological research, in a remote part of an unlettered country, would have been considered honorable to any divine, surrounded with learned libraries, and aided by the constant intercourse of men of erudition. But we decline to enter this field of literary history, because it is perhaps not only the best known, but would also be less generally interesting. Neither shall we trespass upon the ground of that respectable and industrious society, which has already published several volumes of historical recollections. . . . . .

'Nothing seems at present to be in the way of our gradually taking rank in the scale of literary nations but our avarice; and the extraordinary opportunities we have had of making money, as it is called, are at least some apology for our immoderate love of gain. . . . . .

'We can never in this country possess many of the luxuries of the fine arts which older countries enjoy; but we may learn to love the more refined and loftier elegances of literature and taste. These can never be entirely debased by sensuality; they never can be completely pressed into the cause of corruption. God grant that our expectations may not be disappointed, for we think we can discern the dawn of better days. "*Novus sæculorum nascitur ordo.*"'

He proceeded to redeem the engagement by the review of 'Logan's Translation of Cato Major, a quarto volume printed by Dr. Franklin in Philadelphia, in 1744.' It was the first and the best translation of an ancient classic which had appeared in this country. The translator was Mr. Logan of Philadelphia, and the work of translating was begun in his sixtieth year.

The review of Cato Major was carried through three numbers of the Anthology. The articles that were furnished by Mr. Buckminster, after this, were generally of a theological character, ending with a review of Griesbach's New Testament in the tenth and last volume of the Anthology.

An historical and more permanent interest attaches to the Anthology Club from the fact that the first idea was started, and the first design planned, of the Boston Athenæum, in one of these evening meetings. To William S. Shaw, who, although not a frequent writer, was an active member of the club, belongs

the honor of first proposing the Athenæum. Upon another page will be found some curious details of the responsibility assumed by him, and the informality with which the business was at first conducted.*

In connection with the Anthology, and to show Mr. Buckminster's warm interest in this publication, part of a letter to Mr. Shaw, written from England, is introduced in this place.

'I cannot say that I am entirely pleased with some of the last numbers of the Anthology. I fear that, in composing the *Sylva*, too much attention is paid to showing specimens of fine writing and sentimental beauties, rather than to making it curious for literary memoranda. I feel, too, on this side of the water, those defects which are almost inherent in the work, and which will keep it, I fear, from being interesting in Europe. These are, first, that we are amazingly destitute of any thing like scientific information and curious research. Secondly, the books we are called to review are very trifling, and have nothing to attract readers in Europe. Besides, I think we waste too much of our time upon fugitive pamphlets, and give them a page, when many of them should be despatched in a line. Lastly, we have too many heavy dissertations, theme-like communications, which no one reads, even among us, but the writer; and even if our criticisms and disquisitions were to possess as much taste as we sometimes fancy they do, yet they can hardly boast of originality, — the only thing which will attract readers here. They will not look, here, into an American publication, which gives them nothing but the drippings of their own. These circumstances do not in the least diminish my zeal for supporting our Anthology

* See the correspondence of Shaw and Buckminster, Chapter XVIII.

with all our might, but they induce me to despair of seeing it awaken the attention and circulate among the readers of Europe. However, *nil desperandum;* — I was going to add the rest of the quotation, but alas! our dear Walter is dead, — the life and animating soul of the club! . . . . .

'Give my love to all the Anthologists, even the new ones. I am delighted with Kirkland's address of the editors, in the new volume. Be careful, I beseech you, about admitting new members. I am very much afraid, that, during my absence, you will metamorphose it from a club of friends into a club of editors. But not a word of this. *En passant*, I am sorry to see the articles of literary intelligence so scanty. Has the former collector relaxed his industry, or given up the task? or, rather, has the death of our dear Walter paralyzed, for the moment, his activity? Once more; I am mortified, whenever I think that no review of Marshall's Life of Washington has yet appeared in the Anthology. Would it not be well for the editors to make a polite request to Dr. Holmes, who deserves the honorable name of the American annalist, that he would undertake to give us a careful and adequate review of this great national work? I know of no man better qualified. It is time to wipe away several disgraceful omissions of this sort. Webster's Dictionary has never been reviewed. Lathrop's Sermons! — pray, what are our theological auxiliaries about? I see no traces of their hands.'

To the above inadequate account of the Anthology is only added, that many of the *Sylvas* of that publication, which were always anonymous, were furnished by my brother, particularly after his return from Europe, consisting of literary information, collected there, which was too trifling or insufficient to weave into a graver article.

It may seem astonishing to some minds, that, occupied as he was with the parochial duties of a large

society, he could find time and inclination to devote to a publication like the Anthology. But, as has been observed in another page of this memoir, he was a student, in the truest meaning of the word. He loved study for itself, and devoted himself cheerfully to the self-denial which a life of study demands; and, in his favorite pursuits, he met with little or no sympathy from others to animate his solitary labors beneath the midnight lamp. It was, therefore, the greatest delight, and the most agreeable relaxation, to him, to meet with friends and associates in those lighter pursuits where the Muses and the Graces mingled, in the pages of the Anthology.

To afford some idea of the rapid intellectual survey by which he compassed his studies, the journal of his reading for rather more than a year is given. It comprises the reading of the year preceding his ordination.*

'I am induced, by the example of Gibbon and others, to commence a diary, which shall contain a brief record of the progress of my studies, and of the distribution of my time. I begin upon a day which finds me in the midst of the perusal of more than four books. Let the confession of an error upon this point be the first step towards amendment. My morning's occupation is the perusal of Benson on the Epistles. The translation of Dalzel's Collectanea Græca occupies my spare moments.

'*December 18th*, 1803. Began the first volume of Barrow's Works, folio. Read his Life, by Abraham Hill. Barren of interest, and written with great affectation of

* This journal of studies belongs to the years 1804–5. It was the first intention of the writer to introduce it in an appendix. But it having been thought best to give it a place in the work, it was too late to insert it in the preceding chapter.

humility. Read the first sermon on the Pleasantness of Religion. He is very fond of using epithets. There is scarcely a substantive without two or more adjectives.

'*December* 22*d*. Finished Benson's Essay upon the Abolition of the Ceremonial Law, pp. 106. His obscurity, or rather his perplexity, upon some points, arises from the paucity of his materials. He divides the Jewish law into moral, political, and ceremonial; the first always binding on all Christians, as part of the law of nature and of Christianity, where it is incorporated and improved. The second is obligatory upon the Jews, during the existence of their civil polity, and its force is not impaired by their embracing Christianity. This makes no change in the civil relations of men. This law also binds the proselytes when inhabitants of the Jewish territory. The ceremonial law is not binding upon Jews, Gentiles, or Christians. Paul's doctrine upon this point may be stated in the following method: —

'1. The Gentile Christians he openly declared unfettered by it, and such was his care upon this point, that most of his epistles are filled with censures on the conduct of the Jews and Judaizing Christians who would induce the converted Gentiles to submit to its injunctions. 2. The devout Gentiles who had been converted to Christianity, of whom Cornelius and his family were the first fruits, were exhorted, by the council of apostles at Jerusalem, to observe the injunctions mentioned in the decree, Acts xv. To this they were subject by the Jewish code. 3. But neither these nor the Jews were really bound by the ceremonial law after the death of Christ, although Paul and Barnabas, to whom alone this was revealed, were cautious of publishing its abolition, in order to avoid shocking the prejudices of bigoted Jews.

'Subject for a sermon, to illustrate the character of Paul from this subject.

'Read Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, 2 vols., pp. 300. Wharton's Life of Pope. It contains little more information

than Johnson's, and is written with great slovenliness of manner.

'*December* 23*d*. Reviewed Benson's Essay. Continued Gibbon. In reading, his method was to follow the suit of his ideas, rather than that of his books. This demanded an inexhaustible library. The principal source of his erudition seems to have been the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres, a book not to be procured here. One reason of our having so few learned men is, the want of books.

'*December* 27*th*. Read Benson's Two Essays upon the Government of the Primitive Church and their Public Worship. The following are some of his conclusions: — That the apostles, at their first planting of any church, did not ordain any officers, but left it to the direction of some of the first converts, called elders. That this title, so often mentioned in the New Testament, signified no regular officer. Their regular officers were usually ordained at the second visit of the apostles. The expression "ordaining elders" is interpreted by Benson to mean, ordaining elders to be bishops and deacons. These, after they were ordained, were sometimes spoken of under the names of elders and priests, till at length the name of "bishop" was appropriated to the presiding bishop, to distinguish him from the other bishops, who were, in the second century, presbyters or elders. Ignatius is the strongest authority on the episcopal side; but he does not intimate that his bishop was a *diocesan* bishop, but only a *parochial* bishop.

'*January* 1*st*, 1804. Began Belsham's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. It is ridiculously exact and copious on the subject of syllogisms. In every other part of logic, his compendium is useful and his definitions accurate. Read, same day, Barrow's Sermons on the Duty of Prayer, — sixth and seventh sermons, pp. 48 – 63.

'*January* 2*d*. Read forty-four pages in Benson's second volume. Mr. Tracy's Speech in the Senate, on the passage of the Amendment of the Constitution as respects the choice

of President. He shows, that, in the Constitution, there are several marks of concession and compromise between the large and small States. That the Senate is a body chosen and constituted on the federative principle of State equality, which was the principle of the old Confederation. That the House of Representatives is elected on the popular principle of a majority of members, and, of course, the larger States, who send the greater number of representatives, will always rule here. He shows, that, in the old mode of choosing President, by voting for two persons, it was intended that there should be a chance of no electoral choice, which would throw the ultimate decision into the hands of the House of Representatives, voting by States. In such an event, the small States would recover that influence which they would not have enjoyed in the popular manner, because their proportion of electors would be very small. But the present amendment goes to secure a choice by the electors in the first instance. Of course, the great States will always have it in their power to give a President to the Union, and the federative principle is destroyed. The Constitution requires two thirds of the House to concur in an amendment. Tracy and Plumer, New Hampshire, contended that this means two thirds of the whole House, and not of the members present.

'*January 6th.* Finished Belsham. A most masterly compendium and recapitulation of the argument of necessity, and a fair statement of the libertarian objections. The definition of philosophical liberty, given by Gregory, is worthy of remark. Read, in the Monthly, review of Dodson's Isaiah, and Sturgis's reply.

'*January 8th.* Read 3d No. of Edinburgh Review. *Gentz Etat de l'Europe*, a most masterly work. Shepherd's *Poggia Bracciolina.* The reviewer here intimates an opinion that the praises which have been bestowed upon Roscoe's work are above its merits. When I formerly gave such an opinion, it was reprobated without mercy.

Hayley's Life of Cowper. It is curious to observe the different decisions of these Scotch reviewers and the Monthly, in their character of Hayley's style. The Scotch say, "The little Mr: Hayley writes in these volumes is by no means well written." The Monthly says, "A work which, on the whole, is very well written." In my humble opinion, Hayley's style is redundant, sometimes inflated, often slovenly. The decisions of these reviewers are delivered with the most dogmatical air, and with all the contemptuousness of youthful criticism.

'*January 9th.* Read, before breakfast, Price's Sermon on the Security of a Virtuous Course, and Barrow's on the same text, Prov. x. 9. Their arrangement is dissimilar. How much more pleasant is the style of Price, but at the distance of more than a century! In the evening, read Priestley's Sermons on the Duty of not living to Ourselves and on the Danger of Bad Habits. They are both admirable. Read Pope's Pastorals in Wharton's edition. Wharton seems to write notes merely for the sake of finding fault with his author. He prefers the Pastorals of Theocritus to Virgil's, and says there is only one false rhyme in Pope's first Pastoral!

'*January 10th.* Read Michaelis on the Epistle of Peter, to compare him with Benson. They agree in opinion as to the two most important difficulties in this epistle, namely, to whom it was addressed and where it was written. Read, also, Lardner's Letter on the Logos and his First Postscript. This letter was written in 1730, when the Arian controversy was at its height, and is a remarkable instance of private investigation and unbiased belief. It lay unpublished in the author's cabinet nineteen years.

'*January 11th.* Read Lardner's Second Postscript, pp. 205. Read a review of a Dissertation, published by Teylor's "Theological Society." It proposes, as the bond of union of all Christians, "the belief of the Divine authority of the doctrines of Jesus." This is the only common principle of union.

'*January* 14*th*. Read Benson. His Dissertation on 1st of Peter, iii. 17, is more ingenious and probable than the other opinions which he enumerates, but even this must yield to the interpretation of Wakefield.

'Read again the review of Stewart's account of Robertson in the Edinburgh Review. There is an affectation of refinement in this critique which sometimes disgusts the reader.

'*January* 20*th*. Benson and Michaelis.'

He goes on until February 6th, reading Benson and Michaelis. The remarks are omitted.

'*February* 7*th*. Farmer on Demoniacs. 8*th*, finished Farmer. To me, he is learned, ingenious, temperate. It must have been very difficult for the antagonists of the overbearing Warburton to keep their temper.

'*February* 9*th*. Read Symonds on the Expediency of Revising the English Version of the Four Gospels. N. B. — Wakefield has corrected, in his translation, every error mentioned by Symonds.'

From this time till the first of April, he was occupied with Priestley's History of the Corruptions of Christianity, the Monthly Review, and Horsely's Charges against Priestley. He appears to have studied the controversy very thoroughly, and to have given the Trinitarian hypothesis a complete investigation. His remarks upon it fill ten very closely written pages in his commonplace book.

'*April* 1*st* and 2*d*. Read Fuller's Calvinism and Socinianism Compared. It is an ingenious piece of argument, and plausible in its principle. His arguments, however, are in some measure drawn from inconsiderate expressions of Socinian writers. Vid. Belsham's Answer to Wilberforce.

But it may be asked if the influence of Calvinistic doctrines should be allowed to be as great as it has been represented. Is not this influence rather an operation upon the passions than on the understanding? Is not the tendency of Calvinism that of substituting religious affections for virtuous actions? Does not the whole scope of Fuller's reasoning go to prove that there can be no good men except Calvinists?

'Read Farmer's Inquiry into the Temptation of Christ. I read a sermon of Massillon's in French every night, before going to bed. One or two chapters in the Greek Testament in the morning.

'The only difficulty in Farmer's scheme of the Temptation is to account for Christ's being tempted with what he knew to be a mere vision.

'*April* 10*th*. Read Urquhart's Commentaries on Classical Learning. Light, graceful, entertaining. A pleasant lady's book!

'*April* 26*th*. Third volume of Priestley's History of the Christian Church. It is evenings' work. Cursory. Unworthy of Priestley.

'*April* 27*th*, 28*th*, 29*th*. Bishop of London's Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew. It is impossible to commend this work too highly. It is plain, popular, convincing; pure and even elegant in language; eloquent in its appeals to the understanding and to the heart. It should belong to the family of every Christian.

'*May* 1*st*. Read Farmer on the Worship of Human Spirits.

'*May* 7*th*. Michaelis on the Introduction to the Epistle to the Hebrews. Read carefully the Epistle to the Hebrews in Wakefield's translation, comparing it with our own and with the original.

'In the course of the last week, read Bishop Hoadley on the Sacrament.

'*May* 16*th*, 17*th*, 18*th*, 19*th*. Read Hopton Hayne's Scripture Account, pp. 336, 8vo.

'*May* 22*d*, 23*d*, 24*th*. Heron's Junius. American edition. 2 vols. 8vo.

'*May* 26*th*, 27*th*. Taylor's Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin, with Supplement, pp. 500.

'*May* 28*th*. Read Bishop Law's Life and Character of Christ, pp. 142.

'At my father's request, read, for the second time, Edwards on Original Sin.

'*July* 3*d*. Began Jamieson's Vindication, pp. 567. [Here follow some pages of remarks.] Jamieson's Proofs from Scripture contain little new.

'*July* 10*th*. Finished Paley's Natural Philosophy.

'*July* 18*th*. Read Fellows's Picture of Christian Philosophy.

'*August* 1*st*. Read Marsh's Dissertation for the second time.

'*August* 10*th*. A Series of Plays on the Passions, by Miss Baillie.

'*August* 15*th* to 20*th*. Dugald Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. This is the work of a truly original thinker. The chapters on Association, Memory, and Imagination, may be repeatedly perused with new pleasure and increasing profit. The most bigoted dogmatist cannot be offended. Except a new theory of conception, I find no innovation upon Reid's theory.

'*August* 27*th*. Began to read Archbishop Wake's Apostolic Fathers. The only pieces in this collection whose authority is undoubted are Clement's First Epistle to the Corinthians and Polycarp's Second to Philippians. [Here follow several pages of remarks upon these epistles, with Greek quotations.]

'*October*. Read Priestley's Controversy with Rev. Dr. Linn, [of Philadelphia.] Has not Linn the decided superiority in the argument?

'*November*. Wakefield's Inquiry, &c., pp. 35. [Here follow remarks which are omitted.] Read Bell on the Sacrament, pp. 204. Supplement, pp. 47.

'From Dibdin's Introduction to a Knowledge of Editions of the Classics, made out a list of classical authors to be procured.'

Here intervenes an illness of some weeks, during which he writes, 'I have indulged myself in various and desultory reading, during the *horæ subsecivæ* of convalescence.'

'Read Benson on Unity of Sense; compared him with Michaelis on Quotations from the Old Testament. [Here follow remarks which are omitted.]

'*January*, 1805. Read Toulmin's Life of Faustus Socinius, pp. 471, 8vo. It is one of the most hasty and meagre compilations I ever read. The facts in the Life of Socinius are few, and the volume is swelled with long extracts from his works. He was an Italian, born in Sienna, 1539. It is probable that the sentiments of his uncle Lœlius had more influence on the mind of Faustus, in forming his opinions, than Toulmin is willing to admit. It appears that Faustus paid no attention to theological inquiries till he had attained the age of thirty years, so that, for his opinions, we must probably look to his uncle. Neither can we discover that his mind passed through any of those successive revolutions of opinion, which have marked, and must mark, the intellectual history of eminent men. He does not appear to have digested his peculiar creed with any great method or accuracy, and his sentiments are frequently inconsistent, and sometimes obscure.

'Disney's Life of Jortin is still more meagre and uninteresting.

'Teignmouth's Life of Sir William Jones. Lord Teignmouth insinuates that Sir William believed the Divinity of Jesus Christ according to the articles of the Church of England, of which nothing he has quoted affords conclusive evidence; and also the common doctrine of atonement, of

which there is not one word in all Sir William ever wrote. But he grounds his assertion on this clause in one of his prayers, — "the mercy of God through Jesus Christ."

'Read Rotherham on Faith. I am exceedingly disappointed in this essay. It was written to counteract the enthusiasm of the Methodists. It is a good antidote against Antinomianism, but removes few of the difficulties respecting the meaning of the word *faith*. I have learned, by repeated disappointments, not to form too high expectations of a work which I have heard often commended and seen often quoted.

'Read Sallust's Catiline and Jugurtha in Hunter's edition. I have lately read Xenophon again. Also Gilbert Wakefield's Life.

'Read Locke's Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity; and his Conduct of the Understanding, and Letters to Molineux. Mr. Locke often seems anxious to express to some friend, in person, the result of his inquiries. O that his conferences with Molineux, when he came to England, could have been recorded! Should we not have learned more of the doctrine of association and of nice points in theology?

'*June*. Finished Lowth on Sacred Poetry, comparing it with Michaelis.

'*September*. President Nott preached in Brattle Street. The fullest audience ever known there except on ordination day. Epigram made on him by Josiah Quincy: —

> "Delight and instruction have people, I wot,
> Who in seeing, *not* see, and in hearing, hear *not*."

'Burnet, De Fide et Officiis. Pleasant and catholic. It might be of use if translated into English.

'Read Le Clerc's Ars Critica. What a wonderful man was Le Clerc! Learned, to an extent almost unequalled by any who have succeeded him; liberal, perhaps to a fault;

perspicuous and pleasant in his critical works; the worthy successor of Grotius; the contemporary of Bayle; and the model of the Jortins and Lowths and Warburtons, who have since admired and imitated him. What might not have been expected from him, had he enjoyed the light thrown upon criticism and theology since his death! Read, also, Le Clerc's five Letters on Inspiration, pp. 237.

'Read G. Sharp's book on the Greek Article. His first rule, which is the only important one, is, that when two nouns of personal description follow one another, the first of which has the article, and the second not, and they are connected with a copulative, they both refer to the same subject. The most important passage, which would be affected by this rule, is in Titus ii. 13, which he would render, 'appearance of Jesus Christ, the great God and Saviour.' But the exceptions are so numerous that the rule is almost useless, and thus instances contradicting it are found without difficulty. Gregory Blunt's Six Letters are hardly a satisfactory reply, because he argues rather from the nature of the thing than from a critical inquiry into the use of the Greek article. Wistanley's vindication of our common version in the texts in question, is, to my mind, decisive, though he is exceedingly biased in some of his remarks by his Arian system.

'*October* 1*st*. Morgan's Collection of Tracts, occasioned by the Trinitarian Controversy. London, 1726. Read Maury's *Eloge de St. Augustin et de Fénelon*. What can exceed the *onction* of the latter saint-like man and writer? The life of Augustin is a true extravaganza.'

During the whole time of this journal, he was studying Hebrew and translating Greek, beside writing his earliest sermons.

Actively engaged as my brother had been in the year since his settlement, his health had by no means improved. The attacks of his malady had so far

increased, that, as appears from a record which he kept among his private papers, they had been nearly double the number of the preceding year. In the spring of 1806, his intimate friends, among whom was an eminent physician, the elder Dr. Warren, advised relaxation, a total suspension of study, and a voyage to Europe. In his letter to his parish, requesting leave of absence, he says, 'It would be superfluous for me to dwell upon the painful sentiments with which I suggest the idea of this temporary separation, for our mutual attachment to each other is too great to need any assurance of this kind.'

The proposal, as did every thing which had a near or remote tendency to improve his health and alleviate his cares, met with the prompt and generous acquiescence of the Brattle Street society.

His father consented with reluctance to this separation. In his letter, in answer to the one informing him of the generous acquiescence of the parish, he says, 'I shall deeply regret that you should be so long absent, — perhaps, to me, for ever absent, — but my principle has always been to sacrifice my wishes to the interests of my children.' His father was at this time suffering from deep depression, augmented by many causes besides the recent death of his second wife. At the times of his depression, he was always discouraged respecting the state of religion in his parish, the little good that he had been able to effect, and a general fear of unfaithfulness. At this time, he wrote to his son in this desponding strain : —

'My daughters are amiable ; they strive to make my desolate home cheerful to me ; they try to surround their

broken-hearted father with many comforts, that he may forget his inestimable loss; but I have no evidence that they are the subjects of grace, or that they belong to the new covenant.'

In conformity with Dr. Buckminster's theory of religion, he could not regard his children with entire approbation, because Calvinism makes no appeal to the sentiment of duty; — nature and grace are opposed. That which he could approve was not any amiable disposition, strengthened by effort, but something superinduced; he must have regarded them, therefore, rather with tenderness and pity than with respectful approbation.

It cannot be denied, also, that one cause of the father's depression was his disappointment in his son's views of religion, and the general prevalence of liberal interpretations of Christianity. This, in him, was not the result of bigotry. To him, a sincere Calvinist, his own interpretation of the meaning of Christ and the apostles was vital to the peace of his heart. It was the life's breath of his religion, the aliment of his devotion, the only sure support of his hopes of the future bliss of heaven. He could not but acknowledge that his son's life was exemplary; that his preaching had not only been admired, but attended with eminent success; that his example had been alluring to the young to induce them to lead a religious life; and yet he felt that the foundation of all this was false and insecure.

When the voyage was finally determined upon, he wrote to his son in a more encouraging and cheerful strain.

'May 6, 1806.

'My dear Son, — I have hoped that I should be able to see you again before you sailed; and when Mr. Lowell came in last evening, the hope brightened again; but I have so much of a cold, in consequence of exposures, by which my habitual cough is much increased, that I am persuaded it is imprudent to think of going again to Boston, even though so many disappointments are the consequence of my remaining at home.

'Your voyage is fixed and determined upon, and, as far as I can judge, upon those principles and with those views by which we must be governed in the present state. You may, therefore, I conceive, consider it a matter of duty, and have nothing else to do but to undertake it with firmness and religious confidence, and pursue it with a constant reliance upon Divine Providence for support, protection, and restraint. And we, who are left bereaved, have nothing to do but to acquiesce, to follow you with our best wishes and prayers, and to look and long for the time of your return. You will be in new situations, and new scenes will be continually opening to your view; I hope you will endeavor to be always self-possessed, and under the commanding influence of reason and religion, and let neither your fears nor your joys transport you. You have probably often heard me mention a resolution of your own dear mother's, early formed, and steadily adhered to, 'never to let her passions so far get the ascendancy as to disqualify her for acting, or hurry her to resolutions or conduct which her reason and her conscience would not afterwards approve.'

'If you should be tolerably well on shipboard, and have pleasant weather, I hope you will find yourself disposed to serve, and your shipmates desirous and willing to regard you, as the regular chaplain to the ship; and while the master is taking his observation of the material heavens, the minister on board will be daily endeavoring to help him, and all others, to take observation of the heavens that are

higher than they ; and that your track through the ocean, instead of being marked with profanity, will be distinguished from others by prayer and praises to God. If you should meet with storms and tempests, you will remember who holdeth the winds in his fists, and who is able to say, "Peace, be still." Let not the admonition, that was once addressed to a sleeping prophet, be ever addressed to you.

'When you get to the land of science, of wealth, and of wonderful improvement in the arts, and see great men, and witness great events, I hope you will not forget that the most wonderful character that was ever on the earth is the Lord Jesus Christ, and that the knowledge of him is true science, and love and obedience to him true wisdom, and that if any man would become truly wise, he must become a fool in the estimation of the men of the world.

'To say that I am not anxious about you, my son, would be to belie the father and his feelings; but I am able, in all humility, to commit you to that God to whom I early gave you, who has always watched over you, and who, I trust, will still keep you. To him may you yet be made a faithful son and servant. The last prayer of a father is, may the voyage establish your health, improve your mind, increase your piety, perfect you in the love of God, and in due time restore you to your friends and duties, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

'Your affectionate father.'

'May 6, 1806.

'My dear Father,— The time approaches when I must bid adieu to much that I fervently love. It is one of the severest trials that I ever experienced, and that was not a small part of it which I endured at Portsmouth. I am sometimes tempted to hope that you will not come up before I go.'

A few days after : —

'*Tuesday morning.* By God's help I have gone through

the most painful circumstances attending my departure, that is, the exercises on the Sabbath. I preached all day, and was very much disappointed that Mr. Lowell did not return.

'I am waiting with anxiety, expecting every moment a summons to go on board; but if the wind gets round to the eastward, I shall have another day of pain in taking leave. Indeed, my dear sir, all the trials of my life have borne no kind of proportion to the anguish of this departure, for I have been overwhelmed with kindness and affection. A whole life of devotion can hardly repay it.

'I am afraid I shall not be able to hear how your cold is. Your letter did not alarm me much, though, upon reflection, I have been afraid that your cough is more serious. The Sally will sail in ten days for Liverpool, when you must not fail to write me particularly. My love to my dear sisters. God in his mercy for ever bless them! They shall have a line by the return of the pilot-boat.

'Your dear son.'

During my brother's absence, his salary was continued, and he bore the expense of supplying the pulpit. Under this liberal arrangement, a committee was appointed to engage the preachers, and his father went five times to Boston to preach for his son. It was so arranged that he usually administered the communion. At such times, he visited those of the parish who were ill, or who desired ministerial visits. To show that his letters were not always filled with serious admonitions, one is here introduced, written when he visited Boston the first time after his son's absence: —

'Boston, June 2, 1806.

'My dear Son, — Among the flood of letters which you will receive by the hand of Mr. Thacher, and the happiness you will experience in unexpectedly finding him so soon

after you, it will be gratifying to you to have a line from your father, who, more than any man living, naturally cares for your state, and whose comfort and earthly happiness depend more naturally upon you than upon any other. I intended to have written to you by the Sally, but the vessel sailed before my return from Northampton, where I spent the last Sabbath with my old college friend and companion, Mr. Williams, whom I found exceedingly full of ministerial duty, there being a very great attention to religion among his young people. I returned to Boston the morning of election-day, and entered into the hubbub and excitement of election and convention. Mr. Shepherd, the preacher on election-day, is a man of talents and of piety; but it was so late before the jangling and wrangling court* could get prepared to go to the meeting-house, that many of the audience thought his sermon too long. Dr. Lyman, of Hatfield, preached the convention sermon in your desk, and delivered a *concio ad clerum* with his usual independence, animation and zeal; and, though it contained some sentiments a little different from those which have lately been heard there, I think they are not different from what may yet be there heard again. . . . . .

'*Sabbath evening.* I have been all this day in your pulpit, attempting to preach to your people. Having left my gown at home, Deacon Thacher furnished me with his father's; but alas! it did not make me the popular and beloved preacher that he was. Some old ladies looked very hard at the gown, but heard not the voice "so wonderfully sweet." I introduced into the church those persons who were propounded before you went, and propounded two others. The two Governors, Strong and Sullivan, were at the communion-table. I could not but think how they felt towards each other. I dined at Deacon Storer's, in

* This was after a bitterly contested election between Gov. Strong and Gov. Sullivan.

company with ———, and preached this afternoon upon the wisdom and goodness of Providence in all its dispensations.

'I hope, my dear son, you will take due precaution, in your journeying, that you do not expose yourself to accidents. You will not travel, I trust, without a companion, nor without a servant. I hope you will read and study very little, and pray much. Many new temptations will assail you. Let your heart be established by grace and the fear and love of God. Trust not in any creature, however exalted, but trust in the living God. My dearest son, to God I commend you, and with him I leave you.

'J. Buckminster.'

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL OF J. S. BUCKMINSTER IN LONDON. — JOURNAL AND LETTERS UPON THE CONTINENT.

1806–7. Aged 23. Mr. Buckminster embarked in the packet-ship John Adams, about the 10th of May, for Liverpool, where he arrived June 6th, and from thence travelled by post-horses to London, where he was received at the house of Samuel Williams, Esq. the brother of his excellent friends, the Lymans. There he again met his early friend, Mr. Francis Williams, and his residence was made delightful by every attention that refined hospitality and sincere attachment could bestow. Early in August he was joined by his intimate friend, Rev. Samuel C. Thacher, and together they embarked for the continent, and landed at Harlingen, on the Zuyder Zee. They passed rapidly through Holland and a part of Belgium, ascended the Rhine, and, partly on foot, made a tour of Switzerland. My brother kept a very full journal of this journey upon the continent, of which a small part has been published in a letter to a friend, describing the fall of part of the Rossburg mountain in Switzerland. They were often put to inconvenience in this tour by meeting with Bonaparte's new-made kings, also on their travels, who usually monopolized all the post-horses, and made humble travellers wait.

Readers have been so completely satiated with travels in Holland and Switzerland, that no extracts from the journal in those countries will be introduced here. It may be remarked, that the description of the fall of the Rossburg * is a fair specimen of its merits.

As soon as he arrived in London, he found himself in the midst of a delightful circle of friends. A short extract from his journal while there will give some idea of the enchantment of this society to a young man of twenty-three.

'*Tuesday*, *June* 26*th*. Dined with Dr. Rees, editor of the Encyclopedia. Introduced to Dr. Aiken and his son Charles. To Mr. Jones, the author of a Greek grammar. At the dinner there was a truly pleasant and instructive conversation. It turned upon the evidences of a future state from the light of nature. Dr. Rees is a man of amiable manners, various learning, some anecdote, and talents more than common.

'*Thursday*, 28*th*. Breakfasted with Mr. Jones. We had a truly learned and delightful conversation. Mr. Jones had studied with Gilbert Wakefield.

'*Monday*, *July* 2*d*. Went to the British Museum at twelve o'clock. Dined at Mr. William Vaughan's, in company with Granville Sharp, Dr. Aiken and Charles, Mr. Ellis, a writer in the Edinburgh Review. G. S. fully believes in the agency of a personal devil in the vices of mankind.

'*Tuesday*. Dined at Dr. Rees's, with Mr. Belsham, Mr. Tooke, Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. Conversation delightful. The tone is certainly higher than with us.

'*Wednesday*. At Mr. William Vaughan's, with a learned party.

* Published first in the Anthology. It also makes a part of J. S. Buckminster's Works, first collected in 1839.

'*Thursday.* Breakfasted at Sir Joseph Banks's. Introduced to Sir Charles Blagden, and Mr. William Smith, President of the Linnæan Society. Dined with Mr. Jones. Introduced to Dr. Young, of the Scots' Church.

'*Saturday.* Dined at Hackney, with Mr. Belsham.

'*Sunday.* Attended church at the Foundling Hospital.

'*Monday.* Dined at the Rev. Mr. Jervis's, Gray's Inn Square, with a large party. Supped at Gilbert Wakefield's, with only his daughter present.

'*Tuesday.* Dined at Sir Joseph Banks's in the country. Present, Sir Charles Blagden, Mr. Dalrymple, author of a Collection of Voyages, Mr. William Smyth, by favor of a ticket from whom, I went to the House of Commons in the evening. Subject: American Intercourse bill. Mr. Grant, Master of the Rolls, spoke against it. Lord Henry Petty in explanation. Next day, I was introduced to Lord Henry Petty at Mr. Vaughan's, and to Mr. Planta, Librarian of the British Museum.

'*Thursday.* Dined at Mr. Grant's, Master of the Rolls.

'*July 8th.* Called on Mr. Wilberforce, by appointment, and found him at dinner. As I was engaged to dine, I accepted an invitation for another day.'

A month was passed in this delightful manner in London, and he had invitations from a constantly increasing circle of literary persons for another month. But an attack of his complaint warned him that he must complete his tour in Switzerland before cold weather, and he and his friend, Mr. Thacher, tore themselves away from the fascination of London society.

From Switzerland the friends directed their course to Paris, where their residence was protracted to more than five months, while nearly all correspondence

with England was cut off by the operation of the Berlin and Milan decrees. At the same time, there was no direct communication with the United States from France. The enchantments of Paris failed in some degree of their influence upon my brother. Even where the treasures of the whole continent were collected, he could not be entirely contented, because the objects that would most conduce to the great purpose of his life were not there. He measured every thing, not by the relations of pleasure, but of duty, and dwelt

'As ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.'

He kept no journal of his residence in Paris, but merely wrote with a pencil, in a common pocket-book, descriptions of some of the interesting persons with whom he became acquainted. These are nearly effaced; the names of Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant, Count Rumford, only give rise to regret that the remarks of so young and fresh an observer upon persons now consecrated for ever to fame should be lost. He witnessed two very interesting events in Paris. At the sitting of the great Jewish Sanhedrim, convened by Napoleon, in the winter of 1806–7, he was present, and took notes. He was also present at the reception of Cardinal Maury at the Institute. It was to have been a grand public reception, but the Cardinal insisted upon being addressed by the title of Monsigneur, which he conceived he had a right to demand, but which his colleagues of the Institute were not disposed to grant. The dispute was submitted to the Emperor, who postponed the public reception. It was therefore private, but not the less interesting.

These five months in Paris, amid the unappreciable and inexhaustible treasures of Europe and of the fine arts at this time collected and stored there by Bonaparte, must have been most rich in instruction. Probably the strict surveillance exercised over foreigners, especially those so much resembling Englishmen, was the reason that no journal or record was kept of his residence in Paris. Much of his time was spent in collecting and sending to America a valuable library of the choicest writers in theological, classical, and general literature, amounting to about three thousand volumes. For this purpose he spent nearly the whole of his little maternal fortune, saying to himself, 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.' This exulting remark is immediately followed by the reflection, — 'Although I may, by the Providence of God, be cut off from the enjoyment of these luxuries of the mind, they will be a treasure to those who may succeed me, like the hoards of a miser scattered after his death. I feel that, by every book which I send out, I do something for my dear country, which the love of money seems to be depressing into unlettered barbarism.'

It must be remembered that this was written forty years ago; and perhaps remarks like the above, and the energies of his young mind directed to this purpose, did something towards awakening the love of literature, which has since gone hand in hand with the love of money, in that part of the State which claimed his fondest affection.

Since the days of this visit to the old world, the public has become so familiar with the objects of interest which claimed his attention, that great reluc-

tance has been felt to make such selections from his letters as will continue the thread of the narrative. Had they been published at the time they were written, when England and France were comparatively new to travellers from the United States, they would have possessed an interest from the freshness of remark every where exhibited. As the reflection has been constantly forced upon me, that the places and objects of art have become familiar to us, and that the persons with whom he became acquainted, however celebrated then, have faded from the memory of the present, I have erased page after page of letters that I had copied, and have retained only th se which exhibit the mind and feelings of the writer; so that, if an interest has been awakened in him, they may, by their personality, impart more freshness to this memoir of his life.

We go back to his arrival in Liverpool, and begin with his first letter. To his father: —

'Liverpool, June 6th, 1806.

'My dear Father, — Every thing seems to have conspired, under the blessing of God, to make our passage pleasant, safe, and quick. I have now been a few hours in Liverpool, and find that a vessel sails early to-morrow morning for Boston. These few lines will tell you that we had a passage of twenty-three days; that I have hardly known any of the dangers or trials of the sea. I cannot find a single subject of complaint in any of the circumstances of this voyage. The order of the ship was surprising, and far beyond what I had anticipated. I have not heard more than three instances of profane language on board, which I could not have said if I had remained in Boston. We had religious services on every Sabbath; once, I read printed sermons, and the other days my own. The shortness of the

passage will hardly allow me to form any opinion of its probable effect on my health. But, whether it should be favorable or useless, or even unfavorable, I shall submit, I hope, with resignation, satisfied that the step I have taken was the dictate of duty.

'I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the kind and protecting Providence of God, which has made my voyage so pleasant, so safe, and so short. I shall have company up to London, where I shall go in a few days, by the way of Manchester. My love to my dear sisters and all friends. God grant that I may never again be obliged to undergo the dreadful pain of parting from them!'

He writes the same day to his sisters: —

'Within the last hour, I put my foot on the wharf at Liverpool, after a passage of twenty-three days from Boston. I have very few wonders, or "moving accidents by flood," to recount; but the trifling varieties of my voyage will not, I am confident, be more interesting to any person in my dear native land than to you, my beloved sisters, who have so often listened, with concern and pleasure, to the narrative of your dear brother's fortunes when at home; and I am sure the eagerness with which you will receive this letter, compared with the eagerness with which you have formerly opened my letters, will be increased quite in proportion to the distance. During the voyage, I gazed frequently, thinking of you, my beloved sisters, with silent wonder and delight, at the sun, quenching his fiery beams as he sank in the waves of the western ocean, and enjoyed the thought that to you, in Portsmouth, he had not yet disappeared; but that you would be blessed, this day, with several hours more of sunshine, (may it be also that of the heart,) after your brother had retired to rest. . . . . .

'Nothing alarming or wonderful occurred during the remainder of our voyage. We have taken excellent lodgings at the *Star and Garter*, in Liverpool. The gentleman to

whom I have had letters of introduction have treated me with every possible civility. The Rev. Mr. Yates, a dissenting minister, in Liverpool, to whom I delivered my first letter asked me to dine with him the next day, (Sunday,) and urged me much to preach for him; but I declined. In the evening, I walked out with his son, and took tea at his son's little elegant cottage, about a mile from the town; returned about nine o'clock, and supped with the Rev. Mr. Yates and a few friends, to some of whom I had letters of introduction.

'*June* 13*th*. The ladies in Liverpool dress much, and are rather fond of being gazed at. You would be astonished to find how stout and robust are the English women. I have hardly seen ten slender forms; though the defect is amply compensated by the healthiness of their complexions, and the native glow of their cheeks. But a young lady in Mrs. N.'s boarding-school, if she found herself as gross as the most fashionable Liverpool belles, would be unhappy from morning to night. Another circumstance, which forcibly strikes an American, is, the prodigious number of women of the lower order who fill the streets, so that you continually see three women at least to one man. Their appearance is the most direful you can imagine. They perform labor of the heaviest and dirtiest kind, such as would soon kill an American woman. But, my dearest sisters, I must finish this letter, for it is time to set off for Manchester, on my way to London. Mr. Williams writes that he is expecting me, and has prepared rooms for my use in his house, No. 13, Finsbury Square. I shall spend to-morrow and next day in Manchester, and reach London, I hope, before the 19th, as I must appear at the Alien Office by that day.

'When I am a little more collected, I hope I shall write to you a better and longer letter. God bless you, my dear sisters, and train you up for both worlds. Write me very particularly and unreservedly about papa's health.

'Your affectionate brother.'

To Mrs. Lyman: —

'Manchester, June 14, 1806.

'My dear Madam, — I cannot let the first impressions, which I received upon visiting this delightful country, wear away without communicating them to you, who feel an interest in the improvement and ornamental cultivation of the soil of New England. In driving from Liverpool to Manchester, — where I shall remain as little time as possible, for Manchester is the region of volcanoes, and as smoky as the work-shop of Vulcan, — I was exclaiming, at every rod of ground I passed over, What an exquisite country! what delightful openings! what rich fields! what tasteful clumps! what velvet lawns! what luxuriant vegetation! And yet this is the least ornamented part of England.

'*July* 11*th*. Thus far I wrote in Manchester, not suspecting that I should not take up my pen again till I reached London. And now, in the smoke and dust of this astonishing city, I bid adieu (I cannot say a reluctant adieu) to the most charming country on the face of the earth; for I must yet acknowledge, although with some shame, that the literary luxury of the city has more charms for me than even the park at Blenheim, adorned as it is with the oaks of the last century, and enlivened with the gambols of fifteen hundred deer.

'I stop to tell you that I have just received letters from Boston. I thank you all from the bottom of my heart; but they have spoiled this day's sport; I shall see nothing in London to-day with any pleasure. Home, home will fill my heart. Tell Mr. Lyman that he need be under no apprehension about my reading, for in truth I find not a moment even to write a line of a journal, which I proposed to keep, and hardly to repay the kindness of the friends who have written to me. Mr. Thacher has arrived, in fine health. I cannot express to you the addition which his presence makes to the obligation under which I am laid to my friends in Boston.

'Perhaps you will be amused with hearing of some of my excursions. Well, then: last Tuesday, I went out with Mr. William Vaughan to dine at Sir Joseph Banks's, who, you know, has a great reputation all over the world for his science and literary courtesy. Upon our arrival, we were introduced into the garden, which serves for a drawing-room in the summer. The first object that presented itself was a tall woman, dressed in men's clothes. This proved to be Lady Banks's sister. You will hardly credit me when I tell you that she wore a man's hat, with a black plume, a cravat, a shirt with a wide frill, a short huntsman's coat, wristbands and sleeve-buttons visible, with no mark of her sex but a short petticoat; and this, I am told, is a fashionable riding dress! After waiting a little time, appeared Sir Joseph, who has such an inveterate gout, that he moves with his legs far apart, at the rate of about ten feet in ten minutes. Last of all entered my lady, who is truly a moving mountain of flesh and blood; and if ever Sir John Falstaff had been allowed by Shakspeare to have taken a wife, this would have been the *cara sposa* for him. There were several other gentlemen at dinner. It is not etiquette for the hostess to pay much attention to her company, and I, who sat next to her, was abundantly employed in helping her. . . . . .

'The gentlemen do not hand the ladies to the table. They sit a reasonable time after the cloth is removed, and presently we are summoned into the drawing-room, where coffee is provided, of which it is the fashion to take one cup; tea is handed afterwards. But to return to Lady Banks: her favorite passion is to collect china; and she has indeed collected a superb variety of dishes, jars, pots, cups, saucers, bowls, ornaments, of all ages, colors, sizes, brilliancy, value, and brittleness. A more capricious toy-shop I never beheld, though I was obliged to keep a very grave face of wonder and admiration, while she dissertated learnedly upon the separate pieces, and looked at them for

the thousandth time, with all the enthusiasm with which a painter would gaze at the Transfiguration. Sir Joseph has written a large book upon the subject of his lady's china, containing dissertations upon the antiquity of certain pieces connected with the different epochs of china history. This book is introduced with a dedication to Lady Banks, and loaded with the most fulsome address to the royal family, who once honored my lady's china-room with a visit. Sir Joseph cultivates the American cranberry with great success, and his ponds are filled with our water-lilies.

'I need not say that I have every comfort at your brother's. I am trying to persuade Francis to accompany me to the continent. . . . . .

'But I must cease writing, or you will cease reading. Farewell! May God with his choicest blessings have you and your family in his holy keeping!

'Your dear friend,

'J. S. B.'

To his father: —

'London, June 23d, 1806.

'My dear Sir, — I rejoice to inform you that I arrived safely the day before yesterday; that I am agreeably accommodated at Mr. Williams's, in Finsbury Square; and although this is in the city, as it is called, and very remote from that part of the town to which most of my letters are directed, yet I much prefer the conveniences of this residence to more fashionable lodgings at the west end.

'The expenses of travelling in this country are enormous. . . . . .

'This is intolerable to an American, but it is not to be avoided. In this country, you must either pay money liberally, or you will be paid liberally in abuse.

'Most of the persons to whom I have been introduced in England are Dissenters, and, of course, Foxites in their politics. Many of the most violent of them, however, begin to be uneasy at the tardiness with which Mr. Fox proceeds

in those measures of reform to which he has always professed himself a friend.

'I attended meeting yesterday at the old Jewry, formerly a very celebrated place of worship among the Dissenters, now very thinly attended. The forms of service reminded me more of New England than any thing I have yet seen in England. A chorister, who sat below the pulpit, always set the tune; and, so natural is it for an Englishman to be a singer, that, really, I do not think there were twenty in the congregation who did not join. The preacher was Dr. Rees, a good, substantial old gentleman, with a discourse an hour long.

'I have had some doubts about the propriety of visiting the places of public amusement, but I have come at last to the conclusion, that, in a place where my example cannot be of evil influence, and where it is no uncommon thing for clergymen to be seen, that I should reproach myself if I were to leave England without having observed what constitutes so great a part of the national character.

'I should be happier if I had left no friends at home, but the recollection of their kindness and my own happiness with them, whenever it returns, causes me to feel more like an exile than a traveller. I could never, I am persuaded, have left my parish from any motive of curiosity or personal gratification. My health, my health alone, which is to you and me the most interesting subject, is in no worse a state than when I left Boston. I hope in a few weeks more I shall be able to speak with some confidence. Hitherto God has kept my feet from falling and my soul from death. I have resisted all applications to preach. I wish to feel more settled, and more acquainted with the preachers and the auditories of this country, before I show myself in the pulpit.

'*July 8th.* Since I wrote the above, I have had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Wilberforce, or rather of sitting at his table while he was dining; for, as I was previously

engaged, I was unwilling to spoil my dinner. He is very much interested in the religious condition of the United States, and extremely inquisitive as to the attention paid to religious observances. I wish I could have given him a more favorable account of the practical religion of my dear native land, and have been able to say with confidence that our personal holiness was greater than in the days of yore. God grant that I may never live to see New England sunk in such religious indifference and public contempt for Christianity as prevails, I fear, in the parent country.

'I am extremely obliged to E. for her kind letter from Boston; tell her that I sincerely hope the kindness she receives there is paid as much to her intrinsic worth, as to my memory; but I am willing that some of it should be shown to her on my account, because it will tend to keep alive in her mind a more tender recollection of her brother. I have had the pleasure of seeing many young ladies here, the daughters of clergymen and laymen; but I have seen none who have not taught me to love and esteem my sisters more than ever. I have seen a daughter of G. Wakefield, who knows more Greek and Latin than any woman in England, and is now about to be married; Lucy Aiken, daughter of Dr. Aiken, a young lady of remarkable talents and accomplishments; and many others, some of whom are connoisseurs in painting, and some in music. My next letter to my sisters may be from the midst of the luxury of Paris or the simplicity of Switzerland. Love to all the little ones. What can I procure for them here which may be a pleasure or a profit, and remind them of their dear brother?

'I am just informed that no captain will venture to take us over to Rotterdam, and therefore we must take passage in a vile Dutch vessel for Harlingen, because the French officers there will let us pass for a small fee. This Dutch hoy is built much like a butter-boat, and called the *Two*

Sisters. My present plan is to proceed to Switzerland so as to travel on foot through that mountain region before September, when it will be too cold. From Geneva we propose to cross the country to Schaffhausen, and thus to come down the Rhine. However, I may be obliged to deviate from this route by a thousand unforeseen circumstances.

'The inclosed letter to my sisters is written chiefly for their entertainment. O, that they may reap half the delight from it that I have from reading the letters I have this morning received from my friends in America, among whom, you at Portsmouth are the dearest, therefore let your letters be the longest. "As cool waters," etc. Do not be too much grieved, my dear friends, to hear that I have had an ill turn in London; it was slight, very slight, and after a long interval. I have hopes, great hopes. The hand of Providence seems to have arranged with wonderful favor all the past circumstances of my voyage, and of my situation here, and the measure of God's favor is filled by the arrival of my friend Thacher this morning. My last words are, write, write, *quocunque modo*, write.

'Your dear son,

'J. S. B.'

'Rotterdam, Aug. 11th, 1806.

'My dear Sisters, — Here I am at last, with leisure enough to sit down and give you a very few notices of my tour to this place. There is nothing in this city but merchants, and boats, and canals; and after having seen one city in Holland, you have seen all. The streets, even in these most thronged quarters, are washed and scrubbed every day, so that you might without much inconvenience absolutely dine off the pavement.

'The houses are all joined to one another, and all is neatness, ornament, stillness, and singularity. But though I am now so comfortably seated at a writing-table, in an inn

called the Marshal Turenne, the hardships and vexations, the inconvenience and imposition, which I have passed through since I left London, as much exceed all that I have ever suffered before, as the accommodations of a well-regulated family exceed the irregularity of a dirty Dutch *hoy*. After passing through all the vexatious delays of the alien office in London, in order to obtain passports for leaving the kingdom, as there is no regular mode of communication with the continent, I engaged with a Dutch captain to take four of us over to Harlingen, for which we paid him ten guineas apiece; and after going on board, we had each to pay two guineas more, in order to persuade him to drop down the river Thames to Chatham that night, so that we might be able to sail in the morning. When we reached the vessel, we found five passengers besides ourselves, with not the shadow of accommodation for sleeping, except two dirty narrow births already occupied by a gentleman and his wife. Accordingly, we took our lodgings in the hold, where not one of us could stand upright; and after three days and nights of sea-sickness, during which time none of us had our clothes off, we reached Harlingen. If you will look upon the map, you will see that, in order to reach Amsterdam from thence, we have to cross a large sea, called Zuyder Zee; so, after a night's rest, we took places at four o'clock the next morning in the daily packet for Amsterdam. The usual length of a passage is twelve hours, but after creeping along the whole day till dark, we found that we had not accomplished half our voyage, but that we must remain all night on board this little vessel, crowded with more than fifty passengers, not a word of whose rough guttural gibberish could we understand.

'Here, after all our hardships, I found, that, in order to shelter ourselves from the rain, we must retreat to the hold of the vessel, in which they usually carry cows. Indeed, it was a stable. There we sat upon our trunks all night, with aching bones, fatigued enough to drop to sleep

every moment, but in such inconvenient postures, that we could not indulge ourselves in forgetfulness. The only person with whom I could hold any conversation was the pastor of a Protestant church at Leeuwarden. He was passing, like ourselves, to Amsterdam, and, hearing from Mr. Williams, who spoke French, that I was an American clergyman, he immediately began a conversation in Latin, which I supported with some difficulty, in consequence of the mode of pronouncing Latin which is universal on the continent. He appeared to be a most worthy man, but with the most preposterous notions about our country. I really regretted that we were obliged to part so soon. [After all, they could not reach Amsterdam, and were obliged to walk six or seven miles.]

'I could fill quires of paper with descriptions of the singular manners and costumes of the Dutch, especially those of North Holland, but I will only tell you a little of the dresses of the women. Imagine a short woman, with a baby face, covered with the whole breadth of one of those straw hats which you used to buy to make bonnets, with two flat gold plates over the ears, to which are suspended a half-pound weight of gold or silver ear-rings, which have descended in the family through many generations. On her head she wears a neat, close cap, with a long streamer on each side, descending over the shoulders. Then comes a chintz gown, with a long waist down to the hips, and followed by at least a dozen thick petticoats, in the midst of summer. Their faces are as uninteresting as the Chinese, and their mode of dress (either of male or female) has not altered for two hundred years. As to the men, so *outre* is their appearance, that I can only say they were made for the women. Our good old Deacon Penhallow would be thought quite a beau compared with any Dutchman whom I have yet seen. The men smoke from morning to night. Their good qualities are neatness and punctuality. Indeed, so punctual are they in travelling, that they reckon by hours instead of miles.

'The dead level of Holland is a garden throughout, and, in passing the numerous country houses which border their canals, I was continually reminded of some tree or shrub which I had seen blooming in the garden at Waltham. We have just concluded to go to Switzerland, by the passage up the Rhine to Basle, thence to Geneva, and so back to Paris; so that we shall not see the great city before the latter part of September, when half the population of England will probably have rushed to Paris to be present at the grand fête which Napoleon is preparing. I need not tell you that Lord Lauderdale is received with great joy, and that peace is expected to be signed in a few days. God bless you, my dear sisters, and make you worthy of his love and of the love of all the good and wise. Write to me very particularly about papa's health. Your dear brother,

'J. S. B.'

As his account of the difficulties of travelling upon the continent possesses, when contrasted with the facilities that have since been enjoyed, a sort of historical interest, the extracts from letters of that period are more copious. It is curious to remark the embarrassments that have been offered to travelling during the past year of revolutions, and the progress of public sentiment, which seems to produce the same difficulties that were caused by despotism fifty years ago.

After having been turned out of the inn at Coblentz, in order to accommodate Louis, King of Holland, and being detained there a day, because the king took possession of all the post-horses, they were still more vexed at an embargo in Strasburg, till they could send to Paris for permission to proceed on their journey.

'Strasburg, August 30, 1806.

'My dear Sir, — I am glad to have an opportunity to write you a line, though I am sadly vexed at the cause of my present leisure. We had travelled up the Rhine as far as Mayence, on our way to Switzerland with the passports which we took of the American Consul at Amsterdam, indorsed by the French Commissary in that city. These, we were assured, would carry us through the whole of that part of our route which might lie through French territory. At Mentz, however, upon going before the Secretary of Police, we learned, to our inexpressible surprise and mortification, that we could not proceed further than Strasburg without passports from Paris. So the police officer took our American passports to send them on to the capital, there to learn if we may be permitted to travel in France. In the mean time, he required us to take a *passeporte provisoire* of him, to carry us to Strasburg; and informed us that we should be detained there ten days, or till our permits should arrive from Paris. Here, therefore, we are, in a city where not an individual is known to us, and where nothing is spoken but German or French. If our passports should not be sent back to us, we must return to Holland as we came. I have not much apprehension on this score; the greatest inconvenience is, that we are losing time and money, and that the rest of our tour must be very much hurried.

'We have hitherto seen nothing but extremes; the most enchanting scenery that poet ever fancied, or painter ever drew, and the most wretched cities and villages which poverty, filth, superstition, and vice, and the residence of soldiery, can make. I keep a little journal, which may perhaps at some future time be interesting to myself, but cannot be very much so to any one else. The only Protestant church which I have seen since leaving Holland, is in this city, and this is Lutheran. I have been fairly home-sick during this tour, and I believe nothing has con-

tributed to it more than the miserable dearth of religious instruction, and I fear, too, of the spirit of Christianity. However, though I have been a little home-sick, yet, by the blessing of God, my health has been otherwise uninterrupted since I left England.'

An extract from the journal of the detention of the travellers at Strasburg is inserted. It is a fair specimen of the whole journal.

'*Strasburg*, *August* 28*th*. Of this city I had formed agreeable expectations, — whether from the appearance of the country which preceded it, or from some pleasant classical associations, I know not. The Argentorum of the Romans has been long familiar to my imagination from the circumstance of the Typographical Society of Deuxponts removing here at the beginning of the Revolution, from which time the title-pages of their edition of the classics have borne the name of Argentoratum. The lofty spire of the cathedral we distinctly saw at the distance of eight miles, and it was occasionally visible through the whole of the last two posts!

'It was Sunday, about three o'clock, when we entered the gate of the city, where we left our *passeports provisoires*. After dinner, we visited the interior of the cathedral, which can hardly be said to be worthy of the exquisite richness and beauty of the tower; indeed, how was it possible? The church was full of confessionals, and the confessionals appeared to be well filled. The pillars which support the nave are hung with Gobeline tapestry, wrought from designs which picture the imaginary life of the Virgin, ending with her assumption. The altar and choir appear to be modern, and entirely unworthy the rest of the building.

'Every thing that we saw in Strasburg told us that it was rather French than German; and the bustle, the life and gayety of the place, without much real business, are truly

characteristic of French cities. We undertook to walk round the ramparts, but were arrested in the midst of our promenade by the rough command of an officer, who called out, "*Descendez, Messieurs!*" The barracks, which are prodigiously extensive buildings, appeared to be full of soldiers, and not a few of those who saw the day of Austerlitz are here, resting from their labors and their wounds. The number of wounded soldiers that we see everywhere tells the story of the last few years.

'The evening of Monday we passed at the Théâtre Français and Allemande. The proportion, however, which the performances in French bear to those in German, is, I suspect, five or six to one. I could understand but very little of the comedy, but I am satisfied that the French theatre may be much superior to the English. They have not so good plays, but I am assured they have better actors. There is a quickness of perception, a delicacy, united with a certain rapidity of feeling, and a continual sense of propriety in the management of scenes, which the English are either too slow or too wise to possess. The mutes on the French stage appear to be interested in what is going forward, and never stand in that awkward or listless manner which you observe in England and with us. Add to this, the French articulation is more distinct, their pronunciation perfect, and their voices upon a higher key than the English. These observations are the hasty result of two nights' experience, and from one who knows very little of the language. Perhaps a half hour at the Paris theatre will upset all my conclusions, and leave only these facts, which I believe are acknowledged on all hands, that the costume of the French stage is most carefully preserved and their declamation unrivalled.

'*Tuesday*, 5, P. M. The day and the hour when I ascended the tower of the cathedral of Strasburg can never be forgotten; but as to describing the effect of such an elevation and the unrivalled prospect, it is wholly out of the

reach of my pen. All that I had before seen and read of Gothic architecture had given me no idea of the richness, the grace, the variety, and the extreme lightness, which are all combined in this wonderful structure. It is the glory of Strasburg, the admiration of travellers, and sacred to the piety, almost an honor to the superstition, which erected it. [Here follows a description which is omitted.]

'The great beauty of this steeple consists, first, in its lightness. As it is built of a very hard stone, which is now the color of rusty iron, the stone-work is extremely slender, and cut with exquisite delicacy, and strengthened with bars of iron. Secondly, in its complete preservation. Nothing is wanting of its original material except here and there the corner of an ornament or some unessential, minute stone. Thirdly, in the exquisite variety of its Gothic decorations, windows, and side turrets, round which the stone stairs wind in a graceful spiral, and are made to contribute essentially to the beauty of the structure. Fourthly, in its wonderful elevation. When you have reached the top, you have some leisure to think how such exquisitely wrought masses of stone, held together with belts and clamps of iron, could have been raised to such a height, and how men could have worked there without giddiness.'

The journal contains, on the next page, a parallel between French and English character, drawn from his detention ten days in a French German city.

'It is impossible to spend six days in any French city without discovering something of the difference of national character between them and their neighbors on the other side of the Channel. We have so often heard of the characteristic liveliness of the French, that no traveller, upon entering their country, is surprised to hear them continually talking, and that, too, with the greatest earnestness, accompanied with perpetual gestures. But he may be surprised

to find that all this noise and earnestness is, in general, about the veriest trifles, or the most familiar and common topics. The course of a Frenchman's day is totally unlike ours. *L'agrement* is his motto. He rises rather late, and takes his coffee, perhaps a single cup, and, at eleven, he has his *dejeuné* of a chicken and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. An Englishman, on the contrary, eats a large breakfast, and is busy till six, and then his dinner fills up the remainder of the hours. A Frenchman wears his morning gown through the whole day; an Englishman esteems it a matter of conscience to be neatly and politely dressed before the hour of dinner. A Frenchman will hardly fail of being at the *spectacle* every night of the week; this habit is as regular as his meals. An Englishman will scarcely exceed ten or twelve nights in a season. Their food is also as different as their dispositions. An English dinner for two or three persons would be a moderate joint of meat and some little second course; a Frenchman could not sit down to less than a dozen dishes of flesh, fish, and fowl. His pottage is invariably the first; then an ounce or two of beef, completely boiled to rags. Then he breaks his bread, and begins upon his bottle of wine; then comes fish, after that some absurd mixture of gizzards, etc.; then a chicken, duck, or some odd wild fowl, a trifle, salad, dessert, etc. Yet, with all this rich and endless variety, they are neither gluttons nor epicures. They are never anticipating nor discussing their meals; nor do they, like the English, sit long at table to drink wine. When their little bottle of French wine is exhausted, their potations are finished. A Frenchman eats what is set before him, often what an Englishman would send from the table; though more simple, he is more fastidious in his food.

'The manners of the French, in public and in private, in social intercourse, are all marked with delicacy. Vice, in the words of Mr. Burke, loses half its evil not only among the great, but among the common people, by losing all its

grossness. This remark is not only applicable to the court of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate, but to the public manners of the French themselves. Every thing in the theatre and the street wears the exterior of good manners and civility. A French audience is never impatient, never boisterous. Their applauses are short; their hisses very rare. One night, at Strasburg, the play broke off very abruptly, and we were disappointed of a great part of the *spectacle*. We were amused, however, to see how quietly the audience took it, when, in England, the whole house would have been in an uproar, and John Bull would have raved with all the privileges of an Englishman.'

These remarks were made more than forty years ago, and when the writer had seen of French cities only Strasburg. Another extract from this journal shows, that the custom of calling upon authors and celebrated persons had not then become so common as to be regarded with approbation.

'Professor Schweighauser, whose Athenæus makes one of the Strasburg edition of the Greek and Latin Classics, is a native and an inhabitant of this city, and is now an old man. A bookseller politely offered to carry me to see him, upon the pretence that he would be glad to see an American who was acquainted with his edition of Athenæus; but upon what pretence could I call upon him? And how could I presume to insult him with my imperfect Latin and still worse French, the only languages in which I could make him understand that I had no right to call upon him? So, then, I shall leave Strasburg without seeing Professor Schweighauser!'

After waiting in Strasburg about twelve days, they received their passports, but their troubles were not yet at an end.

'At the first post-house beyond Strasburg, we were accosted by four *gens d'armes*, who demanded our passports. They were in English, according to an improvident custom of the American Consul at Paris. The first officer, upon looking at them, cried out "*Ma foi, je n'entends pas le Latin.*" Another, taking them out of his hand, declared they were, "*Hollandoise.*" However, upon seeing the Paris *visè* and the signature of Fouché, they returned them. Just as we were going off, they came back with a paper, which contained a list of names for which they were commissioned to inquire, by stopping all travellers on that route. They began to question us with much severity, — to inquire our names, our quality, our business, our route, etc. We began to be much alarmed, especially upon my overhearing one of them say, "*Ce sont tres suspects.*" After searching us and our baggage, we were permitted to proceed. They had found nothing like our names in the list of the suspected, and nothing suspicious in our baggage.'

After an agreeable tour in Switzerland, the travellers reached Paris in October, and took rooms in the Rue Vivienne.

'Paris, November 12th, 1806.

'My dear Father, — I hope the letters that I have addressed to you from different places on the Continent have all reached you, because they have all contained some favorable statement of my health; and I am happy to add, that I have still abundant reason for believing that my European *sejour*, by the blessing of God, will terminate in the perfect establishment of my constitution. . . . . I have found nothing yet in Paris which will make me leave it with regret. Knowing so little as I do of the language, I have not been able to form many French acquaintances; and the American families live in a remote part of the city from me. Except that I have made some valuable and cheap purchases of books, I consider my stay here as time almost

altogether lost. The Emperor is absent on his triumphant Prussian campaign, and I fear I shall have no opportunity of seeing him.

'Last Sunday, I attended the Te Deum at the church of *Notre-Dame*, which was performed in consequence of the victory of Jena. The concourse of people was immense. All the public dignitaries were present in their robes of state. The splendor of the costumes and equipages about the Emperor's court far surpasses any other prince in Europe, and is much more magnificent than under the Bourbons. But I must write nothing upon politics, since a prudent silence is the order of the day all over this colossal empire. I only wish I could let my friends in political life in America know how painful, how mortifying, how disgusting, how low, how infamous, appear the animosities and wicked calumnies, with which our American papers are filled. I am called every day to blush for the state of society among us, and attempt, but in vain, to say something in our defence. There is nothing I have more at heart than to impress upon the minds of my countrymen the grievous injury which we suffer in Europe from the complexion of our newspapers, and the brutality of our party spirit, the infamy of our political disputes. Of what advantage is our boasted freedom, if it is only consistent with such a state of animosity as now exists in New-England? I am every day called to deplore the picture which we present to the eyes of Europe. Every paper that comes from the United States brings its addition to the load of our disgrace.

'It is impossible to be out of employment here, where is collected almost every thing that is rare, beautiful, or valuable. I have begun to take a few lessons in French, in order to familiarize myself to the idiom and the pronunciation, that I may not be an utter stranger in the company of Frenchmen.

'I have spent the last six days at the country-seat of a

gentleman, where I have rode on horseback every day; and my sisters would have laughed to have seen me in the field with five or six other gentlemen, followed by hounds, chasing a hare. There I enjoyed for two days the company of Gen. La Fayette, whose name, you know, is dear to America. It is impossible to conceive of a man of more amiable manners, or in whose conversation one could take more delight. He is extravagantly attached to every thing American, and full of interesting anecdotes of the revolution in our country and in France. My fire is out, and, as wood is fifteen dollars a cord in France, I dare not make any more. O, may He who has hitherto watched over me bring about, in His good providence, such a termination of my tour as to restore my health, and bring me to you, to my sisters, my friends, and parish, in the course of another six months!'

To Mrs. Lyman: —

'Paris, November 12th, 1806.

'My dear Madam, — When I sit down to write a letter to Boston, the multitude of friends to whom I am indebted quite overwhelms me, and I hardly know to whom to direct my lines; but I feel more at liberty in addressing myself to you than to any one, because, as I have no reason to expect a return to my letters, I know you will not blame me for want of punctuality. Francis and I have visited together some of the most delightful spots in the old world. You know he has an eye continually open to the charms of nature, and that his taste has been much cultivated by the attention he has always paid to the fine arts; he has imparted to me infinite pleasure by his conversation. I have every reason to believe that he has arrived safely in Finsbury Square, where I hope to meet him before the first of January.

'You, I know, will not expect me to say much of Paris, for the very reason because there is so much to be said. In visiting the apartments of the Emperor and Empress, in

the Tuilleries, I wished twenty times that you could have been with me, to have admired the exquisite taste of the furniture, the splendor of the decorations, and the perfection which the Parisians have attained in all the furniture and arts of living. As I am acquainted with very little exclusively French society, I draw my ideas of French fashions not perhaps from original sources, but from the families of Messrs. Bowdoin, Parker, and Hottinguer. Their dinners are models of ease and elegance. The company is seated promiscuously, the servants numerous, the wines light and agreeable, the time spent at meals always moderate, the gentlemen rising with the ladies.

'A French family, you know, cannot live without company. An evening spent at home with one's husband and children would be terribly *ennuyeux;* of course, the *spectacle*, or a party, is always at hand to fill up the evening. Domestic education, I presume, is almost unknown in Paris. I am extremely charmed with the general appearance of French ladies. It is true, their faces are by no means as handsome as you will see among the English and Americans, but their persons, their air, their *tout ensemble*, is truly admirable and fascinating. The lowest wench in a French kitchen dresses with more taste than many English and (you will pardon me) American ladies. Whether it is the continual contemplation of the finest works of ancient genius that gives them this power of decoration, and of producing beautiful effect, or whether their forms are really better than ours, I know not; but it is only necessary to take a tour in the streets of Paris, to be satisfied of the superior elegance of the women of all ranks.

'The grand theatre here, where are played the first-rate plays of Racine, Corneille, and Molière, is, in my opinion, the purest school of morals to be found in Paris, excepting, perhaps, the Protestant Church. I attend it once or twice a week, and return more satisfied than from any other place of amusement in Paris. But alas! I feel that in this city

I am not where I ought to be, and I sigh for America, for New England, for my people and friends. How glad I am that none of my female friends were born here, although I wish they could enjoy the pleasure of a visit! I know none who would enjoy it more than you, and S., and Mr. Lyman, but ——— you will never come; and I pray God I may be able, before the end of six months, to communicate to you a little of what I have collected worthy of your ear. . . . . .

'You will think this a strange letter, but, from such a city as Paris, what shall I write? About the Tuilleries and the Louvre? It would take a quire of paper. About the Venus de Medicis and the Apollo? What, — that they are very pretty statues? Precious information! and you would put me down for a coxcomb. In the midst of Paris, my desires turn towards Boston. This single confession is a sufficient answer to all affectionate inquiries, and proves me, as ever, your affectionate faithful servant,

'J. S. B.'

'Paris, December 7th, 1806.

'My dear Sisters, — I will begin this page with tenderly recollecting you and the little ones, — you, the careful guardians, they, the docile objects of your love and care. It is painful beyond expression to be so shut out from communication with you. I sincerely hope you have not suffered so much from ignorance of your brother's welfare. I have written every month, if my letters have only arrived in season to relieve your anxiety. If I only knew what you would be most pleased with, I could procure you here a thousand little conveniences, at a much cheaper rate than they are to be procured in America; but alas! I know not your wishes nor your wants. I am doubtful whether letters written in English will be permitted to pass. In this state of uncertainty, I have wished a thousand times that you understood French, that I might address my letters to you

in that language, which is, in fact, the only one understood all over the world. Would it not be worth your while, my dear sisters, to apply yourselves a little to it, to ascertain whether you made sufficient progress to encourage you to proceed, and, by the help of a grammar and dictionary, and afterwards without, to enter on some easy author, such as Florian and Marmontel, and afterwards upon the vast stores of pleasant reading with which French literature abounds? The system of education here, for young ladies, is extremely rigid. Under the age of twenty, and even till marriage, they are confined very much at home. They are never suffered to visit, and rarely to go out without their mothers or instructors. The strictest attention is paid to the decency of their manners. Their education is rigid, though perhaps trivial and superficial. Not a day passes of which two or three hours are not devoted to the piano, to the drawing-master, the dancing-master, and perhaps Italian, English, or German. It is only after marriage that young women are free. They are married without their choice, I had almost said without their knowledge: of course, the last persons they are solicitous to please are their husbands. Each partner has separate pleasures and pursuits. A French lady never grows old. It is indeed astonishing to find how long they retain their vivacity; and there is nothing to betray their age, for their complexions, thanks to the perfection to which they have brought the cosmetic art, are the same at every period of life. I hope, my dear sisters, you will always remain young without the help of paint, and full of vivacity without being indebted for it to the happy climate of France, but to the combined influences of good sense, benevolence ever active, and piety ever grateful and ever resigned. When, when shall I have the happiness to receive a letter from you? But I will not be uneasy. The Atlantic of three thousand miles separates us, it is true; but what is that to the eye of Providence? A line, a point. . . . . .

'I am not sufficiently charmed with Paris to make me happy here. It is a place, I think, with which no man can be enraptured who is not willing to seek for pleasure beyond the limits of strict evangelical morality. But still there is enough to employ every moment of a literary man's hours; and if I wished to devote myself to any science except those connected with theology, there is no place on the face of the globe that presents such varied and rich facilities.

'Forgive the emptiness of this letter. Take care of papa, and may God keep you all to embrace once more your dear brother! J. S. B.'

'Paris, December 19, 1806.

'My Dear Sisters, — This day is, without exception, the most delightful that I have enjoyed since I left Boston. I am in ecstasies; my hand trembles with joy and gratitude. I have just received a large packet of letters from America, the first since the beginning of October. O, my dear sisters, how exquisite is the happiness of hearing from home! I forget that I am in Paris; your letters have transported me to America, to Portsmouth, to our own fireside! When shall I hear again? God be thanked that these have reached me, and that they do not contain a single article distressing, or even unpleasant.

'You will no doubt be surprised that I have remained so long in Paris. I am as much surprised at it as yourselves. I have my passport now in my pocket, and wait impatiently to get away. You will ere this have seen the decree of the Emperor, which renders all intercourse between the Continent and England almost wholly impracticable. Still, however, I hope I have not been uselessly employed here. In the first place, I have every reason to believe that my health is every day reëstablishing itself. I hope to return to you and my dear father, if not entirely cured, at least much ameliorated. But of the former I

have many reasons to hope, even confidently. I trust I shall be able to be more useful, more industrious, and more interested in the great cause of truth and piety, than ever, — that I shall be a more devoted, I cannot be a more affectionate, brother. But this remains a secret in the will of Heaven, and why should I be anxious to explore it?' Even if Europe should be destined to receive my bones, and strangers to close my dying eyes, is there not another country in which no good man will be a stranger? Yes, there is. And let me beg of you, my beloved sisters, to remember, that it is the region to which all our hopes and fears, our pursuits, our inquiries, and our meditations, should continually tend, or, at least, from which we should never be estranged, and to which we should never even for a moment be indifferent. May God form you both to rational and enlightened faith in his religion, and to an habitual love of all its duties. I hope you have received a work which I requested might be sent to you from Boston, written by that excellent woman, Mrs. Hamilton. . . . . .

'My principal employment here has been collecting books. Works in theology may be bought for a trifle, and I have gone to the full extent of my resources in collecting a very large library. I wish you read French. I could provide you here a little library at a cheap rate, which would be an endless source of pleasure to you, when your cares are less than at present, and you will have culivated, I hope, that taste for reading, which will be to you of infinitely more value than jewels and riches inexhaustible.

'I should have reaped much greater pleasure from my long *sejour* in this city, if, in the first place, there were any Protestant church, which I could have frequented with satisfaction, and, in the next place, if I understood the language sufficiently to take pleasure in French society. Without this accomplishment, Paris must be in some measure dull to any person who is not willing to relieve his *ennui* by rushing into scenes of guilty amusement. The Théâtre

Français is certainly an exception, and perhaps the best school of morals, as well as the best means of learning a correct pronunciation of the language, in Paris. I have been there two or three evenings every week, and consider it time well spent.

'Mr. Bowdoin's family has become almost indispensable to me. Judge Tudor's is very agreeable. They have a little company every Monday evening, among whom are to be found most of the Americans here. I find entertainment of a still higher class in the company of Count Rumford, and of those whom I meet at his house. He has a weekly meeting of the members of the Institute, and his wife, the widow of the famous Lavoisier, is able to bear a part in the most scientific discussions. I must refer you to the letters I shall send to some of my friends in Boston, which contain a few of the impressions which this city has made upon my mind.

'I have received my mother's hair with the greatest pleasure. As to the portrait, I am afraid I shall not answer your request; at any rate, I hope I shall not have time to have it executed in Paris. . . . . .

'I add only a few words, that I am pleased at any thing which looks like literary taste or curiosity in your letters. Although I am aware that both my sisters are immersed in cares for their father and the younger ones, yet I am gratified to perceive in your letters that your minds are continually ripening and improving. Your sex have always been famous for their epistolary excellence. Madame de Sévigné in France, and Lady Montagu in England, have left the finest specimens in this kind of writing. Perhaps Cowper, however, has redeemed the inferiority of our sex in this respect. But the first requisite in letter-writing is a most accurate orthography. Elegant effusions of sentiment will not compensate a defect in spelling in the eyes of a person who sees the original. In the next place, a grammatical, and, lastly, an easy and perspicuous, construction

of sentences, is indispensable. Let me recommend to your perusal Blair's large work on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. I shall devote the next pages to the little ones.

'Farewell, my dear sisters. I love you more and more the farther I am from you, and the longer I am absent. Your dear brother, J. S. B.'

To Mr. Lyman: —

'Paris, January 2d, 1807.

'My dear Benefactor and Friend, — My father tells me, in a letter dated some time in August, which I received about a week ago, that you appeared somewhat surprised at not having received any letter from me. If I had thought that my neglect of writing would have appeared to you an indication of my having lost any portion of that love and respect which I have ever felt for you, I should not have been guilty of so much inconsiderateness, which I fear you have felt as a kind of ingratitude. But really, my dear Sir, as I had never been in the habit of corresponding with you, I was a little doubtful whether you would now expect it from me; and if I have failed in duty, I can never fail in affection. I hope Mrs. Lyman has received all the letters I have addressed to her, and that you both have seen those I have addressed to Shaw and Walter. If you have not been made perfectly acquainted with every thing that I have written to America, it was because my correspondents were ignorant of the perfect confidence, affection, and regard I have always cherished towards you. Forgive me, I pray you, if I have not fulfilled what you expected from me, and let me know that you have received this letter, and have pardoned me.

'I have not heard, in any of my letters from Boston, that Theodore has entered college this year. I hope you will not allow him to cherish any thing like indifference for a liberal education. I have the greatest hopes from him. Give my love to him and to George. O, may they never

be corrupted, — never lose those qualities which have made them so many friends, and so dear to me! Tell them that they must not forget him, who hopes to have the happiness of seeing the fruit of some of those early instructions which it was always his pleasure, and he trusts will be his honor, to have given them.

'A few words for Mrs. L. I have had the pleasure of passing an evening with Helen Maria Williams. She has a literary coterie every Sunday evening. She is now rather advanced in years, and certainly homely, but a very interesting woman. Madame de Genlis lives in Paris, not very much respected. Her works, however, still pass through many editions, and when the Bourbons again are in power, her turn will come, as she educated some of the members of that family. Madame D'Arblay resides here also. I have some hopes of being introduced to her. She is a novelist who has lived her own romances, as she is said to have made a most imprudent marriage for love, and is in very low circumstances. Madame de Staël has been long since banished from Paris, on account of the freedom of the literary and political conversations she was in the habit of holding at her evening parties of men of letters, — a kind of club which the Emperor did not choose to tolerate. So much for literary ladies.

'Do not let the present state of political affairs in Europe weigh too much upon your mind. I have no right to ask you for a few lines, but I have a right to say how grateful they would be.

'Yours, with every sentiment of affection,

'J. S. B.'

'Plymouth, Feb. 15th, 1807.

'My dear Father, — I commence a letter at this place; perhaps it will be finished in London. At length I have escaped from France, — that land of delays, vexations, police, and passports, — and am safely landed on British

ground, where I feel at ease, secure, and comfortable. It is now three months since I began to look out for an opportunity of coming over, and just as I was upon the point of concluding to leave Paris for Holland, the imperial decree came out interdicting every species of communication with the British Isles. This decree is executed with peculiar rigor in Holland, so that my hopes from that quarter were cut off, and I was unwilling to undertake so long a journey as from Paris to Rotterdam with prospects so unsafe. About the middle of November, I heard that Mr. Charles Williams, of Boston, was at Cherbourg; that he was going round to Treguier, a little port on the coast of Brittany, to take in a cargo of wheat, and that he would go immediately to some part of England. I wrote to him on the subject of taking Mr. Thacher and myself as passengers. To this he most obligingly consented; and I accordingly took out passports at the police, to embark at Treguier for the United States. These passports I have carried in my pocket more than three months. Mr. Williams was detained six weeks at Cherbourg. At last we heard of his sailing, and were expecting every day to be informed of his arrival at Treguier, upon which we were immediately to set out from Paris. On his passage round, he was taken by a privateer and carried into Guernsey. Hearing nothing from him for a fortnight, we gave him up as lost or taken, and resigned ourselves to the expectation of remaining in France for an indefinite period. At length, however, about the beginning of February, we were informed of his arrival at Treguier, and that we must be there as soon as possible.

'After spending eight days in traversing the vilest roads through the most barbarous country of France, filled and traversed about three years since with Chouans and brigands, we arrived at the little port just in season to get on board the vessel. In about thirty hours, we set our feet on the opposite shore. I shall set off for London to-morrow, and hope to reach it in five days.

'In all this arrangement of my circumstances, through the whole of this last winter, I think I see the hand of the kindest Providence. Much against my will, I was detained in a mild climate through the severe months, by which my health has been restored. I have been reserved for the most favorable opportunity in the world for getting over at last in the vessel of a friend, where I could be perfectly at home, without inconvenience and without expense; and, to crown the whole, the most favorable gales have wafted us to England in the shortest time.

'The season is astonishingly mild. The whole country round Plymouth is covered with verdure, and, through the whole of the part of France which I traversed, the buds were swelling and the grass growing. I cannot but consider it also a great favor, that, in travelling in the diligence through Brittany, where the people are extremely barbarous, clad in goat-skins, and speaking a barbarous language, I should every where on the road have met with the most obliging and attentive Frenchmen, who did every thing to facilitate our journey, and whom, if I should ever meet them in America, I shall rejoice to embrace as friends and brothers. My health continues uninterrupted. Adieu.'

There is recorded in the notice of this rapid journey to Treguier a singular incident of the romance of real life, that seems stranger than the romance of fiction.

'There travelled with us,' he remarks, 'in the diligence, an ugly Frenchman. Some of the company said he was hastening on to Rennes, to take possession of the estate of a brother who had lately died in the absence of his wife; and it was supposed she had not heard of the death of her husband, and that she would lose all her little estate. As we were sitting around the fire in the kitchen of the inn, relating these circumstances, an aged and sorrowful woman appeared to listen attentively. Upon inquiry, we found that

it was the widow, hastening on to her husband, with whom she had been reconciled, but ignorant till that moment of his death. She was without means of pursuing her journey with sufficient rapidity to reach Rennes as soon as the brother-in-law. The passengers of the diligence made up a sum, and engaged the landlord of the inn to send her immediately on her way. God grant she may reach home in time to prevent the fraud of the brother.'

Another interesting circumstance is mentioned in the record of this journey. A company of soldiers, a portion of the coast guard, were travelling this same road through Brittany. The captain, with his wife, accompanied them in the diligence. The difficulty of speaking the language, and the barbarous state of the country, rendered it hard for these two young men of a peaceful profession to make themselves understood. The captain's wife, however, took them under her especial protection, foraged for them, and proved in this instance the often repeated assertion of the quick understanding and prompt kindness of woman.

Another letter to his father resumes the correspondence.

'London, Feb. 22d, 1807.

'I have arrived in London to meet with the saddest reverse. I have just heard of the death of my dear friend Walter! O, my dear Sir, you cannot know how much I loved him! I never knew till now what it was to lose so dear, so excellent a friend. I have been writing letters of consolation to some of my afflicted people, and now I want it myself. My dear, aged friend, Deacon Storer, too! Ah, a great chasm is made in the precious circle of my attachments. God preserve you and my dear sisters! But alas! I tremble at every letter which arrives, lest it should tell of the loss of some friend. I hope to be able to preserve

my health and the equanimity of my spirits by the aid of our blessed religion; but this shock is dreadful. I never felt such grief before. Your letters tell me of another dreadful fire in Portsmouth. I hope the loss of fortune will teach them how foolish it is to love money extravagantly, — ah, and even to love any thing on earth extravagantly. But my friend Walter is no longer on earth; he is in heaven!

'I pray you be careful of your cold. Thank my dear sisters for their letters. When I feel more at ease, I shall write more at length.

'Your dear son,

'J. S. B.'

'London, March 11th, 1807.

'My dear Sisters, — Do not you and my dear father be too much distressed to hear that I have had an ill turn, after an interval of nearly half a year. It was slight, very slight, and I am satisfied that it arose from something I had eaten. . . . . .

'The time that I spent upon the Continent has passed like a tale that is told. It was extremely agreeable, except that I was always uncertain of any means of returning to England. I travelled through France towards the sea-coast during the carnival week, and you would think the whole nation had run mad. In the little villages, the peasants, from the oldest to the youngest, are collected, and every species of foolery and absurdity is going on.

'You cannot know how much I have suffered by hearing of the death of so many friends during my absence. I hope, my dear sisters, you will never be called to such heavy trials. People will tell us that we are young enough to make new friends; — a most impertinent species of consolation. Can the new ever take the place of the old? We may indeed form new attachments, but we cannot knit them to the old; — the void remains, and the heart bleeds. Give my sincerest regards to the Storer family. I loved their father dearly, and I know that he was more attached

to me than age commonly is to youth. I have written to Madam S., but she is a pious woman, and does not need my consolation or advice. I have also written to two other of my parishioners, who have been most severely afflicted by the loss of children; — I mean Mrs. H. G. Otis and Judge Sullivan. . . . . .

'I have often thought, my dear sisters, how happy you and I are, in having been born of pious and sensible parents, descended from excellent ancestors, educated in rather an humble condition of life, and drawn into the world and its notice, instead of being pushed out prematurely. The consequence of this, I hope, will be, that our manners, our understandings, and our hearts will be gradually improving as long as we live; and as we love one another the more the older we grow, so we may at the same time be solicitous to render ourselves each the more worthy of the other, and of that beloved parent whose affection, solicitude, and loveliness has ever been impressed upon my heart, and who, I have fondly hoped, has been permitted to watch over her children.

'Have you read any of Paley's works, — his Natural Theology, Moral Philosophy, Evidences, etc.? I think you will find his Natural Theology particularly interesting. The world has talked too long about books for ladies; you ought to read fundamentally the same books with the other sex. I look forward with anxious and increasing pleasure to the hour of returning to you, and imparting to you the added knowledge it has been my good fortune, rather than my desert, to obtain beyond you. I shall try to procure a few elementary books, which shall be of use to my little sisters and brother.

'Since I wrote to papa, I have preached at the Old Jewry for Dr. Rees, and have brought upon myself a great many solicitations, which I resist manfully. I have just come from seeing an old gentleman at Hackney, who has been a preacher there thirty-five years, — Mr. Samuel Palmer, a particular friend of Orton, and editor of his life and letters.

I believe I shall be obliged to give him a discourse. But I have been induced to preach not so much to assist my friends, I acknowledge, as to keep up a kind of familiarity with the pulpit, that I may not return raw and awkward. As far as I have been able to observe, — and I have attended upon almost every variety of preaching in London, — the discourses here are very far inferior to those we usually hear in New England.

'God preserve you, my dear sisters! Ah, I little thought, when I besought my dear friend Walter to be thankful for my preservation, I should so soon lament his departure in the bloom of life and hopes! Adieu. Your dear brother,

'J. S. B.'

To his father: —

'London, May 5th, 1807.

'My dear Sir, — A year has nearly elapsed since I gave you my last look at Portsmouth; — a year full of variety, and perhaps not entirely destitute of profit. A few weeks more, and my exile is at an end. As I draw near the term of my absence, my mind is torn by a thousand contrary emotions. I wish to escape from London, for I have received the most unbounded, and it seems to me the most unmerited, as it is the most unexpected, kindness from every person to whom I have been introduced; and I am making friends here, whom I shall leave with increased regret if I remain longer. I wish upon my return to be perfectly unembarrassed, that I may enjoy the undivided happiness of embracing you in America. If the malady with which it has pleased God to try me should not entirely disappear, I hope that I shall be able, by his grace, so to discipline my mind as to prepare it for any consequences of such disorder; — consequences, indeed, which I anticipate with anguish of soul, but which I think I could bear without guilty complaint. If I should be obliged to relinquish, at some future, I hope far distant, day, the care of my people, this would be the severest blow of all. But even this would be relieved by the consideration that the greatest good is

commonly done in youth, and by young preachers, when the attachment of the society is fresh, and the zeal of the pastor most active. Do not think, from the strain of this letter, (which I have unconsciously run into,) that my complaints return. No; thank God, I have reason to believe they will afflict me less and less, and that my voyage and residence on the Continent will contribute essentially to my restoration; but I wish to show you that the most dreadful consequences of my malady are familiar, as they ought to be, to my thoughts, and that no presumptuous expectations of fame, or of long life, ever for a moment make me insensible to the perpetual lesson of humility with which God has visited me.

'When I think of the numerous distressing events which have taken place among my acquaintance during my absence, I bless God that the force of them is in some measure diminished by distance.

'I am obliged to delay setting off for Scotland at present, for all the horses are taken up in electioneering, and the whole kingdom is in a ferment. I intend if possible to be in Edinburgh during the sitting of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, which, you know, is one of the most famous ecclesiastical courts in the world. I do not at present expect to be able to visit the Highlands, but shall go from Edinburgh to Glasgow, thence cross over to Ireland, proceed to Dublin, and, upon our return, take South Wales, &c., &c., to Oxford, on our way back to London.

'This may be the last letter I shall write from this side of the water, as I shall embark immediately upon my return from this tour. My love to my dear sisters and brother. Remember me to the aged saints at York.

'Your dear son,

'J. S. B.'

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BUCKMINSTER'S RETURN TO BOSTON. — INCREASED ARDOR IN HIS STUDIES. — FRIENDSHIP AND ATTACHMENT TO MR. WALTER. — GRIEF AT HIS DEATH.

1807. Aged 23. On the 10th of September, 1807, my brother returned to Boston. The extracts from his letters to his family during his absence have been presented in one connected series, not so much for the importance of the subjects they touch upon, or for their intrinsic value, but as they display his personal feelings and his strong attachment to domestic associations. There is in them no pride of learning or of intellect. The simplicity and openness of his intercourse with his friends was perhaps the most marked trait of his character, and exposed him sometimes, with those who did not know of the entire fidelity of his manners to his inward impressions, to the charge of too great frankness, or a violation of conventional forms.

The enchantments of the French capital could not wean him from the hourly memory of those he had left at home. Devoted as he was to theological studies, and to the pursuits immediately connected with his profession, he felt that the time was lost which did not aid him in increasing the one or in promoting the other. So deep was his sense of the duty of preserving his religious feelings fresh and un-

impaired, that he was sparing of indulgence even in the most innocent amusements of Paris, lest they should impair the delicacy of his moral perceptions; yet never was there a person more free from ostentatious observances, or who regarded with deeper aversion an ascetical and morose morality.

At the time he visited England, there had been a long interval of interrupted intercourse with this country, and he was provided with very few letters of introduction; yet his circle of acquaintance soon became large, and was increasing among the dignitaries of the Established Church, as well as with Dissenters. He excited interest by the freshness and *naïveté* of his character. There was something about him that arrested the attention of strangers, and this attention quickly ripened into friendship.

Friends sprang up wherever he went. In the hold of the Dutch hoy, the conversation in broken Latin, through the hours of a sleepless night, so riveted the attention of the worthy Swiss pastor, that he addressed Latin letters to him after his return; and, in the half-civilized country of Brittany, filled with Chouans, and people scarcely removed a step from barbarism, he perpetually called forth the courtesy and kindness of men whom he was willing to regard as brothers.

He had gained so much vigor that he entered with new and ardent hopes of increased usefulness into every field of duty. He seemed to feel that his parish had new and double claims upon him, and that to all their previous demands was now added a debt of fervent gratitude. The sermon which he

preached, the Sabbath after his return, was closed with the following words: —

'I see, my friends, that your expectations are increased, and I feel that your just claims upon my future exertions are also increased. I see that I have lost many apologies which I could once command; apologies for occasional indolence, and excuses for a thousand professional deficiencies, with which the feebleness of our powers, or the frailty of our natures, is not unfrequently chargeable. It is now too plain, since you cannot grow more indulgent to me, I must become less so to myself. I see, too, that, in addition to the ordinary duties of a pastor, — duties which he cannot in any case fail to discharge, without the most criminal unfaithfulness to his people, his Saviour, and his God, — I have now a large debt of gratitude to repay. And do I say this is burdensome? God forbid! No, my friends. It shall incite, if it cannot strengthen, my exertions, and a thousand labors, at which my former weakness might have murmured, shall now become imperceptibly light and cheerful as Gratitude herself. If it had pleased God to grant me a greater confidence than I have been able to bring home of the confirmation of my health, our joy, I think, would have been full. But now, even now, I trust we shall have no reason to regret on my part this temporary relaxation. I know that, on yours, there has been no failure of regular religious instruction, and that your own candor has left to you nothing but kind anxiety for me, and to me nothing but obligation and gratitude. Far hence, then, every inauspicious suggestion about futurity! "My grace," says Jesus to the drooping Apostle, "my grace is sufficient for thee." May I not, then, like Paul, thank God and take courage?'

In the words of another, —

'He was welcomed by his society with unabated affection and regard. But no praise ever seduced him to intermit

his diligence. His books gave him an inexhaustible source of interest and delight; and as he was unavoidably exposed to frequent interruptions during the day, his studies were protracted till midnight with fatal constancy. In the inquiries peculiar to his profession he took increasing pleasure, and he has more than once told me, that he was fast losing his taste for all other studies. In order that this all-absorbing interest in theology should not wholly destroy his relish for elegant letters, which he justly considered as a valuable auxiliary to his ministerial influence, he continued to lend his aid, as has been mentioned previously to his voyage, to the Monthly Anthology, and to all the publications of the day.'*

His activity was now incessant. He gave his aid — not only his aid, but his most precious hours — to every object of public utility, to every literary and benevolent institution. These incessant calls made deep inroads upon the time that he would gladly have given to study, to the pursuits he loved best; and he was compelled to redeem the hours from those which should have been given to repose or to exercise. At this time his studies were regularly protracted till after the midnight hour, and followed, but not till a few years later, with the feverish and restless night.

The sermons which he wrote during the two years after his visit to Europe were perhaps superior to any that he ever wrote; they showed that his spiritual growth had been rapid, that the roots had struck deeper, and that the fruits enjoyed a serener and fresher atmosphere.

His sermons were usually written late at night,

* Thacher's Memoir.

sometimes even protracted into the small hours of the morning. A note from the Hon. James Savage confirms this statement.

'It was his habit, as you know, to give more labor to the preparation of his sermons than his slender health would justify; at least, his diligence on Saturday night was so long protracted, that, during one winter, I often called in after ten o'clock in the evening, to afford a brief interruption. He would usually break off from his sermon, and rejoice in the opportunity; but he was sometimes so absorbed in his work as to desire me to permit him to continue, without change of posture, and to begin my cigar alone, waiting some half hour for him to unite in the indulgence. After I learned, however, from his sister, that to finish his discourse was the employment of the last minutes before the bell rang for church on Sunday morning, that course was abandoned.'

These sermons, that were committed to paper so late, had been meditated much during the week. His sister always knew when he was meditating his sermon, and did not interrupt him, although the breakfast or supper were wholly untasted. But when it was over and the sermon preached, the exhilaration of his spirits was almost childlike. The gentleman already quoted, Mr. Savage, says, in his note: — 'My memory associates him with every thing gentle and cheerful in the intercourse between us alone, and, when more were present, he deferred to them, and was never willing to occupy so much of the time as all desired him to appropriate. Some of the parishioners, perhaps not more than three or four, met at his study Sunday evenings, after the fatigue of his

services required relaxation, and there he seemed truly in his element, when contributing to the refreshment of his guests at the slight supper, and still more after its close, and perfectly rested, he could take a larger share in the conversation.'

There was indeed a circumstance which deeply affected him, and deducted largely from his happiness upon his return to Boston. This was the death of his friend, Arthur Maynard Walter. The reader may remember the strong expressions of his grief in his last letter to his father upon hearing the sudden and appalling news of his death. To this his father answers by the next letter: — 'I anticipated the shock which the news of the death of your friend would give you; but from your chirography and expressions, I believe it was more severe than it ought to have been; and was perhaps more unexpected than any thing ought to be in this world of uncertainty and death. We should always reflect that our friends are mortal, and that we know not what a day may bring forth; we should form our friendships and connections under this impression, and enjoy and improve them accordingly.'

Walter seems to have been the dearest and most intimate of his friends. His character was such as to inspire a warm attachment in a large circle. He was some years older than my brother, and two years before him in college; and was one of those who noticed and encouraged his younger associate, and perhaps was ready to protect him from the inconveniences to which his small stature and youthful appearance might have exposed him. He was repaid with warm gratitude and enduring attachment. His

death also was the first deep wound of the affections which my brother had ever received, — at an age, too, when the heart is most susceptible of the tenderness of friendship. A philosopher asks, 'Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness?' Such seems to have been the feeling of these friends to each other; and as neither of them was absorbed by ties of a more selfish nature, God seems to have given them each to the other.

The last letter that Walter wrote was to his friend, in anticipation of his return; and, as it presents many characteristics, a part of it is here inserted.

'November, 1806.

'My dear Friend, — By our calculations, you will have reached London, after your jaunt on the Continent, before this can arrive in England. I hope you have been spiritualized amid the scenery of Switzerland; I know you must have been enchanted with the situation and fertility of France and Brabant. I hope you are now beginning seriously to think of recrossing the Atlantic, and settling for life among those whom you love. In my solitary moments, I sometimes dwell on the comparative pleasures of London and Paris, and on the singular movements which the mind experiences among various nations, severally and strangely distinguished by customs, manners, laws, and modes of faith. All these feelings and pleasures, caused and adorned by novelty or mystery, have, in America, attracted my mind at different times towards the nations of Europe, and Duty has exercised her strong dictates to prevent their powerful and effectual operation. But I acquire submission, if not contentment; and when I wish I were in London or Paris, I consider that I ought to remain where I am. These bursts of romance and regret you will experience after your return; but your principles of religion

will give you perfect tranquillity. Yet, indeed, I hope to visit Europe again, but I shall not do it till I am perfectly able in every respect. I love to keep my mind quiet, and yet in a little state of agitation to prevent drowsiness or too great relaxation. I have missed you very much, and still feel your absence, as having taken a large sum from the amount of my happiness; but I have Adam Smith's constituents of felicity, health, a good conscience, and am in no man's debt; and as there is a great deal of affectation in complaint, I do not mean to be guilty of such folly; for I can truly say I am quite happy. I have every reason to be contented. I hope, also, I am not ungrateful to the Giver of every good and every perfect gift. . . . . .

'The Anthology Club is large enough. I hate large associations, — there is no mingling of mind in great companies. I beg that you will return pretty soon, and take your place among us. I don't know whether I told you of my having found a fine cigar in your room, which I smoked to your health and happiness; but I want to smoke another with you in your study. I love the tales of old times.

'Yours,

'A. M. Walter.'

When his friend received this letter, the warm heart of the writer had ceased to beat. The following letter will show with what grief the event was regarded by the bereaved wanderer.

'London, January 22d, 1807.

'O, my dear Friend! * — My heart is full of anguish! Mr. Thacher has just handed me his brother's letter, which informs us of Walter's death. Walter dead! I cannot believe it! I cannot believe it! The transition of my mind from the highest delight to the greatest distress is too violent to be realized at present. I had just arrived

* To William S. Shaw, Esq.

in London, delighted with having escaped at last from France, and burning with impatience to open my letters from America; and, in this state of excitement, I am told Walter is dead! O, dear, dear Walter! Have I lost you for ever? Alas! I am ashamed of myself, of the weakness of my faith! When I left you all to come to Europe, the parting was indeed painful, but continually relieved by the belief that I should see you all again, after some time of absence. I ought to feel that it is the same thing now with respect to Walter, — that I shall see him again, the absence only a little lengthened. The voyage of my own life will not be long, and we shall meet again! Last May, I took leave of him for a year only. I could not anticipate that our separation would be so much prolonged; but now I feel that I ought to have been prepared for it. Dear Walter! I suspect the last letter he ever wrote was addressed to me. Alas! I cannot read it without tears. I have been writing to him by every opportunity. Ah, they are letters which he will never read! My dear Shaw, how I wish I were with you, to give vent to my sorrow! I cannot do it on paper. It is a cold, idle, slow method; and instead of relieving, it oppresses me. I look to the great promises and expectations which the Gospel holds out; — they tell me I shall meet him again in a world more worthy of his noble, pure, pious heart than this, if I should ever be worthy to reach that world myself. But the great duty now is to resign ourselves to this heavy loss, till we meet him again. Even Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus, though he knew that his power could restore him again to life. "Behold, how he loved him!" said the Jews. We surely may weep. Alas! we may go to him, but he cannot return to us! . . . . .

'My friend, I can write no more at present. I shall endeavor to busy myself about your commissions,* and dissipate a little the heavy cloud which hangs over my mind.

* Purchasing books for the Athenæum.

O, my friend, how much is subtracted from our hopes of future enjoyment! The recollection of Walter, whenever it occurs in writing, or in conversation about America, or in my solitary reveries about future pleasures and past friendships, really oppresses me.

> "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis?"'

In the sermon which he wrote upon Christian friendship, from the example of Jesus and John, printed in the second volume of his works, Walter seems to have been in his mind throughout. An extract from this sermon follows: —

'It is said that friendship is nowhere recommended to us in the New Testament. True, it is not; and here, I think, is a singular proof of the thorough knowledge which our Saviour possessed of the human heart, and especially of the virtuous affections. For is it not easy to see that it would have been absurd to enjoin particular friendships upon any man, as a necessary part of his Christian or moral character? That which is peculiar to this attachment, as it is distinguished from general good-will, is not a thing which depends on a man's voluntary exertions. No man can go out into the world and say, "I will have a friend." This, like other connections in life, depends upon circumstances beyond our control. It depends, not merely upon a man's generous benevolence of character, but upon a fortunate consent of affections, and harmony of interests, which a man may live long in the world and not be so happy as to meet. It requires such a concert of tastes and passions, such a length and frequency of intercourse, such a candor and unreservedness of mind, as we may not easily find in thousands whom we yet greatly esteem, and in many more with whom we are disposed to live on the common terms of peace and good neighborhood. To have

enjoined, then, a social attachment like this, as a subject of duty, or as an essential obligation on every man, whatever may be his circumstances, is an absurdity of which Jesus and his disciples could not have been guilty; and yet this omission has been charged upon the friend of John and Lazarus, as a defect in his religion. Many, I doubt not, are the Christians who have passed through this world of frequent changes and various characters, and yet have never chanced to meet a real friend. Many more are there who have wept over the grave of one long known and loved; but alas! as they have not the power to awake him from his slumbers, so too they have not been so fortunate as ever afterwards to replace him.

'If, my friends, we would practise this virtue (if it must be so named) in all its purity, and enjoy our fondest attachments in perfection, we must call in to our aid the religion of Christ. Tell us not of the heroic friendships of ancient story, when it was thought generous to sacrifice a whole nation for an injury to a friend, and when the duties of this attachment were exalted above all other obligations, and allowed to break every other tie, and benevolence itself was lost in the despotism of private love. Tell us not of those modern connections, which demand of us in honor to sacrifice one man's life to vindicate another's from false imputations; or of the numerous pitiful unions of wicked men for purposes of interest or indulgence, of conviviality or temporary convenience. These have as little to do with affection as with religion. True Christian regard is as different from all this as lust from pure love, or bodily strength from real courage. The only perfect union of minds is that which is animated, corrected, and matured by the evangelical spirit of Christianity. Why? Because their faith and hopes are not only one through their present destiny, but because man has interests and hopes in eternity dearer and greater than any temporal well-being; and that union of minds into which eternity enters not, and makes

no part of their common hopes, must be essentially defective; because this idea, rendering the affection which it influences more sublime and more animating, must make it superior to any temporary union of views and purposes, how many years soever may have cemented it. You anticipate the company of your friend to-morrow; the Christian not to-morrow only, but for ever.

'Farther. The essential temper of Christianity is self-distrust; and it is the very charm of friendship to love to repose on another's knowledge and affection. The greatest foe of grace is pride; pride also cannot coexist with generous, undisguised, unqualified affection. . . . . It is also the tendency of our religion to exhaust those sources of jealousy and distrust which so often embitter our tenderest and dearest connections. A Christian, knowing his own infirmities, will not expect too much, even from him he loves best. He has none of that pride that takes offence at fancied neglects; and he sees the folly and the sin of requiring from another such an illiberal attachment to himself as shall confine all his friend's sacrifices to himself and exclude the rest of the world from his attention. It therefore appears to me, that, to make friendship perfect, Christianity was necessary; because this alone teaches us the sinfulness of wishing for such a monopoly of affection as is demanded by some narrow minds, and is so contrary to the genius of the Gospel. . . . . .

'In fine, where the affection between two minds is not influenced by a sense of a present and all-gracious Father in heaven; where they have no communion of mind upon the most interesting of human contemplations, God, Jesus, and the life to come; where the tomb, when it has closed upon one of them, is thought to have separated them for ever; where the all-sanctifying grace of the Gospel does not mould their desires, correct and unite their dispositions in humility and Christian love, — there may be fondness, there may be momentary satisfaction, there may be par-

tiality, but there is no friendship, such as existed between Jesus and John; — such, in fact, as that for which Jesus prayed, when he said, "Holy Father, keep, through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are."

'My Christian friends, if you have found one who leans on your breast, and you are not afraid that he should listen to the secrets that disturb it; if wisdom and virtue have directed you to him; if ardent love of truth, generous accommodation to each other, fear of God, attachment to the Gospel of Jesus, and hope of everlasting life, have bound you together, — O, cherish such a union of minds! The grace of Jesus Christ will temper every desire of your hearts, and mellow your affections by the gentle influence of his Gospel; your interests will more closely intertwine as you draw nearer to the grave, and become more detached from the surrounding distractions of the world; and the tomb, when it closes upon you, shall not separate you; for, as God is true, "them that sleep with Jesus will God bring with him." Jesus, who once raised a friend from the tomb, will not let it close for ever on those who love him, and who love like him.'

Three years after, when my brother pronounced the oration before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa, Walter was fresh in his memory. There are some, perhaps, who can remember the fervent and chastened emotion with which he pronounced these words: —

'Do you want examples of learned Christians? I could not recount them in an age. You need not be told that

> "Learning has borne such fruits, in other days,
> On all her branches; piety has found
> Friends in the friends of science; and true prayer
> Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews." *

* Cowper's Task.

'Yes, it has! We have known and loved such men, and, thank God! have been loved by them. There is now present to my mind the image of a scholar, whom some of you knew (for he was one of us); and those who knew him well will say with me, he was as pure a spirit as ever tasted the dews of Castalia. How would Walter have delighted in this anniversary! He would have heard me! — me, who am now left to speak of him only, and ask for him the tribute, the passing tribute of your grateful recollection! He would have heard me! It may be that he hears me now, and is pleased with this tribute.

"Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores animamque amici
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere."'*

There are other tributes to the memory of Walter scattered throughout his papers. Indeed, if the time were pointed out when he appeared most happy, most worthy of admiration, most radiant with all the riches of his nature, it was in the intimate intercourse with friends. Then was his fine countenance inspired with thoughts and emotions that needed no restraint; he poured out the riches of his imagination, and the hoarded treasures of thought, softened by the tenderness and perfect reliance of friendship. He had in an eminent degree the childlike character of genius; his *naïveté* was understood only by those who regarded him with the partiality of friendship. His

* Æn., Lib. VI.

'Bring fragrant flowers, the whitest lilies bring,
With all the purple beauties of the spring;
On the dear youth, to please his shade below,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!'

Dryden and Pitt

countenance and manner reflected with the utmost fidelity his transient and passing feelings. He would be suddenly stopped in the midst of an animated conversation by a formal or affected truism; he would shrink into himself and silence, at the envious or malignant remarks of a selfish person; he felt depressed in the presence of bigotry or hypocrisy. How necessary was it for such a nature to be pro- His lively sympathy, when another or himself had tected by the disinterested attachment of friendship! given pleasure by an intellectual effort, was often mistaken for vanity by those who did not understand the peculiar simplicity of his character. He would listen with as much pleasure to the commendation of his friends after any arduous public exhibition, or after an effort where much had been expected of him, as though it were the first he had ever made. Reflecting, as he must always have done, upon the certain, and almost at any time possible, influence of his well-known malady, he trembled lest his friends should discern a confirmation of his own ever-whispering warnings in any of his public exhibitions, and therefore listened with anxious delight to their honest praises. He threw himself, as it were, upon the sincerity and tenderness of friendship, to guard his reputation, and to inform him of the first shadow that could dim its lustre. Never was confidence in friends met with a more generous return. I could scarcely enumerate those who loved him while living, and honored his memory with their tears and their eulogy. Among the foremost were Thacher, Kirkland, Savage, Norton, Lowell, Eliot; and, of those who were younger, to whom he looked forward himself

as friends of his maturer life, — Ticknor, Everett, Palfrey, — it might almost have been said of them, as of a bereaved father at the loss of his son, that they would not exchange their dead friend for others' living ones.

Perhaps the friend who shared the most of his confidence, after his return from Europe, was the Rev. S. C. Thacher. The strength of their attachment survived that which is said to be the severest test of either love or friendship, — travelling and voyaging together. After their return, no day passed that they did not meet in the study of Buckminster, and they usually dined together. Their literary efforts were submitted each to the supervision of the other; and they maintained the most jealous watch over each other's literary reputation. Mr. Thacher fulfilled, with exquisite tenderness, taste, and beauty, the duty of surviving friendship, in the memoir prefixed to the first volume of 'Buckminster's Sermons.' Their names have since lived united in hearts of sensibility, twined together by the fragrant wreath with which a kindred genius has bound them.*

The two friends stood together in the same relation to another, whose memory should not be allowed to die out of the record of those whose hearts were comforted by his kindness, or whose characters were improved by his counsels. Dr. Kirkland was fifteen years older than Buckminster, and eleven years his senior in college; Thacher was a year younger, and four years after him in the records of Alma

* Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, in his Memoir of Rev. Samuel Cooper Thacher.

Mater: both these young men appeared as younger brothers to Dr. Kirkland. During all the time which has elapsed since the death of the latter, friendship and admiration have not attempted to perpetuate his memory by a selection from his admirably wise discourses. Where shall the next generation search for memorials of Kirkland, in order to embalm his memory before it shall have faded away?*

There are some still living who remember the noble and venerable qualities of Dr. Kirkland, — who remember how he united, in a beautiful approximation, 'the kindest affections with the very spirit of wisdom, the keenest discernment with the gentlest judgment of human infirmities.' He was truly a wise man, for wisdom is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters; and if any infirmities were discerned in the exercise of his judgment, they arose from the too large proportion of heart which entered in, and perhaps disturbed the equilibrium of the clearest intellect. His insight into character was most penetrating; he could command the nicest dissecting powers, capable of dividing the germs of good which lie in every character from the mass of evil with which education and circumstance has involved them. His sarcasm was pungent, but his kindness of heart forbade him often to use its diamond point. He saw through the motives of men's actions, even before they were themselves aware from what point they sprang; and how often was a young person first made acquainted with an unconscious fault or foible,

* Except in the Discourses of the Rev. Drs. Parkman, Palfrey, and Young.

by the delicacy of the keen remark that apologized for it, or the still keener irony which defended it!

He rarely entered into disputation or argument, but he saw the whole field of controversy; and such was his gentleness and urbanity, that he seemed to yield to others at the very moment he was leading them to clearer views; and the light that he threw upon a subject, bringing his opponent out of his difficulties, seemed to the disputant to have arisen in his own mind, and he to remain master of the victory which Dr. Kirkland had taught him how to win. If hypocrisy and cant drew from him a keen sarcasm, cruelty and ingratitude excited indignation which sometimes found expression in the strongest terms of reprobation and contempt. His aphorisms in conversation partook of the mingled irony of Rochefoucault and the tender humor of Sterne. Could he have condescended to admit the admiration of a Boswell, what a rich store of anecdote and shrewd remark might have been preserved, as it dropped from his lips in the quiet *bonhommie* of familiar conversation!

His character should be drawn by an able and discriminating pen. May we not hope, that, beside the cold and perishable marble, which is now the only memorial of him, we may have a living portrait, drawn by the heart-inspired hand of genius, which shall consecrate his memory in the hearts of those who loved him, and make him known to other generations?

CHAPTER XVI.

J. S. BUCKMINSTER. — HIS INTEREST IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE. — AND IN SACRED LITERATURE. — BEGINNING OF UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY. — EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS.

1808. Aged 24. The year 1808 was one of great activity in the life of the son, and of great interest in that of the father. The former begins it by recording in his journal his desire to find and read those books that induce to Christian union. Nearly at this period began the controversy in the churches which resulted in their disunion. He was one of those who as ardently desired union as Lord Falkland desired peace in the great civil war; and yet, had he lived, he must inevitably have taken his part in the protest which one portion of the Church were compelled to make against what they considered existing errors. Their protest was not made till these errors were beginning to be established, as they thought, by being made part of creeds to be subscribed, contrary to the spirit of freedom in the New England churches.

Mr. Buckminster was now twenty-four years old, the age when men are just beginning a course of action which is to result in the benefit and improvement of their fellow-men. It is with most persons the flowering time of life, and according as the bloom is rich and abundant will be the beauty and excellence of the fruit in after years. Dr. Channing, who

was certainly one of the most remarkable men among his contemporaries, was settled at twenty-three, and had just begun his beneficent work. With my brother, also, it was but the beginning of life, and, had he lived to old age, he would probably have looked back to the produce of these years as but of immature and unripe fruit, — the feeble commencement of a future and abundant harvest. He mentions in his journal being much moved by Mr. Channing's sermon upon Ministerial Zeal, at the ordination of Mr. John Codman, and records a prayer that it may have its proper effect upon his heart.

Both these young men entered upon active life at a period when great changes were taking place in the community of which they were members. For half a century, the active and the educated intellect of the country had been absorbed by subjects connected with the war of Independence, and the excitement of mind produced by the principles of the French Revolution. Things had now settled, after the tumult and terror of the war. Men felt the security of property; prosperity, and peace, and leisure made them begin to look about them for higher sources of enjoyment than merely ostentatious pleasures, or the luxuries of social life. The greater part, perhaps, were absorbed in what is said to be an exciting occupation, the accumulation of property, adding dollar to dollar, and acre to acre; but there were others, who wished for purer pleasures and more elevating enjoyments. To both these young men belongs the honor of being leaders in the social movement which began about this period of time.

The first change, perhaps, was a new impulse

given to literature by a new zeal in the acquisition of libraries, and the regular and systematic importation from abroad of periodical literature, monthly publications and reviews, and the establishment of reading-rooms where they could readily be found, — the importation of classical authors, as well as of the current publications of the day. Now also began the establishment of reviews of our own, magazines of a superior and solid character, and the beginning of an expression of an opinion of our own upon literary and critical matters, instead of an entire reliance upon authority. At this time, also, there commenced an interest in what are called critical studies, the philosophical and analytical study of the classics and the Scriptures. For all these objects my brother felt the warmest attachment, and the last was his favorite and most especial pursuit.

The fortunate circumstance of a pecuniary bequest from his maternal grandfather, Dr. Stevens, — who, from a salary of a hundred pounds, laid up some thousands of dollars, which were husbanded, during his grandson's minority, by the most faithful of guardians, Judge Sewall, of York, — enabled him, as soon as it came into his hands, to indulge an innocent passion, by the importation of English books. While he was at Exeter, he had, with great trouble, contrived to obtain the Monthly Review, usually receiving six or twelve numbers at one time. His chief occupation in Paris was collecting with great care and diligence a library of choice books, connected with his favorite studies; in the purchase of which, he spent nearly all his little fortune. He thus remarks upon this expenditure in a letter to his

father: — 'If I should be cut off from the use of these luxuries of the mind, they will be a treasure to those who succeed me, like the hoards of a miser scattered after his death.'

This library of three thousand volumes was unique* in its character, such as few of his profession could then have profitably employed, though they could appreciate its value; and it was always as accessible for the use of his brethren in the profession as for his own. It was certainly characteristic of his devotion to his favorite studies, that, while his library at that time was more valuable than that of any private individual in Boston, the furniture of his parsonage, and his establishment of domestic luxuries, were frugal almost to the degree of inconvenience.

The second object of public interest, in which he took a most active part, was the publication of periodical literature. He was one of the principal promoters of the *Literary Miscellany*, a monthly magazine, conducted by gentlemen who were his immediate friends. The first number was published in July, 1803, and in this was printed the first production of his pen which was given to the press, a review of 'Millar's Retrospect of the Eighteenth century.' This Miscellany enjoyed but the short life of one year, and was succeeded by the *Monthly Anthology*, of which a full account has been given in other pages. Ten volumes of the Anthology were published, in all of which there were productions of more or less value from his pen. In 1812, this was

* See Appendix.

worthily succeeded by the *General Repository and Review*, edited by Mr. Norton. This was intended as the vehicle of learned discussions and responsible reviews. The writer cannot, of course, speak of the merit of the long article from her brother's pen, in the second number, — the translation of a learned paper in Schleusner's Lexicon, occupying twenty-one sheets of letter-paper in his handwriting. It shows that he must have nearly left the sweet and varied walks of general literature for the thorny paths of learned criticism.

In this year, 1808, he engaged, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. William Wells, and under the patronage of the University of Cambridge, in the publication of Griesbach's Greek Testament, containing a selection of the most important various readings. This work passed under his most careful revision, in the course of which several errors in the original were discovered and corrected.

Mr. William Wells, the publisher of Griesbach, writes: —

'The last proofs of the Cambridge edition of the Greek Testament were revised by him, and this contributed greatly to its extreme correctness. Not the smallest mark or accent escaped his penetrating eye, and his accuracy often excited much surprise in the printing office. He was active in the publication and distribution of Unitarian books and tracts, and contributed largely to these objects from his own resources, as well as from funds supplied by his friends.

'I believe that the American edition of Griesbach may be safely said not to yield the palm of accuracy to any which has been published in Europe.'

A letter to him from a clergyman in England says: —

'I envy the American press the honor of being the first to reprint that valuable edition; and the more, as a pocket edition of the Greek Testament is now printing in England, from Griesbach's second edition, which will therefore want the corrections of the author, which are inserted in your German edition. Yours does infinite credit to the American press.'

'Proposals were also issued for a supplementary volume to Griesbach, to contain an English translation of the *Prolegomena* to his large critical edition, the authorities for his variations from the received text, and some dissertations, original and selected, on subjects connected with the criticism of the Bible. Some progress was made in preparing this work by Mr. Buckminster and one of his friends, but, as he did not give his name to the proposals, they did not receive sufficient encouragement to induce him to persevere. In 1810, he formed the plan of publishing all the best modern versions of the prophetical books of the Old Testament. He proposed to use the version of Bishop Lowth for Isaiah, with the various renderings of Dodson and Stock in the margin where they differ from Lowth. The major prophets were to be completed by Blayney's version of Jeremiah and Lamentations, Newcome's version of Ezekiel, and Wintle's of Daniel, with Blayney's of the Seventy Weeks. Newcome's translation of the minor prophets was to have followed, with variations from Horseley's Hosea, Benjoin's Jonah, and Blayney's Zechariah. After this, he hoped to have been able to give an additional volume, containing the most important notes and preliminary dissertations to the several books. The whole design, however, I am almost ashamed to say, failed, for want of a sufficient taste for these studies among our countrymen.' *

* Thacher's Memoir.

Of another and more important change, affecting the relation of the churches to each other and to society, the introduction of views of Christian doctrine differing from those of the first Puritan churches, the writer conceives that this is not the place to speak, except so far as the subjects of these memoirs were concerned in them.

Every one the least acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of the period, must be aware that there had been, from the time of the establishment of Brattle Street Church in Boston, a gradual relaxation from the strict Calvinism of our fathers. Certainly that church, when it agreed to omit all relation of religious experiences, as unessential to admission, made as large an advance towards liberality as has been, at any one step, effected since. It is known to those who are moderately well informed on this subject, that, about the middle of the last century, a change became apparent in the views of many of the clergy of New England, touching those doctrines which had been deemed essential, and were usually considered orthodox. This change was gradual, and almost imperceptible. It did not amount at once to the adoption of distinct anti-trinitarian conceptions, but the tenets of strict Calvinism lost their hold upon the minds of ministers and people, and the orthodox creed was embraced with great reservations. Some of the prominent ministers of the churches were called 'Arminians,' 'moderate Calvinists,' 'Arians.' Had not political events, and the exigencies of the struggle for independence, absorbed the whole of the educated mind of the country, it seems as though that division in the churches must have inevitably taken place then, which was postponed half a century.

The change in theological opinion has been as gradual as most other changes, and the result of free inquiry has been a new growth, the healthful development from the deep roots of the tree of life. Calvinism lost its hold upon the minds of the laity quite as soon as it failed to satisfy their ministers. 'It had died down to the roots,' as a late writer observes, 'before the axe had touched it.' The evidences of its powerless and inoperative state were lamented by its friends before more simple and evangelical views of the religion of Christ brought back the revolted mind of the churches to the doctrines of the Bible, rather than to those of Calvin.

The following letter, written by Dr. Buckminster fifty years ago, in answer to one from Dr. Morse, lamenting the falling off of the ministers from orthodox preaching, confesses, also, that the doctrines of Calvin affright the people and empty the churches. It discloses a state of things which is not generally acknowledged by either party, — that the people took the lead in liberal views, and would not listen to Calvinistic preaching.

'I lament the state of things to which it appears to me a departure from true evangelical principles, and a silence respecting the peculiarly humbling, awakening, and affecting doctrines of the Gospel in the public teachers of it, have contributed their full share. . . . . Is it not too true that ministers leave the humiliating state of man as a fallen and apostate creature, his helplessness and danger, the glorious character of Christ as a DIVINE person, the special influences of the Spirit, the necessity of regeneration, and the awful prospects of the impenitent and unbelieving, out of their public discourses, and fill them with philosophical disquisi-

tions, moral essays, and popular harangues? I don't know but many may do this from an honest, but, in my view, very erroneous apprehension, that it will serve to remove the objections of some amiable moral characters, and conciliate them to the Gospel. But what advantage is it to conciliate them to a Gospel that is not the Gospel of Christ, and fails of the energies necessary to make them holy and happy? It appears to me the charges and descriptions, contained in that most excellent treatise of Mr. Wilberforce, are as applicable to us as to the country for which he wrote. Defects in principle are more dangerous and destructive than in practice. They are like a disease at the heart. A diseased limb may be amputated; a stream polluted by accidental filth in its channel may be easily cleansed; but where the fountain is impure, all labor upon the stream will be wholly thrown away. The fountain must be cleansed, the heart must be healed. If ministers are really concerned and distressed, and would seek a remedy, they must return in their preaching to the terrors of the law and the grace of the Gospel; they must preach the plain doctrines of revelation, and with boldness and candor address to the consciences of men the awful and the alluring motives therein contained; and represent sin, as it is most clearly represented in the Gospel, as such an evil that nothing short of the interterposition of a DIVINE person could atone its guilt or remove its malignant effects. Many persons apprehend that such preaching would affright people from the Gospel, and empty our churches and religious assemblies at once. Duty is ours, events are God's. We must preach the preaching that God bids us, and appeal to the law and to the testimony. The truth sanctifies; error may please, but it cannot profit.

'But is there nothing to be done by *us*? we may ask. Those who fear God must speak often to one another upon the things of God, and pray most earnestly for themselves and brethren; and, as the high priest always offered for

his own sins before he did for the sins of the people, would it not be commendable for us ministers to have days of private social fasting, and let them be spent as days of real humiliation and not of conviviality? Might not association meetings be so improved? After this, we might with greater confidence and hope of success have more public seasons of prayer, following up our devotions with the spirit of divine things in all our commerce with the world.

'Dear Sir, I should need to make an apology for the freedom with which I have written, did it not afford the strongest proof of the entire confidence I have in you, as a faithful, sincere, and experienced servant of Jesus Christ. May God be with you and your brethren, and direct you in the subject of your inquiries, the result of which I shall be obliged to you to communicate to your friend and brother,

'J. Buckminster.

'April 24th, 1799.'

The above letter was written fifty years ago. Does it not imply that ministers had ceased to preach the *humiliating* doctrines, that is, the doctrines of Calvinism, and that, in the opinion of one who retained this faith, it was because they would 'affright people, and empty at once the churches and religious assemblies'? It is more honorable to all the ministers of Boston and the vicinity, and probably more true, that they had ceased to believe in Calvinism, and therefore ceased to preach it. It would be invidious, and, with all the light thrown upon the last fifty years, it would be unjust, to say that any continued to believe in Calvinism, and concealed their faith because it would empty their churches. But, as it has been so often asked why those whose faith in

orthodoxy was shaken did not come forward at once and make confession, may we not with equal pertinence ask, why did not Calvinists, who continued such, assert their sentiments previous to the conclusion of the last century, and in the beginning of this? One of their own number says they did not, and we are justified in saying, either that they concealed their sentiments for fear of emptying their churches, or that Calvinism had lost its hold upon the societies, and that it was only as the faith of a party that its spirit was resucitated.

Of the younger subject of this memoir, it is well known that his earliest years were spent under the influences of Calvinism; and, however its stern features may have been softened by the mingling with them of the aspect of paternal love, that form of religion was associated with all his tender youthful feelings of devotion. Whoever has passed the early part of life in New England can hardly fail to look back upon some one of his ancestors, a descendant of those 'strong-hearted and God-fearing' Puritans, who has been to him the venerable type of Calvinistic religion, — some one who looked with sad or stern displeasure upon all innovation on the Genevan formulas, and upon all relaxation of the Puritan discipline of life. Conscientious and faithful to his first convictions, the morning and evening came to him burdened with prayers for the sins and follies which he saw every where around him. His belief in the total depravity of his fellow-men, and of his own children, was strangely at variance with the tenderness of his heart, and the indulgence of his hopefulness. He affirmed that the grace of God alone

could change the disposition to evil, and impart a saving faith ; and yet the necessity of religious culture was perpetually reiterated, and precept upon precept was followed by line upon line.

It was under such influences that religion descended like the dew upon my brother's childhood, and opened in his heart the blossoms of a spiritual faith, and a tender, childlike piety. Calvinism could never have made him gloomy, nor Puritanism bigoted and ascetic. But as soon as he began, in preparation for his profession, a careful, impartial, and critical study of the Scriptures, without seeking in them for the support of previously received opinions, he found that he could not discover in them that theology which had been the support and solace of so many hearts among his ancestors. While studying at Exeter, he seems to have rejected the doctrine of total and innate depravity, and other tenets connected with it ; and although the doctrine of the Trinity was approached with caution and reluctance, yet, at the age of nineteen he writes thus to his father : — ' I have employed almost every day since my return from Portsmouth, in reading the most orthodox works upon the Trinity, — Edwards, Jamieson, Ridgely, etc. ; and, from what I know of the state of my own mind, I despair of ever giving my assent to the proposition that Jesus Christ is God, equal to the Father. I have been thus explicit, that, whatever may be my future lot, I may still retain the consciousness of having preferred the relinquishment of every prospect of fame or preferment to the slightest evasion or hypocricy upon subjects deemed by you so important.'

His continued study upon this and kindred subjects

resulted certainly in a wide departure from strict Calvinism. He rejected all connection with the tenets of Socinus. Socinianism, which admits of no spiritual aid, in the perfect obedience to law which it demands, could have no attraction for a mind so early imbued with a devout longing for an intimate communion with God. He became afterwards thoroughly acquainted with the writings of English Unitarians; and he felt unbounded respect for those honest men, and noble confessors, who, for conscience' sake, gave up all worldly advancement. He admired their philanthropy, and sympathized with their efforts to harmonize Scripture, reason, and common sense; yet he did not belong to them. It does not appear that he wholly sympathized with any one of the divisions by which Christians were classed at the beginning of this century. He endeavored to vindicate those views, which satisfied his own earnest efforts after truth, and he was ready to coöperate with all who strove to advance a spiritual piety, and an elevated standard of morals, and a sincere adoption of 'the new commandment' of love. Extracts which will be given from some few of his sermons, upon points of doctrine, will show in what views his studies had resulted at the early period of his death. The labor which he devoted to anxious inquiries was uncheered by sympathy from his father; and he had the additional sorrow of finding that the results of his study placed him in painful antagonism to that revered friend of his youth.

At the period of his settlement, and even at his death, there had been no outward and marked division in the churches. In the Congregational churches of

Massachusetts there had been no uniform confession of faith. Neither the churches nor the ministers were amenable to any tribunal, and the spirit of Congregationalism had left every minister at liberty to gather his sentiments and opinions from the only rule of faith, a conscientious study of the word of God. The differences of opinion, which must necessarily exist among men who think for themselves, had not arisen to such a height as to form schisms or separations of churches. Trinitarians, Arminians, Calvinists, Hopkinsians, and Baptists united in acts of Christian fellowship. At ordinations and councils, Dr. Morse and Dr. Channing, Dr. Osgood and Dr. Kirkland, sat side by side, and were associated in apparent harmony together. This has since been called a deceitful show of union, involving a disingenuous concealment of opinions, arising from a spirit of indifference to the purity of doctrine, and an attachment to worldly advantages. To some minds, it may seem to have been a prudent and generous accommodation to the spirit of brotherly love, and that it did as much honor to the ministers of Massachusetts as any thing in their history. While, to some, it may appear that the true doctrines of the Church were sacrificed in such freedom, others will be persuaded that the spirit of Christian fellowship, and the only true Gospel influences, were advanced; and that, if dogmas and polemics were kept in abeyance, ministers and people became better Christians.

It was certainly honorable to those who thus accorded, that they considered the things in which they agreed as of more importance than those in which they differed, and as being a sufficient ground of Chris-

tian communion. It was thought, also, at that time, that a man might be sincere, if erroneous, and capable of teaching that which, with God's blessing, would save men's souls, if he did not acknowledge as infallible truth all the so-called doctrines of the Reformation. And this honor attaches to all parties; for each minister seems secretly to have determined, 'I will not be the first to open a schism. I will stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free, and those who abridge this liberty are the only sectarians.'

It has been made a frequent subject of reproach, especially at the present time, against those who rejected the doctrines of orthodoxy, among whom the younger subject of this memoir is recognized, that they did not come out and make proclamation of their opinions upon certain points, and of their disagreement with the dogmas of Calvin. What has just been said seems a sufficient answer. They were amenable to no one for their opinions. These opinions were formed with slow, anxious, and painful study, and there was no moment in the process of their laborious investigation that any one had a right to demand a confession from them of their progress or their conclusions. They were accountable to their own consciences only, which required them to preach what they believed, not what they did not believe. Then, parishes, as we have seen, were sometimes in advance of the ministers, and, in many cases, more liberal than they. From the peculiar bitterness of theological divisions, it could not be hoped that such a state of things would long continue. When, after the death of Eckley, and Emerson, and Buckminster, those who had departed from the faith

of Calvin, were placed in antagonism with their brethren, they were sufficiently ready to defend themselves and their position; but that was after the period with which these memoirs have any concern.

The only public hostility which Mr. Buckminster encountered was a severe attack upon a small collection of hymns prepared for the use of the Brattle Street Church. The reviewer charged him with unauthorized alterations, for the purpose of suppressing certain doctrines. The hymns were adapted to particular subjects of discourses, and intended to supply the deficiencies of Tate and Brady's version; and it has been mentioned in another page of this memoir that the compiler took them from Dr. Kippis's selection, and was ignorant that any alteration had been made in them. In writing to Rev. Mr. Belsham, of England, at this time, he speaks thus of the state of religion in Boston: —

'December 5th, 1809.

'The most exclusive spirit of Calvinism seems now reviving, and perhaps gaining ground, in Boston. I have been exposed to some of its deadliest shafts in consequence of a little collection of hymns, *unorthodox*, not *heterodox*, which I have made for the use of my society. However, we shall stand our ground very firmly in Boston. There is no place on the face of the globe where so much attention is paid to ministers by all ranks, especially by the most enlightened. Those very men who, in New York and Philadelphia, would probably be unbelievers because they could not be Calvinists, are, among us in Boston, rational Christians, — the most constant supporters of public worship, the most intimate friends of the clergy, and not a few of them professors of religion. Our only danger is in our security and strength. "In such an hour as we think not,

sudden destruction may come upon us," but I think there is a root of rationality and soberness in Boston, which, with God's blessing, can never fail to spring up and flourish here, except by the culpable indifference of its cultivators. . . . .

'I am in general much pleased with Macknight. I need not tell you that the great difficulty in Paul's Epistles lies in about half a dozen words. If I could settle their meaning, I should bless God all the rest of my life.

'Yours, with the highest regard,

'J. S. Buckminster.'

Dr. Eckley, the venerable pastor of the Old South Church, died in April, 1811; and it was in the following terms that the pastor of Brattle Street, who was counted in the van of the advocates of liberal views, spoke of him the Sabbath after his interment: —

'When the image of Dr. Eckley rises to my thoughts, I cannot for a moment suspect that the regard shown to his memory was the dictate of form, or a tribute to office or to age. No; it was the tribute which virtue pays to virtue, which friendship pays to friendship. It was the language of undisguised affection and esteem. It was the homage which the community, even when most corrupt, will always pay to a heart of whose goodness it is sure. True, he was a faithful minister; but he was also a faithful man; he was respected and loved in every place, as well as in his office.

'Those who were his coevals and his long-tried associates bear witness to his faithfulness, and the disinterestedness of his friendships. Those of us who were younger in the ministry, and who could not be expected to form those close intimacies which was the privilege of those who knew him early, yet cannot speak of his worth without ardent wishes that it had pleased God to continue him longer to us. His desire to preserve a Christian fellowship, and the

most liberal intercourse with his brethren, was too well known to be doubted, and cannot be remembered without gratitude and admiration. Every day made his life valuable to us as a friend and father, a mediator in our profession. He had no bitterness; no uncharitableness; no desire for spiritual authority; no symptoms of religious pride; no tendencies to an exclusive system of Christianity. He was indeed a man who loved the religion of Christ wherever it existed, and who loved a good man in whatever denomination he found him. He had the reputation of what is often called orthodox theology; and the character of his early preaching, and the nature of his early connections, had contributed to establish the opinion of his being attached to a creed more dogmatical than was received by many of his contemporaries and successors in the ministry. But he always evinced a most amiable anxiety to manifest his superiority to those principles of exclusion and separation which some men think are the natural consequences of his belief. I do not believe that the mere circumstance of speculative dissent ever alienated his mind from a single human being, or quenched the warmth of his ministerial attachment to his brethren. He abhorrred a selfish spirit in religion as well as in common life. Would to God that his spirit might descend upon us in all its generosity and purity! for as long as the remembrance of him remains among his brethren in the ministry, they will not want a standard of catholicism by which they may ascertain what spirit they are of.

'There was also a great simplicity and openness, as well as purity of character, in Dr. Eckley, which was characteristic of a Christian, in whom there should be no guile. He was a man who had no hidden and private purposes to serve, and you could always put trust in him without anxiety; and I may safely appeal to you all for the general impression which prevailed of his integrity and candor;—an impression which is never delusive, and which no man

can preserve through a life of such length as his, without deserving the character he has gained. This is that honest testimony which public and private sentiment pays to a man of real worth, which is the true reflection of the testimony of a man's own conscience, and is worth more than all the eulogies of orators and all the forms of mourning. . . . . .

'In short, Dr. Eckley seems to me to have been one of those men whose loss it is extremely difficult to supply. He filled a place which few men are so happy as to hold, or to be able to fill, between the extremes into which ministers, who are of like passions with other men, are continually rushing. It was impossible not to respect him; and many, many will confess with a sigh, that they loved him, — they were not prepared to lose him; and his affectionate spirit was fled before we could bid it farewell; and long, long will it be before we can replace him! It would have been grateful to us to witness the disposition of his mind while departing, — to have received his parental regards, — to have expressed our respect and affection to so advanced and worthy a brother; but God, in whose hands are the issues of life, determined otherwise, and we know that He is wise and gracious, and that He has some good purpose to serve by this truly afflictive dispensation. He is gone to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; yet thy presence, O God, has gone with him and given him rest!'

There was felt, by the older ministers of the Boston Association, — by Dr. Eckley, Dr. Lathrop, and Dr. Osgood, — the greatest reluctance to break the ancient harmony of the churches. As each one had formed his opinions through a sincere desire for truth, guiding his search in the Scriptures, they were unwilling to insist upon any other centre of union, or any other standard of truth, except the Scriptures. As Calvin-

ism was renounced, different aspects of dissent appeared, according to the character of each mind in which it had lost its authority. In some, as an intellectual protest against incomprehensible doctrines; in others, as a plea against dogmatism; and in many, as a desire for a more simple, and spiritual, and reasonable faith. There was but one point upon which the liberal party were united, — the rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity; to admit the personal Godhead of Christ was to them impossible. Upon no other subject could they have agreed in an issue. Upon the doctrines of the atonement, the supernatural influences of the Spirit, the inspiration of the Scriptures, so much did they differ, that they probably would not have held together. On these subjects, some of the liberal party would have been found, at the time of which we speak, on the side of orthodoxy. How futile, then, is the charge against them, that they concealed their sentiments because they were not prepared for acts of decision! Both parties deprecated that religious warfare which would estrange parish from parish, brother from brother, and bring into the tenderest hearts the most acute distress. But, now that it is passed, every one must acknowledge that the area of the warfare has been enriched. A more thorough and critical investigation of the Scriptures is demanded; a deeper and more fervently religious spirit is cultivated in all the churches; and a more general knowledge of theology and kindred subjects pervades the whole community.

Some extracts from unpublished manuscript sermons follow; — and here it should be distinctly re-

marked, that although Mr. Buckminster is ranked, and justly, among Unitarians, yet he never took the name upon himself, nor used it as a distinctive term, significant of his own faith. He was not a sectarian in feeling, nor a controversialist in practice. He possessed nothing of the *odium theologicum*, which has sometimes shown itself since his death. Those who belong to opposite parties in the Church, though they may differ from the conclusions to which he came in applying the rules of criticism to the interpretation of the sacred writers, have ever done justice to the candor and honesty of mind displayed in his critical and theological discussions.

'ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

'"The Christ, the Son of the living God." — Mat. xvi. 16.

'When we receive Jesus as the Christ, we receive him as he has himself repeatedly explained the character, and as it is announced in the prophecies to which he has himself appealed; — as the Son of God; the Holy One of God; the Sent of God; the Anointed, the Sanctified of God; — in short, to comprise in one expression of our Saviour's the whole of the sentiment contained in the reception of Jesus as the Christ, it is to honor the Son as he honors the Father; his authority and that of the Father is, to the Christian, coincident and identical.

'In this explanation of that article of faith on which all our Christianity is built, there appears to me nothing ambiguous or difficult. To receive Jesus as the Christ, it is neither necessary that we should understand the conceptions of that character as they existed in the minds of the Jews, nor that we should know the whole signification of the meaning included in the phrase "Son of God;" but that we should take the explanations, as far as we can understand them, which our Lord himself has given us of his

character, and receive him as clothed with the authority of God. Let me but know, let me be convinced, that any sentiment, law, promise, or declaration is Christ's, and it is to me, a Christian, the word of God, — the word of the Father which the Son has revealed.

'Among those who have no doubt of the truth of our religion, and who claim to be its supporters, great diversity of opinion prevails as to the person of Jesus Christ. You will find many making the Son of God not their teacher, their leader, their model, and their judge, but a kind of intermediate protection, a screen from the justice of the Father. They are ready to receive him as a propitiation, a security, a sacrifice, a substitute; as one on whose mercy they repose to shelter them from the fury of the Deity; but not as the King whose laws they ought to obey, whose spirit they must imbibe, and whose steps they must follow. They represent to themselves Jesus as one who has suffered all the punishment due to the sinner, and whose righteousness is to be imputed to them. His blood, they imagine, has washed them from their pollutions, and his sufferings have paid an infinite satisfaction for their sins. As Jesus is, in their opinion, the Infinite and Almighty Deliverer, they seem to think, that, if by a single act of faith they have got him upon their side, they have no more to fear, and are released from the penalties which their iniquities deserve. I hope, my Christian hearers, that I need not caution you against these abuses, or tell you that, whatever may be the personal dignity of your Saviour, you cannot attain to final salvation without repentance for your sins, a pure faith in his religion, and true, steadfast, unreserved obedience to his Gospel.

'What, then, is the idea that the sincere and intelligent Christian entertains of Jesus Christ, — he who confesses with his whole heart that he is the Christ, the Son of the living God? He does not perplex himself with fruitless inquiries into the precise nature of that relation which sub-

sisted between Jesus on earth and the Supreme Deity; he does not disturb his mind with endeavoring to explain the manner in which he was the Son of God, nor the precise boundaries between his nature and that of the Father. No; it is to him of much more importance to ascertain the relation in which Jesus stands to himself, — what Jesus is to him and he to Jesus. He receives without difficulty the declaration which Jesus has made of himself as the only begotten Son of the Highest; he views him as enjoying the most intimate union with the Deity, full of his energy and spirit; his visible likeness on earth; the express image, among men, of the Supreme, whom no mortal eye hath seen, or can see. He receives him as the expected object of ancient prediction, ordained to appear, to diffuse blessings and life over the world. He who knows him, knows the Father. He who honors him, honors the Father who sent him. To the faithful Christian, Jesus is the restorer of human integrity and happiness; able to reform and to lead us to God. He is the Mediator who brings us nearer to God; and proclaims the peace and pardon, and imparts the blessings of the New Covenant. He is the Deliverer from sin and death; the Saviour; the Prince of Life. The Christian looks to him as the great leader, whose steps he is to follow, whose character he is to resemble, whose decision he is to await. He looks to him as the head of the Christian community, to whom all authority is committed, to whom is due entire submission and obedience, and who will become wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption to those who will obey him. He is indeed, like Thomas, on the recognition of the Saviour, ready to exclaim, "My Lord and my God!"'

'UPON REGENERATION.

'"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii. 3.

'It is not enough, Nicodemus, that you should visit me in the secrecy of the night to declare your belief in my

Divine authority; for except a man be born again, of water and of the Holy Spirit, — except you openly profess my religion and your heart be transformed into the spirit of my Gospel, — you cannot be a subject of the kingdom I am about to establish. . . . . .

'Nicodemus, either intentionally or ignorantly misunderstanding our Saviour, supposes him to mean a repetition of man's natural birth. "How can a man be born," says he, "when he is old?" This mistake leads our Saviour to explain with more particularity the nature and course of the moral change, or new birth. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The changes and revolutions of the human mind mock the eye of sense in their progress. They are known only by their effects. The operations of God's Spirit, — the influence of causes that change the whole character, that produce a revolution like that of a new birth, are silent as the wheels of time. You hear not its footsteps, you see not its passing form, but the effects are momentous and eternal. Your mind is raised to a purer atmosphere; your thoughts reach a more exalted height; you better understand your relation to God and Christ, and the holy duties that result from your new birth.

'Look back, my hearers, upon your lives, aud observe the numerous opinions that you have adopted and discarded, the numerous attachments you have formed and forgotten, and recollect how imperceptible were the revolutions of your sentiments, how quiet the changes of your affections. Perhaps, even now, your minds may be passing through some interesting processes, your pursuits may be taking some new direction, and your character may soon exhibit to the world some unexpected transformation. Compare with this the spiritual regeneration of the heart. So is every one that is born of the Spirit. Perhaps the following may

not be an imperfect description of the process that takes place in a mind which is the subject of a radical conversion. The motion of the wind is unseen, its effects are visible; the trees bend and fields are laid waste; though the altering sentiments and affections are unnoticed, the altered character obtrudes itself upon our observation. Truths, before contemplated without concern, now seize the mind with a grasp too firm to be shaken. The world which is to succeed the present is no longer a subject of accidental thought, of wavering belief, or lifeless speculation; a region to which no tie binds us, and which no curiosity leads us to explore. To the regenerated mind, the character and condition of man appears in a new, an interesting light. To a being whose existence has but just commenced, death is only a boundary, a line, that marks off the first, the smallest portion of existence. Earth with her retinue of allurements, her band of fascinating syrens, exclaims, "We have lost our hold on this man! He is no longer ours!" Religion welcomes her new adherent; she beckons him to turn his steps into a new, a pleasanter path; and God himself looks down from heaven with complacency and love, illuminating his track by the light of his countenance, marking the first step he takes in religion, and supporting him by the staff of his grace, the aid of his Holy Spirit. . . . . .

'2d. But what means does the Spirit of God use to effect this regeneration, to form this character, to cherish this life of God in the soul of man? On this subject much has been spoken and written mystically, much unintelligibly, much absurdly, and much falsely. It has been said, with daring impiety, that the more profligate, profane, and corrupted the character, the more probable is its regeneration, that God may show to an astonished world what wonders his grace can effect. Every age has been deluded with accounts of the physical and mechanical operations of the Spirit, so that we should probably suppose it to be some subtle fluid, instantaneous and irresistible in its effects. But in the

whole course of Scripture history, comparing a period of thousands of years, not an instance can be found of the use of violent means for the production of a merely moral change. Should the conversation of Paul be alleged, as it ever is, to support the cause of enthusiasm, let it once for all be considered that it is a solitary instance, and in an age abounding with miracles; and secondly, that the public and instantaneous change of such a man, who was an enemy to the faith, added to the weight of testimony in favor of Christianity a wonderful fact, which cannot be accounted for except in supposition of the truth of the history of Jesus, and it thus gives a peculiar propriety to the mode of conversion in this case. . . . . .

'But as long as it is easier to fall down in swoons, to start in convulsions, and to groan in distress, than to renovate and purify the heart, — as long as it is possible to gain belief to professions of an instantaneous change without showing the gradual operation of the Spirit in the progressive reformation, increasing holiness and goodness, of the character, — so long will the cause of Christ be dishonored, the minds of the good disturbed, and the ear of the infidel delighted, by pious delusions and solemn extravagances. . . . . .

'"Sanctify us by thy truth; thy word is truth," says the Gospel. "Those who are born again," says Peter, "are born not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God." At this word the proudest hearts have bowed, and consciences encased in mail, invulnerable to the feeble weapons of philosophy and unchristianized morality, have been pierced to the quick, and sought the only remedy for their wounds in the balmy blessings of the Gospel of peace. . . . . .

'"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The necessity of this new birth appears from the nature and condition of man. We wish not to enter into the consideration of the doctrine of original sin, depravity, or the imputation of sin.

Leaving these terms of theology, look round only, we entreat you, on the world in which we live; see it deformed by corruption, spotted by pollution; see it full of men buried in sinful pursuits and enslaved to innumerable lusts that war against the soul. The first objects that engage the dawning mind of the child are objects of sense. That which is born of the flesh is flesh. It is a selfish, sensual creature, ignorant of its Creator, of its destination; uninclined to the purity, the spirituality, the power of religion; alienated from the life of God, the life of the soul! Unrenewed by the influence of religious truth, undirected by the guiding hand of an Almighty Father, how shall such a creature reach the regions of immortal bliss? Is it enthusiasm, is it folly, is it hypocrisy, to say to such a creature, "You must be born again before you can see the kingdom of God?" Is that Redeemer to be disclaimed who offers you his Divine aid to form anew your character, to exalt your affections, to enlighten your dreary and desolate understanding? Would it not be a contemptuous abridgment of the bounty, and an ungrateful restriction of the meaning, of the Saviour, to suppose that he intended to confine his assertion of the necessity of this regeneration to the Jews or Gentiles of that age? Reflect, it is not with Nicodemus only, but with us, he is conversing; and if our lips declare "We know, Master, thou art a teacher sent from God," to us he still replies, "Verily, I say unto you, you are not my disciples till you are regenerated; till you have imbibed my Spirit, you cannot inherit my future and immortal empire."'

'UPON THE ATONEMENT.

'"In whom we have redemption through his blood." — Col. i. 14.

[After enumerating the various ways in which the death of Christ is spoken of in the Scriptures, the nature and meaning of sacrifices among the Jews, &c.: —] 'In the second place, I propose to state to you, in general, some

of the ideas which Christians have entertained on the subject of the death of Christ. Here you will immediately perceive that a plain line of distinction must necessarily be drawn between those who receive the language of Scripture on this subject in a *literal* sense, and those who give it only a figurative interpretation. Of the ideas of the latter, I may say in general, that they imply such a diminution of the strict meaning of language as is hardly consistent with any commonly received notion of inspiration. They suppose the death of Christ was described in sacrificial terms, borrowed from the Old Testament, in order to reconcile the Jewish Christians to the simplicity of the new dispensation, and enable them to find something in Christianity answering to the sacrifices, oblations, priests, and ceremonies to which they had been accustomed under the old dispensation. If, however, the sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensation had any expiating efficacy, and the Apostles believed that they had, it cannot be supposed that the death of Christ, which they represented as supplying their place, should be so described in mere accommodation to the idea of the Jews, unless it in truth contained something of a similar or superior nature. These Christians, therefore, believing that there is nothing in the nature of sin which may not be pardoned upon repentance, believe, too, of course, that sacrifices which had been considered necessary to the acceptableness of repentance, was neither in truth of any *intrinsic* value, nor had they any reference to the great atonement which they had been said to prefigure. But if there is nothing really propitiatory in the practice of sacrifices, it is extremely difficult to account for the idea which has universally prevailed of their necessity in order to secure the favor of God, and not less difficult to account for their origin and prevalence in the world. They suppose, also, that the intention of the Mosaic expiations did not regard the moral element, but only ceremonial uncleanness, or something equally unimportant; that they had no reference

to, or prefiguration of, the death of Christ, and, of course, that, whatever value they possessed, they did not derive it from that great sacrifice foreordained in the councils of Heaven. In one word, they take it for granted, that the death of Christ is described in these sacrificial terms, not because it really possessed an expiatory efficacy, or an efficacy similar to that belonging to the Jewish sacrifices, but because there were circumstances in the one, to which they could find something parallel in the other. You will easily perceive how much this reduces the literal meaning of the language of the Scriptures, and will perhaps say that it leaves as many difficulties unaccounted for as the system of those who adopt the literal meaning.

'In direct opposition to this latitudinarian explanation, and at the other extreme, is the system of those who consider the death of Christ as that great event upon which the pardon of the world depends, and without which, no person living, whatever his character may be, short of entire innocence, can be rescued from eternal condemnation and misery, which is the positive punishment to be annexed in a future life to the smallest transgression.

'The notions of sin, on which their system is founded, are these: — The least deviation from the laws of God is either an infinite evil, or such an infinite dishonor to his character, that it cannot, consistently with God's justice, or the nature of things, be forgiven simply upon repentance, without some satisfaction equivalent to the dreadfulness of the evil. Some, however, disdain as presumptuous the assertion that God cannot forgive the offences of men without some scheme of atonement, and only maintain that it was inconsistent with his attributes and character to forgive sin upon mere repentance, or in any other manner. Under this idea, therefore, that there was something of vicarious atonement in the death of Christ, without which sin was unpardonable, they explain the origin of sacrifices, and the notions of mankind respecting their efficacy. They sup-

pose that sacrifices were originally instituted by God in reference to this great and final sacrifice, and this only gave them their significance and value. They suppose that unless the death of Christ is considered as a real expiation, no well-grounded hope can be entertained by any man of deliverance from the future and everlasting punishment of his sins; and of course they maintain that all the representations in Scripture relating to this subject convey the idea of, and require the belief of, a true and proper atonement.

'It is true, that upon this scheme, there is some difficulty in reconciling the phrases, which represent Christ sometimes as the priest, and sometimes as the sacrifice; and which attribute the efficacy of his mediation sometimes to his example, sometimes to his death, at others to his resurrection, and in others to his intercession. Upon the whole, therefore, they are willing to admit that all that Christ did and suffered is to be taken into the account; that his obedience altogether constitutes the equivalent satisfaction, without which it was impossible for the sins of mankind to be forgiven.

'Between these two views of the subject many others have been invented by theologians, giving up or retaining more or less of the peculiarities of each. These I have not time or inclination to detail to you. In order, however, to arrive at just conceptions of the nature of our redemption, and to avoid the extravagances into which systematic theologians have fallen, it is necessary to keep in mind the following principles: — In considering the character and conduct of our God, we must be careful not to separate any one of his attributes from the others, his mercy from his justice, or his justice from his mercy. This would be to reduce his nature to our limited conceptions. His attributes are all harmonious, and his nature one great impulse toward what is best. Hence, if we contemplate his mere justice, apart and unmodified by any other quality, we must in truth con-

sider our relation to him in the light of debt and credit; and in this view of the subject, it may be said, indeed, that he could not forgive an offender, till some adequate satisfaction, beside mere repentance was provided, to render it proper to be propitious. But the light in which reason and Christianity represent God is that of a parent. Now a parent, however disposed he may be to forgive a disobedient child, may yet think it highly proper not to receive him into favor, upon his mere symptoms of returning affection; but may rest his acceptance on some condition, which, though not strictly indispensable, may yet be extremely proper, to impress the child more strongly with the crime of his disobedience, and operate to prevent a repetition of the offence. Such is the light in which we ought to consider the method which God has adopted in declaring his disposition to forgive his offending children of the human race. Again: whatever may have been the real efficacy of the death of Christ, it cannot be supposed that the change of disposition is wrought upon God. His nature is immutable, and his purposes are originally benevolent. The object of the Scripture representation is to operate upon ourselves. Till the effect is produced upon ourselves, the propitiation of our Saviour, however great or powerful, is of no avail to our redemption.

'Keeping in view, then, the parental character of God, and the object of the sacrifice of Christ, let us always consider that the method which God has chosen, to declare and to dispense his pardon, is unquestionably the wisest and best. You may ask why God could not have explicitly declared, that, upon the sincere repentance of a sinner, he was ready to receive him into favor, without connecting it in any way with the sacrifice of so illustrious a person as the Son of God; I answer, I know not. I know only, that God has chosen another method, which he undoubtedly thought more effectual and proper. I may answer you, too, by proposing a parallel example. If you ask me why God could not

have effected his purpose of bringing life and immortality to light, by simply assuring us of it upon his bare authority, without coupling it with, or making it depend, as he has done, on the resurrection of his Son, I can only answer, because he has thought the latter method more effectual. It was unquestionably better calculated to influence the belief of the contemporaries of our Lord to show them the fact of a person's rising from the dead, than any mere declaration of a future existence could have been. In the same manner, he has thought it better to assure the world of the pardon of sin, by setting before their eyes the great sacrifice of Jesus, and directing their attention to it in this light, than merely by a simple declaration of his placability. If these remarks are properly considered, I think we shall be more disposed to acquiesce in the method which God has chosen; and, instead of presumptuously declaring what he might have done, we shall, with humility, endeavor to derive from the Scripture account of the sacrifice of Christ, motives of gratitude and consolation, and a deep abhorrence of those sins which occasioned this scheme of suffering and death.

'I proceed, therefore, with more pleasure, to the third head of my discourse, in which I proposed to consider the practical considerations suggested by the death of Christ.

'1. In the first place, it leads us to the most exalted and touching conceptions of the mercy of God. My dear friends, have you ever looked into your own hearts, and compared them with the purity of God? Have you ever considered that it is mercy and unmerited and perfectly gratuitous forbearance only in your Creator which has continued you yet in life, and withheld from you that punishment which your ingratitude and your unworthiness have deserved? What was it but compassion, which could hold out to creatures like us the hope of the future friendship of the pure Being, who cannot behold iniquity, even the most secret and unobserved, without abhorrence? And what but the most unbounded benignity, far beyond the ordinary

standard by which we estimate goodness, would have provided a dispensation by which such unpretending and worthless men as we are may aspire to eternal felicity and improvement? Have you considered, also, the dreary and benighted state of the world, on the subject of pardon, before the appearance of Christ? the horrible notions which prevailed of the Divinity, the dread of his justice, the inexpressible fears and horrors with which futurity was invested, the tremendous sacrifices with which the Deity was propitiated, the heart-rending doubts which prevailed in the purest and most enlightened minds on the subject, as to the Divine placability? Whenever a good man reaches that last hour, when the world shrinks into nothing in his sight, and, instead of it, when all his sins and imperfections rise up in fearful array before him, — when his conscience tells him what he has deserved, but holds out no certain, sure, and pacifying method of obtaining pardon and relief, — then it is that he may learn to estimate the mercy of the Gospel dispensation. Then, when he is looking round for some promises of pardon, the method of salvation by Jesus Christ our Lord presents itself as an inexpressible consolation, and he blesses God for the hope of his Gospel! He now regards every thing which Jesus has suffered as a pledge from God of the security of his gracious promise. Every other expiation, oblation, ceremony, however expensive, or however awful, he sees to be worse than ineffectual, — even impious. In this state of mind his philosophy deserts him. He receives with humility and joy the redemption held out by Jesus. He sees in Jesus the compassionate character of God, and he sees it clearly nowhere else. He is no longer disposed to inquire into the minute relations of every thing which he sees in the sacrifice of Christ; but he embraces the simple declaration that God is in Christ, and reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses. He sees enough of the character of God in the simple fact, that he has given the world an encouragement,

by the death of so pure and spotless a victim, that the access to God is open, and the hope of pardon a hope to which he may aspire. He will feel unable to express his gratitude to the Father of mankind, that he has not left them in distressing ignorance, in all the horrors of unexpiated guilt; but whatever assurance can possibly be afforded to unworthy creatures is contained in the scheme of redemption which God has chosen to display his benignity. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." '

The extracts which follow are from the last sermon, except two, which my brother ever wrote. The sermon was written in the April previous to his death, and may be understood to express his last opinions.

' "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" — Luke x. 25.

'We have the authority of the Saviour to answer the question in one invariable manner: "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments." But here a question arises, whether it be possible, from the nature and condition of man, perfectly to keep the commandments of God? If not, how can this be the condition of human salvation? We answer, that, though there should not be a just man upon earth, who sinneth not, it alters not the requisitions of the Divine law. Since, in speaking of God, we must make use of human language, of what are called forensic terms, we may observe that it is the very nature of law, and indeed of every rule, to require the most exact conformity. The law of God, like every other, when considered simply as law, provides no dispensations, and exposes every offender, even in the minutest degree, to punishment. It would not be law, indeed, if it did not. But though the Scriptures, and the systems of theologians in different places, represent the moral government of God over his imperfect creatures,

under two different aspects, of a covenant of works and a covenant of grace, of pure law and pure mercy, as if they were opposite and irreconcilable principles; yet we should beware of contemplating the character of God as consisting of attributes at war with one another, but rather should we consider it in the whole as one great impulse toward what is best. It is impossible, indeed, from the nature of the case, to admit that God's law, as it is called, requires any thing short of perfect obedience. This we cannot allow, while we continue to talk of God in terms of human legislation; it is the unavoidable consequence of the application of the language of men to the ways of God. Yet when we say, that God requires from every man an obedience absolutely sinless, we know, at the same time, that he provides for the pardon of transgressors on their repentance.

'The parental character is that in which God has ever delighted to exhibit himself; and it was to display, confirm, and establish on the surest grounds this parental character of God, that the Son of God came into the world. The dispensation of Christianity proceeds altogether on this view, and any other dispensation toward such a nature as man's would be absolute cruelty and injustice. If men choose to say, that this favor, or grace, or mercy, toward offenders, or by whatever name it may be called, was obtained by the sacrifice of Christ, or is dispensed on the ground of his propitiation, it comes to the same thing; because, for the original appointment of this mode of acceptance, we must still revert to the precious love, or, in other words, to the parental character of God.

'Further, if it should be asked whether any human being has ever attained to this sinless conformity to the Divine commands, we answer, No; for this would imply that some one of our race had reached that point of perfection beyond which improvement was impossible, — a supposition inconsistent with our present condition as a state of probation, contrary to all the representations of Scripture, and to all our experience of human character.

'What! then, you will say, has no human being ever *merited* the gift of eternal life? We answer, Certainly he has not. For it is the very nature of the Gospel, that it is a dispensation of grace, that its great benefit cannot be claimed as a debt, but is bestowed in consequence of a gracious promise. Yet it is no less true that the sincere and uniform endeavor to do what God requires, and repentance for failures and transgressions, which is followed by amendment, may be called the eternal condition of everlasting life, because the character and declarations of God have explicitly made them such under the dispensation of Christianity.

'But it may again be asked, if our final acceptance with God depends, not on absolute and sinless perfection, but on that sincerity of disposition and endeavor which produces prevailing obedience and continual progress in virtue, how is it possible for any one to be sure of eternal life, or to know whether he is, at any one time, in a state of salvation?

'I answer, in the first place, that, if men desire to know what precise amount of holiness will rescue them from perdition, the very question implies that they have not the true principle of religious obedience; and, if there be any answer to be given to such a question, it is most wisely concealed from us, for the very notion of true obedience is inconsistent with such an inquiry.

'In the second place, to the sincere Christian the answer would be useless; for whatever assurance he might at one time indulge, yet, as long as he remains a probationary creature, liable to relapse, and, consequently, obliged to watchfulness and exertion, the assurance of salvation at any particular period would be injurious or deceitful. All that we should desire or expect to attain, is a well-grounded hope of our acceptance with God, as the reward of unreserved obedience, of unfeigned repentance, of daily progress in Christian virtue. This is the hope which maketh not ashamed, for the love of God is shed abroad in the heart.

'Another mistake of the terms of acceptance with God is to rely upon faith only for salvation. This has generally been rather a verbal than a material error, and was in former times more dangerous than now; for a defect of faith, in the subject of Christianity, is, at the present day, far more common than too great confidence or credulity. But, as this mistake, like many others, is still founded on the sound of certain passages of Scripture, let us hear what is so often quoted from the favorite Apostle on this subject. "By grace," says he, "ye are saved through faith; and a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Does Paul, then, mean to declare, that bare belief in Jesus Christ, without repentance and obedience, can secure to any man the gift of eternal salvation? Let his brother Apostle answer, as he has, in terms which nothing can render more explicit: "What does it profit a man, if he say he have faith, and have not works? Can faith save him? No; faith without works is dead, being alone." . . . .

'Another mistake of the terms of acceptance with God is found among those who profess to rely solely upon the merits of Christ. It is not uncommon to find men, who have never evinced any sentiments of religion, or given any satisfactory evidence of repentance and reformation, using this too familiar language: "For does not an Apostle assure us," say they, "that we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the whole world?" But for what sins, my Christian friends? For those which we have not forsaken, or of which we have not repented? For those sins which we every day commit, without remorse and without consideration? Suppose the merits of Christ be infinite, incalculable. Can they supply our sinful omissions of duty? Christ has done nothing for the unrepenting sinner. Christ can do nothing for the presumptuous sinner, whose reliance on a Saviour's merit is thought sufficient to excuse him from any obedience or virtue of his own.

'The application of Christ's righteousness to ourselves is, in truth, a phrase altogether unscriptural. The word of God conveys no such meaning as the phrase bears in the mouth of an irreligious man. It is true, indeed, that the worth of our Saviour's life and character is beyond all estimate, and his obedience unto death was, in the sight of God, inexpressibly precious; but never can this worth become ours, except so far as we repent and forsake our sins, and imitate his life and obedience; and whatever may be, in the sight of God, the efficacy of his death, never let it be imagined that it is a propitiation for the sins which we still retain, the sins which we will not forsake!

'Again. Do we rely for salvation on the effectual and miraculous operation of God's spirit, pleading our inability to render that obedience which God's law requires? Take care, my friends, that you do not misunderstand this abstract and difficult subject.

'If we mean only, that, without this powerful energy and continual support, we could neither live, nor act, nor think, this indeed is well. If we mean, that, without his gracious instruction, encouragement, and blessing on our exertions, we could neither contend with our lusts, correct our habits, reform our lives, or make progress in the divine life, all this is undeniable. But, if we go further than this, if we imagine our inability to do what is good is such that it is not at any time in our power to cease to do evil, but that we may plead this impotency in defence of our sins, the very suggestion only shows the strength of our evil habits, the greatness of our corruption, and the extreme danger of our situation.

'But does not an Apostle say, "We are not sufficient of ourselves, but all our sufficiency is of God"? He does. But for what were these early converts not competent? To perform what God had required of them? To render obedience to his laws, and devote themselves to his service? Surely not. The Apostle has here reference to

those miraculous powers with which his brethren were furnished for the propagation of the Gospel. He is comparing the total inadequacy of the natural means, by which the astonishing work was accomplished, with the greatness of the effect. He has not the remotest reference to the common ability of man to do the will of God, to lead a life of obedience and holiness.

'The inability of man, by whatever name we call it, is no greater in the affairs of religion than in any other case, except so far as it is the consequence of his own peculiar depravity. If, indeed, it were an original, total, and universal incapacity for religion, — if there were in us no powers which could be called into exercise by the various means of grace afforded us, no natural capacity of being affected by the motives presented to us, — the whole system of facts, doctrines, promises, and threatenings in the Gospel, were a cumbrous and unnecessary provision, and God has taken the superfluous care to persuade us to exert ourselves, and strive for that which, by a single motion of his will, he might have done for us instantly, effectually, completely, and which, according to the theories of some Christians, he must still do for us, by the extraordinary and irresistible operation of his Spirit.'

CHAPTER XVII.

ORDINATION OF MR. PARKER, AT PORTSMOUTH. — DR. BUCKMINSTER'S FRIENDSHIP FOR HIM. — J. S. BUCKMINSTER'S HOUSEKEEPING WITH HIS SISTER IN BOSTON. — LETTERS FROM DRS. SPRAGUE, PIERCE, AND ABBOT. — DR. WORCESTER.

1808. Aged 24. THERE were other interesting occurrences of the year 1808, which have been omitted, because it was desirable to present the sketch, however imperfect it may be, of the beginning of the Unitarian controversy, and the participation that Mr. Buckminster had in preparing the way for the changes that have taken place in society, by themselves. He was called, indeed, to put off his armor before the heat and burden of the conflict began. Hitherto, his profession had led him to the most noble and interesting studies, to the cultivation of the best sympathies of his heart, and to the unembarrassed pursuit of truth. He had been the advocate of no party, and there might have been a fear that his mind would have suffered by a too exclusive application to the studies that would have fitted him to take his inevitable part in the theological warfare of the great struggle that was just beginning.

Unitarianism had at this time developed only rational and critical powers. It had been an intellectual

protest, a plea, against dogmatic theology. It had not yet touched the inward springs that open the rich fountains of imagination, of devotional fervor, and Divine Love. His was of that class of minds which would have soonest felt that the simple faith of Unitarians is most intimately united with a depth of spiritual feeling, a height of sublime devotion, and a divine beauty of character, unsurpassed by any other faith; and his sermons, as well as the numerous prayers that he has left, show that he already knew and felt that union.

The year 1808 was also fraught with deep interest to Dr. Buckminster, in his more retired circle of duties in Portsmouth. There had always existed an intimate connection between the north and south parishes in that place. Dr. Haven, the venerable pastor of the south parish, had died in 1806. He had been like a father to Mr. Buckminster, when he first came, a stranger, to Portsmouth, and there had ever continued a close and intimate ministerial union between them. In 1808, the Rev. Nathan Parker was invited to settle over the south church, and his ordination took place in the September of that year.

Mr. Parker was of the new or liberal school of theology, and Dr. Buckminster, as we have seen, had become more strictly orthodox as he advanced in life. But one of the most valuable traits of Mr. Parker's character was honesty, — honesty in the fullest and most honorable sense of the word. 'He was imbued with a love of truth, exhibiting itself in singleness of purpose and sincerity of manner. There was no appearance of guile in him; he did nothing for effect. He was direct and independent.' He had also the

deepest religious convictions, and the utmost sincerity of love to his Divine Master. Dr. Buckminster could not fail instantly to appreciate these noble qualities, so congenial also to his own feelings of truth. They met therefore with conscious sincerity, with full and entire confidence. By an open and frank avowal of his sentiments, Mr. Parker secured the lively esteem of Dr. Buckminster, and every succeeding interview only served to strengthen the attachment of the one, and the almost filial reverence and respect of the other. Dr. B. was absent at the ordination of Mr. Parker, and took no part in the services. But 'I rejoice,' said he, 'that the South Parish have such a minister; he is an honest young man, devoted to his profession; he will be a staff to me in my declining years.' And they ever lived together like intimate and confidential friends.

The widow of one of the deacons of the south church, having heard whispers of heresy against 'the new young man,' waited upon Dr. Buckminster as soon as he returned from the journey, and asked him if she had not better leave the heretical minister and join his own church, where she would hear a sounder doctrine. 'Stay where you are,' said he; 'if you practise as well as Mr. Parker preaches, you will not need to go any where else.'

The union of the two parishes continued uninterrupted. The two pastors, the elder and the younger, were usually companions at all ministers' meetings, ordinations, and occasions of professional excursion; and Dr. Buckminster always came home exhilarated by the cheerful intercourse of a younger and fresher mind. Certainly the acquisition of such a friend and

companion as Mr. Parker contributed more to his happiness, in the few remaining years of his life, than any other circumstance that attended them. Theirs was a beautiful example of a union in the spirit of their Master, which merged all speculative differences of opinion in a superior love to him, and attachment to his cause.

The year preceding the settlement of Mr. Parker, the circle of his ministerial associates and friends had been much weakened by the removal of Dr. Appleton from Hampton to become the President of Bowdoin College, thus depriving the Piscataqua Association of one of its most distinguished members, and Dr. Buckminster of the cordial intercourse of a beloved friend. The diversity of opinion and unity of feeling in that Association has been already mentioned; but Dr. Buckminster and Dr. Appleton were not only united in the bonds of a warm personal regard, but in speculative opinion they came as near as any two minds of different mental endowment could come, to the same views of controverted subjects. They were both impressive preachers, but they differed extremely in their mode of delivering truth. Dr. Appleton was never impassioned, but he imparted to his sermons the force of his own convictions, and his eloquence and his arguments were irresistibly convincing to the understanding. Dr. Buckminster's sermons were rarely argumentative; his manner was impassioned, his eloquence persuasive, rather tending to excite emotion and alarm conscience, than to place the subject within the grasp of the intellect.

These two friends spent much time together, and, after their separation, kept up a frequent intercourse

by letter. It is to be regretted that the correspondence was not preserved.

There may appear to the reader some discrepancy and inconsistency in the accounts that have been given of Dr. Buckminster's feelings at different times with regard to his own religious views. It may appear somewhat surprising, that, after being acquainted with so much diversity of opinion in the Piscataqua Association, he should have regarded his son's deviation from orthodox views with so much surprise and displeasure; and again, that, at a later period, he should have looked upon Mr. Parker's settlement with so much leniency, if not complacency. It must be remembered that it was only upon two points that his son's heresy excited surprise: the denial of the Trinity, the assertion of the inferiority of the Son to the Father, and, consequently, an inadequate atonement for sin. In his father's words, — 'He did not believe the proper Deity and Divinity of Christ, nor his vicarous satisfaction and atonement for the sins of men.'

It does not appear, and I believe it is a fact, that there was no denial of the Trinity in the Piscataqua Association before the introduction of Mr. Parker into its number. If there had been, his settlement would not have been discussed and opposed as it was, by some members of the Association. It was also Mr. Parker's noble personal character, his unusual talents and graces as a minister, that won Dr. Buckminster's warmest esteem and friendship before he was settled in the South Parish in Portsmouth. Dr. Buckminster, not wishing to oppose his settlement, and being too conscientious to take a part in it, embraced the

excuse that the failing health of one of his daughters presented, to take a journey, and absent himself from the ordination.

Although always a sincere follower of Calvin, his religious views were greatly modified by the state of his health. When he was struggling with nervous depression, his religious feelings were deepened into gloomy views of sin, and of the depravity of the heart, and the unworthiness of man.

At the time his son was beginning to preach, the life of his beloved wife was just drawing to a close, and his spirits were greatly depressed; while, on the contrary, Mr. Parker's settlement took place at a period in Dr. Buckminster's life when he enjoyed an unusual degree of health and freedom from depression. Such a result of nervous hypochondria is not at all unusual. The writer is intimately acquainted with the case of a lady, who is subject to seasons of great nervous depression. When she is in good health, she is a decided Unitarian; but as soon as her disease returns, she is overwhelmed with the fears and the gloom of Calvinism.

Soon after my brother's return from Europe, he had undertaken the task of housekeeping by himself. He had found inconveniences in boarding, and the parish, with their usual liberality, had, while he was absent, added a new story, and thoroughly repaired the parsonage-house. He furnished his rooms with a frugality little in accordance with the splendor of his library. He grudged every expense that was not devoted to the inside or the outside of a book: the latter, indeed, bore no proportion to the former. He

spent little in elegant bindings, although he deprecated the avarice which should diminish the mere luxury of literature. He soon found that his experiment of housekeeping involved him in petty cares and vexatious troubles, which none but the feebler sex can bear with exemplary patience. His incessant occupation, his nightly protracted studies, and the precarious state of his health, caused his friends to regard him with trembling interest, and excited the most lively anxiety in his father, till he at length yielded to the incessant solicitations of the brother, and consented that his eldest sister should join him in Boston, and take the place of the head of his family. He hoped that having a sister with him would insensibly lead him to relaxation from his midnight studies, and induce him to give more time to social and domestic pleasures.

The reluctance of Dr. Buckminster to allow his daughters to leave the retirement of home has been already mentioned. He deprecated for them the formation of a taste for luxury, and for the elegances of life, which he feared would make them less happy in the humble and simple home in which they had been born, and in which, as he thought, they were destined to live. It was also at no little sacrifice of daily joy and comfort, that he consented to the absence of his eldest daughter from his own home. She was necessary to both father and brother. Could she have divided her disinterested care, as she did her affections, between them, there would have been enough for both; but whoever had once had the happiness of her presence in domestic life, could but reluctantly consent to part with her again. She

brought with her into a house the spirit of order and perfect arrangement. Cheerfulness and tranquil contentment entered with gentle footsteps, like ministering spirits, and gladdened the roof under which she dwelt; and when she departed from it the sunlight of quiet happiness went with her.

> 'Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipped
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise;
> Interpreter between the gods and men;
> And looked all native to her place.'

A short extract from one of her letters will show, that, if her brother's house was a scene of more varied and more intellectual pleasures, the one she left was not without its tranquil happiness.

'Our family have never been so well as at present. My father is in good health and fine spirits. He is to preach the sermon before the Female Asylum, at Newburyport, and also at the ordination of Mr. Thurston, at Manchester, and will probably make you a visit in Boston; this last, however, is only a conjecture of mine, so that you must not rely too much upon it. The lovely M. G. has been passing a few days with us, and adding to the charms of our little parlor. There is no place, I believe, in the wide world, where more happiness is enjoyed, especially when you visit us. We are all in perfect health, my father in good spirits, with a kind parish, good, and some very agreeable, friends; we are above all want, although possessing none of the superfluities of life; the little children are good and improving; cheerfulness reigns in our house, and, I hope, gratitude in our hearts. Our happiness would be greater, if you could be with us oftener; but we please ourselves, as soon as you are gone, by anticipating the next visit. With the best

wishes that the heart can dictate, or the pen express, I am your affectionate sister,

'L. M. B.'

Of the large number of family letters that passed while the brother urged, and the father reluctantly consented to break in upon the union, and divide the members of his family, only two or three are inserted. The father's fears were prophetic. The family never met again beneath the parental roof. The whole number never met again in life; and a most singular fatality divided them also in death. Of Dr. Buckminster's twelve children, except some young infants, who are buried in Portsmouth, only two rest together, — Joseph and his eldest sister repose beneath the shades of Mount Auburn. The graves of the others are scattered over New England.

The old parsonage-house, in Portsmouth, with nothing attractive in its exterior, with no architectural beauty, small and inconvenient in its rooms, dark and shaded in its aspect, is yet filled with touching memories. Its low-roofed rooms are yet eloquent to one heart. Every beam has witnessed the prayers of the father. Angel faces look back, sweet, youthful voices echo through its silent rooms, and every beloved name is covered with the flowers of memory. The thousand silken ties that bind families together in their youth are like the gossamer webs which lie so thick upon the grass in a summer's morning; — they must be steeped in the dew of tears before they are perceived in all their rainbow colors.

'January, 1808.

'My dear Father, — Though I have often had the pleasure of hearing about you, I really cannot recollect

when I last received a letter from you. Mr. Emerson has told me that he found you well, both in body and mind. Being absent, I hear of your estate; and under the terms of mind, body, and estate, is comprehended, in the English liturgy, all for which we can pray when we remember our friends at the Throne of Grace. In the last two of these, I am, by God's blessing, sufficiently prosperous; at least, my health is as good as I can expect, and my estate far better than I deserve. As to my mind, I doubt not you pray that it may be seasoned with grace and knowledge; I hope your prayers will be heard.

'As to the subject of my being married, I go so little into the company of young people, that I hardly think of it. I must be allowed to wait till something offers that attracts me spontaneously, and that is truly eligible. I shall never set out coolly in the pursuit of a wife. My present situation I believe not injurious to my ministerial character. If I am deficient in some of the private sympathies of a pastor, I hope I shall be enabled to make amends as a public instructor.

'Do not leave me without hope of the presence and solace of one of my sisters. Think, my dear sir, how solitary you would feel could you not hear the voices of your children, and the echo of footsteps beside your own. Spare me one of my sisters.'

'February, 1808.

'My dear Father, — You are unwilling that either of my sisters should make my house her residence. If I could perceive the shadow of an objection, or that it could be in any way injurious to them or to me, I would not urge it. But really I know not the shadow of an objection upon the score of delicacy or advantage. One of them would be extremely useful to me, and agreeable to my friends. I sincerely hope that no fancied prospect of my being more easily led to change my condition, in consequence of being left alone, will have any operation upon your decision.

'E. would be a great addition to my comfort; let her come up with L., and in a few weeks one may return, and the other will be less uneasy at being left alone. On the score of expense there is no objection. I do not find that the addition of one or two makes any difference. I cannot do without one or the other of them. I chatter like a swallow, and mourn like a dove upon the housetops. . . . .

'I find the labors of my profession do not diminish with time. I ought not to expect they should. If I should be blessed as the means of doing any good, I shall cheerfully submit to the dispensations of Providence, if they should even compel me to give up my profession for ever. I trust I am prepared for any result of my malady.

'I send herewith ten copies of a little devotional work, which I have just had published. If you know any young men, to whom it will be likely to be profitable, I hope you will dispose of them. Yours,

'J. S. B.'

To which his father answered: —

'My dear Son, — I pity your lonely state, but I think you had much better 'lead about' a *wife* than a *sister*. It is not my own interest or necessities that form the ground of my objection to your sisters' residing with you; it is the dread of their being allured from the retirement and the regular habits of their father's house into circles that afford food for their literary and worldly ambition, of which they have a full share; and this, I fear, will disqualify them for that sphere where alone I would wish them to shine, and give them a distaste for those enjoyments without which it had been better for us never to have been born. God has blessed me with amiable and respectful children, but I have no evidence that they have, any of them, so heard and learned of the Father that they have come to Christ. I hope God has much happiness in store for them; but it will never be found in worldly pleasures, or ambitious

pursuits. But I must yield to your request. One of your sisters shall go and spend some weeks with you, and there is no gallant they would prefer to their brother, whenever it is convenient for you to come for them.'

To persons of different religious views from Dr. Buckminster, it may appear surprising, that, in answer to the very letter in which his son expresses such entire acquiescence in the will of Providence, as to feel himself ready to submit to any, to the most appalling, consequences of his malady, his father should have answered, that 'he had no evidence that any of his children had so learned of the Father as to come to Christ.' Certainly his son had come to the spirit of Christ; and where else had he gained that religious submission which made him willing to give up his ministry, his studies, the objects of his dearest wishes and his fondest hopes, if it should please his Father in heaven to lay such a burden of affliction upon him? It was not stupidity, for he had the keenest perception of the consequences of his malady. Certainly it was not a proof of an unholy ambition to be willing, if it so pleased the Giver of his gifts, to descend from the beautiful aspirations of genius and wisdom to the lowest state in the condition of intellect.

As soon as my brother had obtained the permanent presence of a sister,* as an inmate of his house, his friends remarked the increase of his cheerfulness, his freedom from care, and the entire confidence with which he reposed upon her love and faithfulness. This added a charm to his bachelor's parsonage,

* Afterwards the wife of Professor John Farrar, of Cambridge.

increased his acquaintance with the younger members of his parish, and his house soon became the hospitable rendezvous of his friends from Portsmouth. Music was still his chief recreation; and, after his sister was with him, he no sooner heard of a distinguished female voice than he became impatient till he could persuade the possessor of such a treasure to consent to come and accompany him at the organ; for this purpose, the instrument was removed to his sister's parlor, and the reunions there were among the most delightful in Boston.

The gentlemen of his parish, and others of his friends, had long been in the habit of collecting on Sunday evenings in his study. He was the centre of a little circle, from whom he received as much as he gave. There is no evening in the week when a clergyman feels so much at his ease, and so ready to enjoy social pleasures, as after the labors of that day are over. The Sabbath has been no day of rest to him, but, if his heart is in his profession, it is one of keen enjoyment. He has finished the work of the week, and there is a pause till the next day. The sermons upon which he has spent so much anxious thought, every other day of the week, have been preached; they are off his mind, and it rises with elasticity from the pressure. He has looked down, too, through the day, upon the attentive and thoughtful faces of attached friends; they have encouraged and strengthened him by their respectful attention to his gravest counsels, and now he can listen and learn from them, in the hours of mutual and equal confidence.

There were a few gentlemen who scarcely ever

omitted a Sunday evening's visit. Among those who honored him the most frequently with their presence were the Hon. Samuel Dexter, Judge Parker and Judge Hall, James Savage, William Wells, etc. Their host thought their conversation sufficiently interesting, on one of these evenings, to preserve notes of it in his journal.

'*February. Sunday evening.* There was much interesting conversation on the natural probability of the future existence of man. "Why," says Mr. Dexter, "may not death be merely a crisis in one's existence? Analogy in the chrysalis, etc., — reproduction of plants annually." Objection: They are not the same plants, but a succession of different individuals. Perennials, which die and revive not again, are a counter analogy. *Quære*, from ——, about consciousness, whether it is necessary to constitute personal identity? It cannot be. Is it, then, a sufficient argument to encourage us to virtue, that we are promoting the happiness of a being which shall have no consciousness of what has been done here? "Why may it not be said," remarked ——, "if consciousness do not constitute identity, that, by behaving well here, you are adding one to the list of happy beings hereafter, but one who is no more yourself than Alexander?"

'Mr. ——. "Is not the mode in which men learn to admire the works of the great masters, Raphael, Michael Angelo, precisely similar to the mode in which the pathetic affections must be generated? By continual study to generate these feelings, and by familiar and uninterrupted acquaintance, lest the taste acquired be lost by other pursuits? The religious affections, when in their highest state, are delicate and retired, like the internal admiration of an artist for a wonderful work." Mr. ——. "Sir Joshua Reynolds says, if you relish not Homer and Virgil, read

them till you do, and do not suspect the whole world has been deceived in their admiration."

'Mr. ——. "Why was not Jesus married, to set us an example of the duties of that state?" Answer. It would have been inconsistent with the nature of his life and mission. Mr. D. "Was the recommendation of celibacy in the Church from his example?" Mr. —— related the speech of Lord Chatham upon the subject of the king's speech, — an admirable imitation. Mr. D. expatiated upon the character of Washington, and told anecdotes of his reserve and dulness in conversation, and asked whether invention be a faculty necessary to constitute a great man.

'Mr. —— asked, "Is there any connection between different views of religion and the state of the affections?" "Is there, in fact," said ——, "any difference, except in degree, between the moral characters of men who are accounted religious?" This is the most difficult question in religion. What is the nature of true virtue? "How strange it is," said D., "that the first principles in morals should be so obscure!" Is there any real difference in kind between the religion of Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Lardner, for instance? or does the difference result from natural temperament? The question is not to be determined by particular examples, perhaps, but by a general comparison of religious men of all persuasions. The poetry of Watts and Doddridge is most fervent; did this in any degree depend upon their views of doctrine, or on natural temperament?'

As this was the period of my brother's short life, during which he enjoyed the greatest vigor of body and perhaps the most effective energy of mind, I am happy to be permitted to add the testimony of a friend,* then young and enthusiastic, indeed, who visited him at this time.

* Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany.

'My recollections of Mr. Buckminster are exceedingly vivid, as well as somewhat minute; for they are among the most cherished recollections of my whole life; but then you must bear in mind, that, when I knew him, I was but a boy of fifteen, and I never saw him except for the few days which I then spent in his family. I will tell you literally every thing that I can remember concerning him. . . . . .

'About this time, Mr. Abbot, of Coventry, Conn., whose pupil I was, in consequence of having declared himself a Unitarian, was arraigned by the Consociation of Tolland county for heresy, and dismissed from his charge, and, as the phrase then was, "silenced." He, however, refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the body that tried him, and continued some time, by request of the parish, to officiate as usual. The parish and himself agreed to call another council, to whose adjudication the existing difficulties should be referred; and this council consisted chiefly of clergymen from Boston and the vicinity. Mr. Abbot, I think, more to gratify me than for any thing else, proposed to me to go to Boston and carry the *letters missive*. . . . . .

'It was by no means among the least important of the circumstances which I anticipated in connection with my journey, that it would give me the opportunity of seeing Mr. Buckminster; for besides hearing Mr. Abbot talk of him in terms of unmeasured praise, I had read his sermon on Governor Sullivan over and over, with the greatest admiration, so that I could repeat large portions of it. Mr. Abbot gave me a letter to him, and directed me to call upon him immediately on my arrival in Boston. Accordingly, on reaching Boston, I found my way to the Brattle Street Church parsonage, and was met at the door by a gentleman, dressed in a sort of gray frock-coat,* with whose appearance I was

* This was a half-military frock-coat of iron gray, which he had made to travel in during his journey on the Continent, at a time when the military costume alone commanded respect. After his return, the

exceedingly struck, of whom I inquired if Mr. Buckminster was at home. He said yes, and asked me to walk in. After conversing with him for some time, and not dreaming that he was Mr. Buckminster, and yet wondering what more Mr. Buckminster could be, I asked him if I was right in supposing him to say that Mr. Buckminster was at home. "O, yes," he replied, "I am he." I then gave him my letter, which he read; and, after making an inquiry or two concerning Mr. Abbot, he told me that I must come and stay with him while I remained in Boston. I asked him to excuse me, though for no other reason than that I feared it would be indelicate for me to accept the invitation. He said he should not excuse me, and that I must stay and make him a visit; that he would show me the town, etc. The short of it was, that he insisted upon sending for my luggage, and I stayed in his house, in all, nearly a week.

'One of the first things he did was to accompany me to see Dr. Lathrop, to whom I had a letter (missive) from Mr. Abbot. The old gentleman came out of his study, wearing an immense gown, and said that he was busy, writing Dr. Eckley's funeral sermon, but found it very difficult to get into his subject. . . . . I think it was upon leaving Dr. Lathrop's that he took me to the top of the Exchange, which, he said, commanded the best view of the town; and then he pointed out to me various interesting objects, of which I had often heard, but which I saw then for the first time. He wished me to feel entirely at home, and to stay with him in his study whenever it was pleasant to me; and I assure you that it was so pleasant to me, that I was little disposed to be any where else. I had from my childhood a passion for reading eloquent sermons, and especially for gathering pamphlets; and, having found in a corner of his study a quantity of pamphlets stowed away,

embroidery was taken off the collar, and it served him as a study coat for several years.

I set myself to examining them. When he saw what I was about, he laughed a little at what he thought my odd taste, but told me to keep at it and to select from the mass for myself whatever I cared for; and I actually took him at his word, and selected enough to make a large bundle.

'Of course, my most important day with him was Sunday. I went with him to church in the morning, and heard him preach and administer the communion. The subject of his discourse was baptism. It was, so far as I remember, entirely of a didactic character. I have an idea that it was not among his most eloquent productions; and yet every thing that he said operated upon me like a charm. The tones of his voice have not ceased to vibrate upon my ears to this day; and I often try to render my impressions of them more vivid, by an attempt to imitate them. I do not remember that there was much passion evinced in his manner, but there was a calm dignity, an inimitable gracefulness of attitude and gesture, a countenance radiant with intelligence and benevolence, and, above all, an impressive solemnity that spoke of the reality and the depth of his convictions, such as I do not remember ever to have witnessed in the same admirable combination. I recollect that he prayed with his eyes open, elevated at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and perfectly fixed. I had never seen the same thing before, and it was then, as it is still, a matter of wonder how he could do it. In the afternoon, he preached a sermon with some reference to the death of Dr. Eckley, which he wrote while I was with him in his study, but which I did not hear him preach: I heard Dr. Griffin at Park Street.

'After the second service, he appeared greatly exhausted. . . . . .

'In the evening, Mr. William Wells, and some other gentlemen whose names I do not recollect, came and passed an hour or two in his study, and he took his full share in the conversation.

'Though I remained several days with him at this time, he told me that I must be sure and come and see him again on my return from Beverly, and some other places which I had occasion to visit. I assure you I needed nothing more than an invitation to bring me back to him; and when I came back, he greeted me with as much affection as if he had been my father. On the morning that I finally left him, he handed me a little note, which he asked me to deliver at Mr. Wells's bookstore, containing a request that he would give me, on his account, a copy of "Griesbach's New Testament," which he had then just edited, and of "Walker's Key, etc.," the latter of which, he said, was designed to aid me in attaining a correct pronunciation. Unfortunately, my old horse was so loaded down with other treasures that he had given me, particularly in the way of pamphlets, that I was obliged to leave these more valuable books behind; and alas! they were sold with his library.' *

The same writer adds: —

'It might seem like affectation if I were to tell you how much his death affected me; or, indeed, if I were to tell you with what warmth and depth of affection I have cherished his memory ever since. I think of him always as the most lovely, the most beautiful, the most exalted form of humanity. I have met with many persons who cherish a grateful and exalted impression both of his gifts and his virtues; but, strange as you may think it, I have never met with one who seemed to love and venerate his memory as I do myself. I confess that it is to myself somewhat of a mystery. Doubtless something must be allowed for the influence of a young imagination, and for some other

* The Greek Testament was finally recovered. It was bought at the sale of Mr. Buckminster's library, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, and cheerfully relinquished at the request of Mr. Everett.

peculiar circumstances attending my visit, which I have not mentioned; but, however it may be accounted for, certain it is, that, to this day, there is scarcely a name among the dead that is embalmed in my heart amidst such warm and grateful recollections as the name of Buckminster. I have never hesitated to bear this testimony to his exalted character, though his religious views, I suppose, were materially different from my own. His published sermons, however, contain little to which Christians of any denomination would find occasion to object. I have in my mind, at this moment, two or three of the greatest lights of the "orthodox" pulpit, who have pronounced his sermons quite unrivalled in that department of composition.* Robert Southey spoke of them to me as decidedly among the finest in the language.'

To the above I have the privilege of adding an extract from the diary of the Rev. Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, written at the time of my brother's death, and expressing the prevalent feeling of the community. After speaking of his return from Europe, Dr. Pierce goes on to say: —

'His study became the resort of the first scholars among us; and his company was equally sought by people of fashion, of literature, and of religion. Every society, whether for science, humanity, or religion, was desirous of enrolling him among its members. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the Historical Society, of the Humane Society, of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, of the Christian Monitor Society, and Corresponding Secretary of the Bible Society of Massachusetts. He preached an acceptable sermon before

* 'The gentlemen referred to are Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, of Princeton, Dr. Inglis, of Baltimore, and Dr. Romaine, of New York.'

the Female Asylum, which he declined to publish. The last sermon that he wrote he delivered before the Christian Monitor Society.*

'He was principally instrumental in inducing the Rev. Noah Worcester to forsake the retirement he loved, and come into the vicinity of Boston and Cambridge, where he ceased not but with life to coöperate with the friends of peace and of liberal Christianity.

'Mr. Buckminster was rather below the common size, muscular, and well proportioned. His countenance was extremely expressive, lighted up with eyes irresistibly fascinating. His manners were highly polished, but perhaps no person was ever farther removed from flattery. On the other hand, he was exceedingly open-hearted, and often told people truths which would hardly have been tolerated from any other person. He was the delight of the ladies; but never did he procure their favor by studied attentions, and perhaps no lady ever suspected herself to be the object of them. In small circles, he was usually sociable; but sometimes he would appear absent in company, probably from the circumstance that he had not completely relaxed his mind from the last pursuit in which he was engaged.

'His brethren of the Boston Association will long remember the pleasure and instruction which he never failed to impart to their circle; with what readiness he entered into their sympathies; what light he cast upon their most perplexing topics; and what assistance he afforded in their most embarrassing situations.

'In the pulpit, Mr. Buckminster ranked among the very first preachers which this or any other country has produced. His sermons were written in a style, simple, nervous, per-

* He was also an honorary member of the New York Historical Society, an officer of the Society just created for the Improvement of Seamen, and, at the time of his death, one of the School Committee of Boston.

spicuous, adorned with captivating figures. It was impossible to withhold attention from him. He seemed to have a perfect command of his audience, and, as occasion required, he could at once excite all the lively emotions of the soul. His peculiar excellence consisted in portraying characters. Hence some of his most acceptable sermons have been those which treated of the characters of Peter, of Paul, of Philemon, and of Christ. He had the faculty, as a preacher, of interesting those who would be interested in the services of no other man. Under his preaching, it is believed that many have been induced to attend to the subject of religion in earnest, who might otherwise have been slumbering in indifference.' *

The venerable clergyman mentioned in the letter of Dr. Sprague, now living at the age of eighty,† writes thus: —

'No person could become acquainted with Mr. Buckminster without loving him. He was a perfect man. On seeing him once, his image could not be blotted from the mind. I am greatly indebted to his kindness. When feeling obliged, by my situation, to give the Trinitarian hypothesis a thorough examination, I wrote to Dr. Kirkland, requesting him to purchase for me the best treatises on the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian hypotheses. He sent in the package a number of books from Mr. Buckminster, having his name in them. When the consociation was convoked at Coventry, I wrote to him, requesting his advice. Afterwards, at Boston, he introduced me to his brethren. When I asked him if he would be one of a mutual council, if one was called, he advised me to invite older men than himself.'

* From the diary of Rev. John Pierce, D. D., June, 1812.

† Rev. Abiel Abbot, D. D., now of Peterborough, N. H.

The answer to the letter referred to in the last extract is here introduced: —

'Boston, Jan. 12th, 1811.

'My dear Sir, — I have delayed writing to you till the present time for several reasons; the principal of which was, however, that I might be able to write more positively on the subject about which you are most interested. It appears to me, that, if you are compelled to call an *ex parte* council, it should be composed of the most grave and experienced men you can procure. I presume, from what you have before said, that Dr. Dana and Dr. Lee could be obtained from Connecticut, and these, united with Drs. Reed and Sanger, of Bridgewater, Kendall, of Weston, Bancroft, of Worcester, etc., and, perhaps, one or two more from this town, would compose a sufficiently large and respectable assembly. I find that Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, absolutely declines, and so, I fear, would Mr. Channing. In speaking with the latter on the subject, his impressions seemed to be that it was not proper to send to ministers so young, or of so short standing in the Church, as himself.

'If a vote of censure, or of excommunication, should pass against you in the consociation, I presume you will continue to preach and minister to those who still choose to attend upon your ministry in Coventry. This, I think, is due to their attachment to you. If any part of the Church remain with you, I see not what you will gain by the calling of an *ex parte* council, except it be the form of a regular ministerial character, and you can best tell whether that is of much consequence in the minds of your friends in Coventry. If the council should be thought important, perhaps it is not immediately necessary, and might be deferred till the season is milder. I wish, that, if a council is called, it should be *very* respectable, and that, to the names already mentioned, Dr. Osgood's might be added; but nothing, I fear, would persuade him to leave home in winter.

'I am faithfully yours,

'J. S. B.

'P. S. If you wish to print any statement of facts, I will take care to get it done without expense to you.'

It has been already mentioned by Dr. Pierce, that Mr. Buckminster was principally instrumental in inducing the venerable Noah Worcester to come to the vicinity of Boston. The writer well remembers the surprise and enthusiasm which her brother expressed at the first appearance of 'Bible News,' and the sanguine hope he felt that it would aid the cause of free inquiry, and ultimately of truth. When its author first visited Boston, he was the welcome guest of his young friend at the parsonage, and both Joseph and his sister were charmed by the patriarchal simplicity, the genuine and fascinating urbanity and good sense, of their guest. My brother died before Dr. Worcester could remove to the vicinity of Boston; and it has been remarked to the writer, by a near relative, that he was overwhelmed with grief at the death of his young friend, and felt that much of the happiness he expected from his change of residence was gone.

The venerable author of one of the last extracts speaks of the general character of his attentions to the other sex, and the interest with which he was regarded by them. Although, in God's providence, he was never permitted to form those intimate ties which are so necessary to hearts fitted, as was his, to feel every tender emotion, yet, had he lived to reach middle age, surely to him would have been opened that fairest page in the book of life, when every duty and every care would have been lightened, and 'the face of nature made radiant with the light

of love.' No one can have read his sermon on 'The Influence of Christianity upon the Character of the Female Sex,' and the sentiments scattered every where in his writings, and not feel that he had the most generous, the most impartial, and the most true appreciation of the nature of women; no one can have remarked the frequent pathos of his expressions, when speaking of the sorrows of human hearts, and not feel that they were derived from real sensibility. A passage from a letter to a young person, upon her intended marriage, shows how fully he understood what must enter into the union to form a happy marriage.

'My dear ——:—I have long wished to find time for writing you a letter, more valuable than mine usually are, upon a subject extremely interesting to you and therefore to your friend. Mr. —— has impressed me in the most favorable manner, and, for what I have not seen, I am willing to take your word. But, my dear friend, if I had not every reason to coincide with you in opinion of him, to whom you have given the rich treasure of your love, I should yet say, that a sincere and pious affection on both sides is a sufficient ground for hopeful confidence in this union. Time will form two pure and amiable souls for each other, and religious principle, under the smiles of Heaven, even in cases where superficial observers may not see any peculiar coincidence of character, will mould your dispositions into an harmonious and ever-increasing unity of feeling. As you learn each other's tastes, views, and principles, the love and fear of God, mingling with your hopes for earth, will blend into a beautiful harmony for eternity.

'You have been tutored in one of the best schools in the world, and under the best religious influences. If you

should be married, the sphere of your cares and duties will hardly be enlarged, though the sources of your happiness will be multiplied. You will not indulge, I know, in great expectations from the world and its pleasures, wherever you may live; yet, as your chiefest joy will be in your family, and in seeing those under your influence blessed by your example, you may expect much happiness without being disappointed. May God bless you, my dear friend, and bring you nearer to me, to increase my social blessings, and to improve, by your example, the often feeble virtues of your friend,

'J. S. B.'

An extract from one of his sermons is given, to show that he fully appreciated the character of woman. He is addressing the Managers of the Female Asylum for Orphan Children: —

'Accustomed more to retirement than to active life, you have more leisure, and consequent disposition, for religious contemplations. It is also infinitely honorable to your character that you ever feel a secret sympathy with a religion which unlocks all the sources of benevolent affection, which smiles on every exercise of compassion and every act of kindness. We may say, too, that your hearts, not hardened by the possession of power, the pains of avarice, or the emulations of public life, are more alive to the accents of pardon by Jesus Christ, more awake to the glories of the invisible world. The Gospel came to throw a charm over domestic life, and, in retirement, the first objects that it found were mothers and their children. It came to bind up the broken-hearted, and, for that office, woman was always best prepared. It came to heal the sick, and woman was already waiting at their couches. It came to open the gates of life upon the languid eye of the dying penitent, and woman was every where to be seen, softly tending at the pillow, and closing the eyes of the departing. . . . . .

'I believe, that, if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislation, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman, at the fireside; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered round the knees of a mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer escaping in silence from her lips, and heard only at the throne of God.'

With such appreciation of the tenderness of woman, we must regret that he lived unmarried; but, during a part of his short life, he was not unaccompanied by the truest, the most faithful and single-hearted affection. The sister, who was so fortunate as to be his guardian, watched over him with more than a sister's love. In the attacks of his malady by night, hers was like the instinctive vigilance of a mother; the wing of the night-moth was sufficient to wake her, and bring her, like the mother, to the couch of her sleeping treasure.

'But let him grieve, who cannot choose but grieve,
That he hath been an elm without his vine,
And her bright dower of clustering charities,
That round his trunk and branches might have clung
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee
Was given a sister,
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart
Found — for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
All softening, humanizing, hallowing powers —
More than sufficient recompense.' *

* Wordsworth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF GOVERNOR SULLIVAN. — LETTER ON DUELLING. — BIBLE SOCIETY. — ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF Φ. B. K. — THE ATHENÆUM.

1809. Aged 25. THE chapter begins with an extract from the journal of this year.

'*January 2d.* A new year has begun. In looking back upon the events of my life the last year, I perceive little or no improvement. Sure I am that my stock of theological knowledge has not been increased, though I have reason to hope that my sermons for the last year have not been inferior to any preceding ones. In the trials to which God has exposed me, I endeavor to discern the designs of his providence. The disorder to which I am still subjected ought to be to me a perpetual lesson of humility and dependence. I have sometimes thought, that, if our powers and state of mind in another world depend at all upon the condition of the intellect when we leave this, I should prefer to die before my mind shall be debilitated by this disorder. May this consideration, with others, tend to keep me in a state of perpetual willingness and readiness to depart.

'My greatest trial the past year has been the attack upon my selection of hymns for the use of Brattle Street Church. I cannot but think it insidious and impertinent. If I have indulged in any improper feelings towards the supposed author, I pray God to forgive me. At least, I hope they do not appear in my reply. I have hitherto refrained, and

shall refrain, from reading the author's rejoinder, because, since my friends tell me there is nothing in it requiring a reply, I know not why I should put my tranquillity to the test which the perusal would occasion. As to the principal and most important charge in the review, of undeclared alterations, I can put down here what it was not necessary to tell the public, that I did not know of them till they were pointed out to me by the reviewer. I took the hymns, without any alteration of my own, from the collection of Dr. Kippis.*

'I fear that the state of my affections has not been improved the last year; yet I hope I have learned some humility from the public and the secret opposition which has been made to me as a minister. May God make my motives pure and simple, and give me, this year, which is now beginning, a deeper interest in the religious state of my parish, and less concern for my own reputation.'

In January of this year, was published the first sermon which he ever gave to the press. It was occasioned by the death of His Excellency, James Sullivan. Governor Sullivan had been one of the most constant and zealous of his friends. He was chairman of the Brattle Street Parish Committee, and all his intercourse with his pastor had been marked by the most courteous, considerate, and affectionate friendship.

In this connection is introduced a letter to Governor Sullivan, upon the subject of duelling. The correspondence arose from an animated conversation at the table of the Governor, in which the subject was discussed and defended.

* The reference is to a review in the 'Panoplist.'

'My dear Sir,—I know not whether you expected a reply to the letter with which you favored me yesterday morning; but, upon reading it, I am strongly tempted to put down a few thoughts on paper, and should have done it yesterday, but all my time was taken up in preparation for to-day. By sending these lines, however, I have no intention of drawing you into a troublesome discussion of the question of duelling.

'I thank you for your explanation of what I uttered, perhaps, too hastily,—that I would knock a man down who should insult me in the street. How far it would be consistent with the spirit of a Christian I dare not say; but, at any rate, I meant only to express the probable effect of strong passion, irresistibly excited in a mind so imperfectly regulated as my own. I do not think, however, that this affords any parallel to the revenge taken in a duel, because the first is done in sudden passion, the last in cool blood.

'Allow me, also, though I am sensible of my ignorance of law, to question whether the cases you have stated, where murder in defence of one's reputation is softened by our laws into homicide, are parallel to that of the duellist, who deliberately kills a man out of regard to his own reputation. Though it is permitted to kill an adulterer, the act is justified, I conceive, not because it is done out of regard to reputation, but because it is a provocation which excites immediate passionate resentment. . . . . The case is the same with a woman who kills another in defence of her chastity. There is an additional reason, too, in this last instance, to justify the murder, and that is, that, if she had it in her power, and did not kill the man, she never could prove to the world that she did not in some measure consent to the act. In the other instances which you adduce, when a man is killed in the act of breaking into your house in the night, or of taking your purse on the highway in the dark, the murder is palliated, not because it is committed in defence of your property; for if this

were the reason, it would be equally justifiable to kill the one in the day-time, and the other when he offered no violence, or craftily picked your pocket in the day-time.

'If duelling were any redress of the supposed injury, (which it plainly is not, because the chance of being killed is equal to the injurer and the injured, and, even if the offender were always sure to fall, the other's character is not cleared in the sight of God or man,) yet I conceive that nothing can authorize us *deliberately* to seek satisfaction in the blood of a fellow-creature, in cases where we ourselves are the unauthorized judges of the injury received, and where there is no standard but our own feelings, or the fickle opinions of the world, by which the injury can be estimated. If the unauthorized laws of honor may be allowed to create exceptions to express commands of God, there is an end of all laws, human and Divine. If a man may redress his own wrongs by killing his neighbor, when he cannot appeal to the social compact for defence and remuneration, I see not why he may not challenge him for not taking off his hat to him in the street, as well as for insulting him more grossly. I see not why a man may not make his own notions of honor the standard, as well as the opinions of the world the umpire.

'My dear Sir, the only question on this subject is this: whether a regard for our own reputation is sufficient to justify us in *deliberately* taking the life of another. . . . . When, after these secular reasons, I turn to the spirit of Christian morality, I can hardly forgive myself for proposing the question. Excuse the hate and inaccuracy with which these lines are written. I presume my remarks are already familiar to your own mind, and I must request your indulgence for venturing to suggest them.

'Yours, with friendship and respect,

'J. S. B.'

In July of this year was formed the Massachusetts Bible Society. The public were prepared for it by an address which appeared in the journals of the day. The first Corresponding Secretary of the Society was Joseph S. Buckminster. The address was written by him; it was circulated very extensively in the country, and was afterwards published at some length, with distinguished praise, in the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A few extracts from this address follow: —

'You are invited, Christians, to lend your aid to the distribution of the Bible. The revealed word of God is, and ever has been, the source of what is most valuable in human knowledge, most salutary in human institutions, most pure in human affections, comfortable in human condition, desirable and glorious in human expectations. Without it, man returns to a state of nature, ignorant, depraved, and helpless, — left without assurances of pardon, and lost to the way of recovery and life. It is the pearl of great price, to buy which the merchant in the parable sold all that he had, and yet was rich. Without this, wealth is poor, and the treasures of ancient wisdom and modern science a mass of inanimate knowledge. . . . . .

'It was the most glorious consequence of the Reformation to draw forth the Book of God from the obscurity in which it had been kept, and, by giving translations in the vernacular tongues, to throw open its treasures to the people, and thus also to secure them for ever against its future loss. It was the unsealing of the fountain of life, that its waters might flow freely for the healing of the people. We, too, in New England, ought never to forget, that, to preserve the authority of this Book unimpaired, and to enjoy the privilege of a free conscience, enlightened and emboldened by its truth, our forefathers crossed the ocean with little

more than this volume in their hands, and its spirit in their hearts; and if there is now in the character and circumstances of their posterity any thing worth preserving, to this Book are we to trace the good which remains, and to look also for the improvement which is to come. . . . . .

'He who "came to preach the Gospel to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind," when he was reading this very passage out of the Book of God in the Jewish synagogue, added, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." Christians, we call on you to accomplish this prediction among us, by sending the Gospel, all simple and salutary as it is, wherever it may be wanted; — to the dwellings of the poor and distressed; to the huts of the distant and solitary; to the chamber of the prisoner and the cell of the criminal; and last, though not least, to the bedside of the old, whose eyes, dimmed with the rheum of age, can yet spell out its contents. . . . . In short, if in some cases we can only prolong the pleasures of aged Christians by furnishing them with more legible copies of their favorite volume, we shall not lose our reward with him who cannot forget the gift of a cup of cold water in his name to one of his little ones. . . . . .

'The influence of early instruction in the Scriptures is sometimes sufficient to form the destiny and give the color to the whole of life. It is an influence of which many cultivated and uncultivated minds have been conscious, even after they have too much relinquished the good habits of their childhood, and, among them, the reading of the Bible. The want of this Book in a rising family, where the parents are poor and indifferent, the children ignorant and rude, and left without the chance of gaining any religious ideas, is a subject of serious thought to the philanthropist, who only looks forward to the character of the next generation. For from these another race is to be propagated, and in this new country perhaps other and vast

regions peopled. Need it be added, that the Christian philanthropist is obliged to follow these fearful consequences to another and an eternal state of existence, where it will be too late to instruct those we have neglected here, and where our charity can neither ransom nor relieve?'

In August of this year, 1809, he was appointed to deliver the Discourse before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, at Harvard College. This is always considered a distinguished honor. It is an exhilarating occasion. The discourse is addressed to the aristocracy of letters in this corner of the world, with the talent, learning, and beauty of the neighborhood for an audience. He chose for his subject, 'The Dangers and Duties of Men of Letters.' Read now, after the lapse of forty years, it has all the charm and freshness of a composition of the day.

Some passages of this address are as applicable to the state of our country now as at the time when they were delivered.

'Is there a man who now hears me, who would not rather belong to an enlightened and virtuous community than to the mightiest empire of the world, distinguished only by its vastness? If there is, let him cast his eye along the records of states. What do we know of the vast, unlettered empires of the East? The far-extended conquests of the Assyrian hardly detain us a moment in the annals of the world, while the little state of Athens will for ever be the delight of the historian and the pride of letters, — preserving, by the genius of her writers, the only remembrance of the barbarian powers which overwhelmed her. To come down to our own times: who would not rather have been a citizen of the free and polished republic of Geneva, than wander a prince in the vast dominions of

the Czar, or bask in the beams of the present emperor of a desolated continent?

'In the usual course of national aggrandizement, it is almost certain that those of you who shall attain to old age will find yourselves the citizens of an empire unparalleled in extent; but is it probable that you will have the felicity of belonging to a nation of men of letters? The review of our past literary progress does not authorize very lofty expectations, neither does it leave us entirely without hope for the lettered honor of our country.

'Our poets and historians, our critics and orators, the men in whom posterity are to stand in awe, and by whom they are to be instructed, are yet to appear among us. The men of letters who are to direct our taste, mould our genius, and inspire our emulation,—the men, in fact, whose writings are to be the depositories of our national greatness,—have not yet shown themselves to the world. But, if we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the genius of our literature begins to show symptoms of vigor, and to meditate a bolder flight, and the generation which is to succeed us will be formed on better models, and leave a brighter track. The spirit of criticism begins to plume itself, and education, as it assumes a more learned form, will take a higher aim. If we are not misled by our hopes, the dream of ignorance is at least disturbed, and there are signs that the period is approaching in which it will be said of our country, "*Tuus jam regnat Apollo.*" You, my young friends, are destined to witness the dawn of our Augustan age, and to contribute to its glory.'

One other passage is added, upon the moral defects to which scholars are exposed:—

'The moral defects and faults of temper, to which scholars are exposed, are not peculiar to any country. It is every where the natural tendency of a life of retirement and con-

templation to generate the notion of innocence and mora security; but men of letters should remember, that, in the eye of reason and Christianity, simple unprofitableness is always a crime. They should know, too, that there are solitary diseases of the imagination, not less fatal to the mind than the vices of society. He who pollutes his fancy with his books may in fact be more culpable than he who is seduced into the haunts of debauchery by the force of passion or example. He who, by his sober studies, only feeds his selfishness or his pride of knowledge, may be more to blame than the pedant or the coxcomb in literature, though not so ridiculous. That learning, whatever it may be, which lives and dies with the possessor, is more worthless than his wealth which descends to his posterity; and where the heart remains uncultivated and the affections sluggish, the mere man of curious erudition may stand indeed as an object of popular admiration, but he stands like the occasional palaces of ice in the regions of the north, the work of vanity, lighted up with artificial lustre, yet cold, useless, and uninhabited, and soon to pass away without leaving a trace of their existence. You, then, who feel yourselves sinking under the gentle pressure of sloth, or who seek in learned seclusion that moral security which is the reward only of virtuous resolution, remember, you do not escape from temptations, much less from responsibility, by retiring to the repose and silence of your libraries. . . . . The infirmities of noble minds are often so consecrated by their greatness that an unconscious imitation of their peculiarities, which are real defects, may sometimes be pardoned in their admirers. But to copy their vices, or to hunt in their works for those very lines which, when dying, they would most wish to blot, is a different offence. I know of nothing in literature so unpardonable as this. He who poaches among the labors of the learned only to find what there is polluted in their language or licentious in their works — he who searches the biographies of men of genius

to find precedents for his follies or palliations of his own stupid depravity — can be compared to nothing more appropriately than to the man who should walk through the gallery of antiques, and every day gaze upon the Apollo, the Venus, or the Laocoön, and yet bring away an imagination impressed with nothing but the remembrance that they were naked.'

The whole of this address would repay, even at this day, a careful perusal; and, though forty years have passed since it was written, the age has not advanced beyond its demands. It is rich in eloquent thought, and sparkling with gems of poetry. It must be recollected, that the author lived and died before the appearance of those magicians of our age, to whom we owe such treasures of delight; before Scott's novels had given to history more than the charm of romance; before Byron had found such depths of tragic element within the human heart; before the transcendentalism of Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Channing, had become familiar forms of speech, and Carlyle and Dickens had taught us to look from the ruffled and spotted plumage of society to the bleeding heart within. Yet truth and nature and poetry were the same, and the study of them had been, to him, 'their own exceeding great reward.' There was nothing, even in those compositions of his, which were written just as he emerged from boyhood, of morbid excess, or of repining sensibility; and yet there was that in his prospect of early death, or of a worse calamity, to which they might have been forgiven; his habits of study, his devotion to truth, his entire reliance upon the paternal character of God, gave him a perpetual joy in the intellec-

tual gifts he had received, and an entire acquiescence in the providence which should call him to part with them.

To the above I am permitted to add the testimony of one whose words are ever chosen, appropriate, and weighty, and whose genius seems to the writer kindred to his who, at so early an age, made so deep and permanent an impression on his memory. The Hon. Edward Everett thus recalls his impressions of the oration in question : —

'If I should attempt to fix the period at which I first felt all the power of Mr. Buckminster's influence, it would be at the delivery of his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in August, 1809; at which time I had been two years in college, but still hardly emerged from boyhood. That address, although the standard of merit for such performances is higher now than it was then, will, I think, still be regarded as one of the very best of its class, admirably appropriate, thoroughly meditated, and exquisitely wrought. It unites sterling sense, sound and various scholarship, precision of thought, the utmost elegance of style, without pomp or laborious ornament, with a fervor and depth of feeling truly evangelical. These qualities, of course, are preserved in the printed text of the oration. But the indescribable charm of his personal appearance and manner, — the look, the voice, the gesture and attitude, the unstudied outward expression of the inward feeling, — of these no idea can be formed by those who never heard him. A better conception of what they might have been may probably be gathered from the contemplation of Stuart's portrait than from any description. I can never look at it without fancying I catch the well-remembered expression of the living eye, at once gentle and penetrating, and hear the most melodious voice, as I firmly believe, that ever passed the lips of man. . . . . .

'I will only add, that I think he possessed, in a greater degree than I have seen them combined in one person, an intellect of great acuteness and power, a brilliant imagination, a sound, practical judgment, a taste for literary research of all sorts, and especially for critical learning, together with an elevation of moral feeling approaching to austerity, (not in his judgments of others, but in his own sense of duty,) and a devotional spirit rapt and tender almost beyond the measure of humanity. To repeat his own beautiful quotation, in the address above alluded to, in his case, if ever among men, —

"True prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews."

'All this he was at the age of twenty-eight, when he was taken from us. Had he lived to the ordinary age of man, it seems to me that he gave an early assurance that he possessed those intellectual and moral endowments, which would have made him, in his profession, the foremost man of his country and time.'

There were other objects, upon which much of his time was employed, — objects of utility, that brought to him neither applause nor reputation. Among his papers are memoirs, subscriptions, and prefaces to books and proposals, which had only a temporary interest, and have passed away and are forgotten. Among those which have since assumed a permanent and increasing importance is the Athenæum. His letters have shown how deep an anxiety he felt about its prosperity and influence. In this year, or the next, he spent much time in assisting to arrange and classify the library, and began to write the preface to the published catalogue. The correspondence between himself and Mr. William S. Shaw, while he was in

Europe, although previous to this time, is introduced here. It will show how entire was the confidence placed in these two friends, and with what enthusiasm they entered into the business. In his preface he says: —

'The present catalogue will exhibit at once our riches and our poverty; it will show to the world what we have amassed, and suggest to future benefactors what we yet hope to collect. When we recollect, that, four years ago, this institution existed only in the hopes and projects of a few reading men, and that, from a germ almost imperceptible, it has grown into the present generous establishment, we can hardly repress our exultation. . . . . .

'If the time should ever come, which we fondly expect, when a superb structure shall be raised in this town, wherein to deposit the crowded treasures and the precious collections of this literary institution, and the Historical Society shall consent to unite our common possessions upon the subject of American history, we shall then have approached nearer to the accomplishment of our darling object, the formation of an American Library worthy of the country.'*

'Boston, Dec. 1st, 1806.

'Dear Buckminster, — I know you will be delighted to hear of the progress we have made in the reading-room and library, which has much surpassed the expectations of even the most sanguine of us. We have one hundred and sixty subscribers at ten dollars a year, consisting of the most respectable gentlemen in Boston, with the probability of having two hundred subscribers at least, the moment the rooms are opened. We have taken rooms in Congress Street, in what are called Joy's Buildings, which we shall occupy till the spring, when we expect to be able to procure

* The above extracts are taken from the manuscript of the preface, in my brother's handwriting.

more commodious rooms. We have had nearly a thousand volumes of valuable books presented to us, and one hundred and sixty dollars in cash. The institution is a very popular one, and there is a strong inclination discovered to patronize it on a very extensive plan, and I have very little doubt that in a few years we shall see a library in our beloved Boston, inferior to none in America. If we do not, it will be owing altogether to want of exertion on the part of our literary men, whose duty it is to awake from their stupid lethargy, and to rescue our country from the scorn and derision which now lie so heavily upon her.

'We propose that the whole property of the institution shall be vested in a number of trustees, not exceeding eleven, seven of whom to be chosen from the Anthology Society, the remaining four to be gentlemen out of the Society, the Trustees thus chosen to have the sole and exclusive management of the institution. Dr. Kirkland, Mr. Emerson, Peter Thacher, Walter, and myself, are chosen from the Anthology Society, and we intend to choose your honor to be one the moment you come home. Chief Justice Parsons, Mr. John Lowell, Mr. Freeman, we have also chosen, none of whom have yet made known their acceptance but Mr. Parsons, who very readily complied with our request, much to the joy of us all. As soon as the Trustees can be called together, they are to choose a President, Vice-President, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer, &c. Mr. Parsons is to be chosen President, Walter will probably be chosen Corresponding Secretary, and your humble servant, Recorder.

'In drawing up the regulations, we have followed very closely the laws of the Athenæum of Liverpool, for which I am greatly indebted to your kindness in transmitting immediately on your arrival at Liverpool. It is an admirable institution, and we intend to make ours as much like that as the different circumstances of the two countries will admit. I pray you to make it an object to collect as much

information as will be in your power respecting all literary societies, catalogues of their libraries, their laws, &c., &c. They will be pleasant to have in our reading-room at least, and they may be made useful in America, to stimulate our countrymen to some important mental exertions. I wish you could be prevailed upon to avail yourself of the advantages your residence in London this winter will afford you, to collect information relative to the literature of England, their colleges, their schools, their scientific institutions, their literary men, &c., &c., and publish a series of papers in our dearly cherished Anthology on the present state of English literature, which I am very certain would be novel, interesting, and useful to the people of this country. Write a series of letters from England to us in America, as La Harpe wrote from Paris to the Emperor Paul the First, of Russia. He was engaged in a correspondence with the Emperor for five years, which, since La Harpe's death, has been published in four volumes. He sent to the young prince all the literary and political news of Paris, and judged of men and books with all the freedom which a literary correspondence admits. The work is wonderfully interesting. It will be read by men of letters and men of fashion. The first will find much correct criticism, the second pleasant anecdote, and all variety, which, you know, is always charming.

'I inclose to you with this a bill of exchange, payable to you, and drawn upon Samuel Williams, Esquire, for six hundred dollars, five hundred of which are to be expended in procuring books for the reading-room, and to be sent out as early in the spring as possible. The intention of the Trustees is to appropriate the money arising from subscriptions as follows: — After the necessary expenses of the institution are paid, the first object will be to provide for the rooms all the celebrated gazettes published in any part of the United States. The most interesting literary and political pamphlets in Europe and America, magazines,

reviews, and scientific journals, in the English and French languages, London and Paris newspapers, Steel's Army and Navy List, Naval Chronicle, London and Paris booksellers' catalogues, parliamentary debates, bibliographical works, voyages and travels, valuable maps and charts. The gazettes and pamphlets of our own country we can of course procure without troubling you; but we wish you to take such measures as will insure to us the early transmission of all interesting pamphlets published in England on important subjects, the average amount for the year not to exceed three dollars per month; that is, we are willing to appropriate thirty-six dollars a year of our funds for English pamphlets, including booksellers' catalogues. If your friends, Mr. Sam. or Francis Williams, could be persuaded to undertake this commission after you leave England, they would be the best men in the world for this purpose. At any rate, we shall depend on your selecting some person of judgment, in whom we may confide for the punctual discharge of this part of our engagement to supply the room with English pamphlets.

'English magazines, reviews, &c. These publications we have thought it most expedient to procure, for the present, at least, through the agency of Mr. William Skinner, an English gentleman connected with a house in London, whose card I inclose you, and would wish you to call upon them, and converse with them on the objects of the institution, and urge upon them the necessity of most punctual communication. I inclose to you, with this, a list of all the publications we have ordered from England, with a request that you would order any others you should think proper. We wish particularly for Dr. Aikin's new magazine, the Athenæum, Arthur Aikin's Annual Review to be sent out in numbers, beginning with the first number of the fifth volume, and indeed for all the distinguished periodical journals in England. If you think, therefore, that we have not ordered a sufficient number, you are at perfect liberty

to make any additions you please. You will observe that we have only sent for three newspapers, — the Morning Chronicle, the Courier, and Bell's Weekly Messenger, — which are as many as we thought our funds would allow of at present. If you think we ought to have one more, you may direct it to be sent out to us. To collect valuable maps and charts is one of the prime objects of the institution, and ought to be immediately attended to. You will therefore appropriate a part of the money sent you with this (say, perhaps, one hundred dollars) to the purchasing of two or three good Atlases of standard reputation.

'After having furnished the room with newspapers, magazines, maps and charts, &c., &c , as above mentioned, the second object of the Trustees will be to supply the library with the most valuable encyclopedias of the arts and sciences in the French and English languages, with standard dictionaries of the learned and modern languages, also dictionaries, critical, biographical, &c., and books of general reference useful to the merchant and scholar. We have already procured the American edition of Rees's Encyclopedia, as far as it has been published. We have also had presented to us a superb edition of Dr. Aikin's Johnson's Dictionary, in four large octavo volumes, by my friend, Joseph Tilden. Books printed on the Continent we can probably purchase cheaper by sending to Paris and Holland than you could be able to procure them in London. I should not therefore advise you to purchase books of this kind; but of this you will be a much better judge than myself. I merely mention it by way of suggestion, leaving it entirely to your discretion. Some of the money, I should think, ought to be appropriated to purchase standard works upon commerce and books of useful reference to the merchants, as most of our subscribers are of this class. Mr. Samuel Williams could recommend to you some books of this kind. There is a work on this subject reviewed in the sixteenth number of the Edinburgh Review, entitled, I

believe, Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, which I should think we ought to have. You ought to send us out also some miscellaneous books, useful to the loungers, — such, perhaps, as a complete edition of the English classics, such as the Spectator, Guardian, &c., with Drake's Essays on these periodical writers, &c., &c. The books you purchase must be all good editions, printed on good paper, and well bound; but take care not to be too extravagant. I have thus, my dear Buckminster, detailed to you the objects to which we conceive the income of our institution ought for the present to be appropriated, and, with this information, send the five hundred dollars to you, to procure such books for the institution as your judgment shall dictate, with an entire confidence that the money will be appropriated in such a manner as will advance the interests and extend the patronage of the establishment, which I am very sensible you have much at heart. All the newspapers and literary publications, which we procure through the kindness of Mr. Skinner, we expect to pay for here, and have made our arrangements accordingly.

'You must be very sensible, that the success of an institution like ours will depend very much on the punctuality and dispatch with which we receive our foreign newspapers, pamphlets, new books, and periodical publications. I cannot urge upon you, therefore, too strongly, the necessity of adopting such measures, before you embark for this country, as will best secure to us these great objects. I would beg leave to suggest to you the expediency of selecting a confidential bookseller in London; promise that we will purchase all our books of him; let him supply us with all our newspapers, magazines, &c., — in short, every thing we shall want from England; tell him that our institution promises to be a permanent one, — that we shall probably send to England from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars per year, to be expended in books. With such inducements, I should think, some one might be persuaded

to make considerable exertion to comply with our requisitions. If you should adopt any plan of this kind, you must give information to Skinner's house, in London.

'I send you one hundred dollars, on my own account, with which I wish you to procure for me the best edition of Shakspeare's plays, with all the prefaces, notes, commentaries, &c., which I suppose to be Reid's; Dr. Aikin's edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, in four volumes, octavo, both to be well bound in calf; Dibdin's bibliographical works; and, if these should not amount to one hundred dollars, any other books you may please to procure for me. Alas! I have no more time to write at present. Remember me most affectionately to Mr. Thacher. Consult him about the reading-room. Love me always, and believe me to be most sincerely yours, most affectionately,

'Wm. S. Shaw.'

'Boston, 13th December, 1806.

'Dear Buckminster, — I wrote to you by the Galen a long letter, and inclosed you a bill of exchange, drawn upon Samuel Williams, Esquire, for six hundred dollars, which letter I presume you have received. It ought to be a considerable object, I should think, in the purchase of books for our library, to procure such valuable works as are least common in this town, and most difficult to be procured in this country. The publications relative to the literary fund in England I have never seen in this country, and, if they have any merit, I think you had best procure them. Horsley on Virgil's Seasons of Honey — I forget the title of the work — would be a novelty here. I want you also to procure, either for the reading-room or for me, "A View of the Causes and Consequences of the American Revolution, in thirteen Discourses, preached in North America, between the years 1763 and 1775, by Jonathan Boucher, Vicar of Epsom, in the County of Surry." Rare books relative to the history of this country or the West

India islands, &c., &c., ought to be obtained. The publications of literary associations of eminence in Great Britain we ought to procure. Perhaps such letters might be addressed to the societies as would induce them to present copies of their publications to our institution; but of this you are the better judge. I send you inclosed, with this, ten copies of our prospectus, that you may distribute them in a manner most likely to promote the great objects of our institution. In my last, I suggested to you the expediency of selecting some bookseller in London who would undertake to supply us with every thing we wanted, and who would be responsible for the punctual and early transmission of all our newspapers and literary publications. This is a very great object, and the prosperity and advancement of the institution depends very much on the success of our exertions in this particular. I would further suggest, whether it would not be possible to make some arrangements with the Athenæum and Lyceum of Liverpool, that would operate beneficially to our establishment. The librarian of those institutions might possibly be induced to send us some of the numerous publications which they receive. I have frequently seen, in this town, at our printing offices, English newspapers, with the name of Athenæum stamped upon them, and which, I have understood, came from that institution. These institutions must receive a number of newspapers, magazines, &c., &c., and often duplicates which they do not care to preserve, and would be willing to send them to us at a very low price; also, political pamphlets.

'I think you might also advance the interests of our establishment by conversing with the Americans, particularly the Bostonians, in England, on the utility and the pleasure which will probably be afforded by an institution on our plan. In my exertions here, I have generally succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, in obtaining subscriptions, and donations in books as well as money. The plan is a very popular one, and almost every one is

desirous of doing something to promote its objects. If you choose to exercise the influence which I know you must possess over your American acquaintance in England, and I think it is your duty to do it, I have no doubt but that you might obtain some very valuable donations to the library. I should advise you to give one of our pamphlets to every generous American, with some observations which may induce them to make some exertion to promote the interests of the establishment. There are many Englishmen, such as Sir John Sinclair, &c., who are pleased to take a very lively interest in every thing relative to American affairs, and who, I have no doubt, would be very much delighted in promoting the objects of our establishment. These gentlemen might be very useful in influencing the learned societies to make donations of their publications. I should also think it very proper to establish a correspondence with some learned men in England, to whom we might be permitted to write in behalf of the institution, and who might be the means of our procuring rare, valuable works, out of print, which we could not otherwise obtain. Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, here, has recommended us to his brother William, and has promised to give us letters to him. In my former letter, I requested you to procure some books of reputation for the merchants. In addition, I would suggest to you the propriety of purchasing Oddy's European Commerce, reviewed in the Monthly Review for August last. I send you, with this, a second bill of exchange, drawn upon Samuel Williams, Esq., for six hundred dollars; five hundred to be laid out in books for the reading-room, as I wrote in my former letter, and one hundred on my own account, — to procure the best edition of Shakspeare, which I suppose to be Reid's, Johnson's Dictionary by Dr. Aikin, Dibdin's bibliographical works, to which I would add the Bibliographical Dictionary, similar to the one which Mr. Emerson had. If these books should amount to a greater sum than one hundred dollars, which I presume they will, I can only

promise to pay the bill whenever it shall be presented. If you lay out the whole six hundred dollars at one bookstore, you will, of course, procure the books much cheaper.

'The gentlemen of the Anthology Society desire to be particularly remembered to you and our friend Thacher. We now meet in Congress Street, under the same roof with the reading-room, and Cooper, who is to keep the library, provides for us. Our subscribers gradually increase, and the publication seems to be rising in reputation. The booksellers and printers begin to think us of some consequence, and send us most of their publications. We frequently drink a bumper to the health of our good friends in Europe, and, with much sincerity, wish them pleasure and improvement from their travels. We often regret that we have not been favored with some communications for the Anthology, but anticipate with pleasure the time when they will come *en masse*. Mr. Thacher must not fail to fulfil his promise, and we expect a whole budget in the spring. Phillips, in London, has sent us an answer to the letter which we wrote to him last spring, thanking us for the numbers of the Anthology which we sent him, speaking in a very flattering manner of the publication, and saying that he should be very happy to interchange with us; but he has as yet sent us none of his numbers. If it is not too much trouble, I wish either you or Thacher would call upon him, and converse with him on the subject. I should think it would be worth while to make the same attempt of an interchange with other periodical publications in London. I also wish that one of you would cause the plan of our institution to be published in the Monthly Magazine, and perhaps some other publication, with such observations as you may think proper. Professors McKean and Willard are on nomination for members of our society. You have already heard of Dr. Kirkland being a member, and we find him very pleasant as a sociable man. We have now completed our third volume, and we flatter ourselves that the last is very much the

best. We commence the new year with a firm determination to persevere, and we flatter ourselves, that, with our own exertions, and with such foreign aid as we may procure, we shall be able to make the publication still more valuable.

'I promised my curious friend, Harris, whom I once introduced to you, that I would make some inquiries of you in his behalf. In the second volume of the American Biography, Dr. Belknap mentions arrows headed with brass being shot at a party of Englishmen, by the Indians of Massachusetts, and that they were sent to England as curiosities. Now he wishes, that, if you meet with any such, you will critically examine them. He can account for the Indians having copper, by supposing that they found it in its natural state, but brass is an artificial metal. It would favor his theory, if these arrows' heads should prove to be square, brass coins, such as were found at Medford.'

'Boston, 31st December, 1806.

'My dear Buckminster, — Not knowing how early the Galen might go this morning, I put my letter into the letter-bag last evening, and, as the ship does not sail till this afternoon, I have an opportunity of which, I assure you, I readily avail myself, of writing you again. I also send you, in a package, directed to Mr. Samuel Williams, twenty copies of the regulations of our library, on which I have written, "Not to be delivered till the ship arrives in London." As the rooms are not to be opened until the 1st of January, 1807, the printers delayed striking them off, so that I did not get them till late last evening, and was obliged to send them immediately on board the ship. On looking over them, I find there are several typographical errors, particularly in the list of French journals and the last page, which I wish you to correct. In my list of periodical publications, sent to Skinner's house, in London, I wrote for the Naval Chronicle and Curtis's Botanical

Magazine, to be sent out from some number in this year; but we wish for these works from their commencement, the volumes to be bound. In the same parcel you will find Sherman's account of the proceedings of the council, which, thinking it might afford you some amusement, I persuaded Dr. Kirkland to give me, to send to you.

'In the literary way, I have not much to tell you. Bradford has printed four parts of Rees's Cyclopedia, which, in typographical execution, is certainly not inferior, in any respect, to the English edition. The plates, too, are incomparably well executed.

'The memoirs of Dr. Priestley you have probably read in London, but the literary world receive no great accession to their stock of knowledge from this source. I was most wretchedly disappointed in perusing these volumes. West & Greenleaf are publishing in this town a very good edition of Burke's works, in four volumes, which they sell for eight dollars. The first volume is out of press, and is a fine specimen of American typography. Jos. Dennie's Portfolio has been supported with less talent this year than any former years, and the Miscellany died a natural death last Commencement.'

'London, March 10th, 1807.

'My dear Shaw, — I have laid out all your draft in books, which I hope will be useful, though they were necessarily selected with so much precipitation, that I fear they will not all be approved. The works on commerce I send because they are the best, and because you mentioned some of them. Chalmers's British Essayists, because particularly mentioned in your letter; the same with Virgil's Seasons of Honey. In the article dictionaries, I was unwilling to give ten or twelve guineas for Facciolati's, when you may get it for seventy-five guilders in Holland; or five guineas for an Elzivir Scapula, when I think it may be found in Boston for much less; or fourteen guineas for Stephens's Greek Thesaurus, when I know it can be pro-

cured for much less in Paris. Kennicott's Bible, and Calupo's Concordance, I bought because they were cheap. If they are not wanted, sell them to Bowdoin College. A copy of Walton's Polyglott, with Castell's Lexicon, can hardly be procured here at any price. Of the new books which appeared last year, I send two or three of the most valuable; but I know not what you have already, and therefore I buy new books with caution. The only book I regret having bought is Thuanus, for I know it will not be valued or read. You ought to have a set of the British Poets. I shall bring out some one edition, which you can take or not, as you please. Those maps, which I send, you can use till my return. In the mean while, you will determine whether you will order a set on spring rollers. The four quarters of the world, East Indies, Pacific, and South America, will cost you between fifty and sixty guineas. Curtis's is too expensive to make part of the present invoice. I am extremely sorry that the books could not be got ready for the new Galen. It is the delay of the binder which has prevented. I shall certainly put them on board the old Galen, or Samuel Welles's vessel, which will sail in a fortnight. Among the books which I have bought for myself, there are several which have that character of rarity, as well as excellence, which you seem to demand, and which, upon my return, the Athenæum may take at the price which they cost me.

'There still remain in P.'s hands, towards your next draft, — but I believe I shall send them out immediately, upon credit, — Hoffman's Lexicon Universale (either this or Pitiscus is indispensable to a classical student; *judice*, Dr. Parr); Curtis's Bot. Mag., from the commencement; a set of British Poets (Anderson's cheapest and most complete, Johnson's most convenient but scarce, Sharp's very elegant and dear; — tell me which you prefer for the reading-room); Alberti's Italian Dictionary; and several new publications.

'Tell my theological friends that the second volume of Griesbach has appeared, and I have taken care that the Duke of Grafton be reminded that he had the goodness to present a large paper copy of the first volume to the University at Cambridge. I hope they will receive the second in the course of the summer.

'It has occurred to me that there are now one or two opportunities in Boston of adding to your institution two or three extremely valuable works, from the libraries of persons deceased. Would to God they were alive! But, His will be done! This circumstance has prevented me from purchasing Wetstein, Winklemann, the Monthly Review complete, etc.

'Here follows a list of standard works, for which I think you may send to Holland with more advantage than to any other place, except Hamburg. [Omitted.]

'I shall have a notice of your institution inserted in the Athenæum, here, but it will not excite any interest, reading-rooms and public libraries being so common in every part of England and Ireland. Yours, affectionately,

'J. S. B.'

'London, April 3d, 1807.

'My dear Shaw, — At length I have finished the purchase of books for the reading-room, and have exceeded, by nearly thirty pounds, my commission and your bill of exchange. If you disapprove of any of the purchases, as, upon second thoughts, I have, in two or three instances, you are welcome to return them to me when I reach America. My theological friends may blame me for omitting Kennicott, but they would blame me still more if they knew the reason, which is, that nobody would consult the volumes, except those who ought to possess and use them daily. I have sent no general Atlas, because there is none worth sending, and because Pinkerton has announced the publication of a grand one, which is to supersede all others. I

have procured Priestley (bookseller) to subscribe early in behalf of the Athenæum, Boston. If you still wish one immediately, you may take one which Faden has selected for me here, and for which I gave him nine guineas. You may take it at what it shall cost me.

'Of this invoice, several books were purchased merely in conformity to your instructions, and these, unluckily, swell the bill much, — e. g. Naval Chronicle and Curtis's Botanical Magazine, from the beginning, and four or five expensive works on commerce. About a dozen works I have sent out because they were new, and it should be an important object in your establishment to have all the *new* publications. Those that are worth keeping you can keep, and the others you may sell at the end of a year or two. I began to make out a list of late works for you, but was soon obliged to stop, from the difficulty of selection. Upon the whole, I believe you must allow me to give a general order for *all* new works. As to those I have sent, I cannot say they are all of superior merit; but I suspect the least valuable will be the most popular. I am not sure that Blair's Chronology is better than Playfair's. One or the other, I think, you ought to have. D'Anville's maps are excellent, it is well known; but I believe that Laurie & Whittier's edition is poorly engraved, but it is the only one I could find. At any rate, D'Anville's is to be preferred, I think, to Wilkenson's. Of Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, Chalmers's British Essayists, and Pinkerton's new editions, there will be, I think, but one opinion as to their value. . . .

'As to Eber's German Dictionary, it is the best, and if the reading-room does not want it, I do. Gregory's Cyclopedia is a very saleable book, if you choose to part with it. Pitiscus is indispensable to a classical student; so is Hoffman's Lexicon. This latter I have bought for myself, and I advise you to send for it in your next order. Maton, Drummond, Mackenzie, Foster, Knight, Pitts, Lives of Gray, Kaimes, etc., are among the new books. But I

repeat, again, that I cannot undertake to make a selection from them. How far back must I go? You must have all the new publications, as they come out, if they have any kind of merit. The edition of Scapula, which I send, though not an Elzivir, is equally complete. The Elzivir cannot be bought in good order under six or seven guineas. Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary is of last year. The Lactantius, though a most curious and standard work, the Historical Society will be glad to have, if you are not. Newman's Spanish Dictionary I know nothing about, except that it is the last. The merit of Alberti is well known.

'You do not know how difficult it is to procure many books for one hundred pounds. I have run the Society in debt thirty pounds, which, if you please, you will provide for in your next draft.

'You will find that I have ventured to add to your list of periodical works. Whether some ought to be struck off or not you will judge. There are a great many books, too, which you ought to have among the first, which I have not purchased here, because they can be procured so much cheaper on the Continent. Among them I must mention Facciolatus and Gesner; Stephens's Greek Thesaurus, with Scott's Appendix; a complete set of classics and of classical helps, such as the immense collections of Grœvius and Gronovius; complete sets of the Acta Eruditorum, Journal des Sçavans, Bibliotheque Raisonnée, the Bible of Le Clerc, the Memoirs of the Berlin and St. Petersburg Academies, Commentaries of the Society of Leipsic, Abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions, etc.

'I would suggest the practicability of procuring the complete set of the Monthly Review, which belonged to my good friend Deacon Storer; also the Annual Register. I hope you have the list I have sent you for Paris, and that you will transmit it as soon as possible. I repeat again, I should not have sent out exactly such a list, had I not known that future orders for London, Amsterdam, Paris,

and I hope, too, Hamburg and Leghorn, would probably supply many apparent deficiencies.

'I am in great doubt about the propriety of applying to any societies here for an exchange of publications; for alas! what have we to exchange? The Bath, Manchester, Dublin, etc., Society papers are extremely valuable; but I think our funds are not yet sufficient to procure them. We must, at least for some time, think of popularity, and I know of no method so likely to procure it, as to keep our rooms furnished with abundance of magazines, pamphlets, and new books. This, I am satisfied, should be our first object; and our second, to lay slowly and diligently the foundation of a permanent library of works difficult to be procured in America. £100 a year, judiciously expended for this last object, would do much. If I should ever return, which God grant may be this summer, I think I shall be able to open a correspondence with Paris, which will supply us with books now unknown in America.

'The books are shipped on board the Amelia, because Mr. Welles takes them for nothing, and because they could not be got ready for the Galen. Mr. Williams has got them insured.

'Your affectionate

'J. S. B.'

'London, June 6th, 1807.

'My dear Shaw, — I had determined not to write you another letter from England; but I have just seen, in a Boston paper, that the Amelia has arrived with the precious deposit for the reading-room, and I cannot fail to offer you my congratulations. I suggested to you the propriety of ordering, among your new books for the Athenæum, Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medici, and Leo the Tenth; Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo; Shepherd's Poggio; and one other of the same period, which I do not now recollect, uniformly bound. I wish it were in your power to order some of the

superb topographical works upon Greece and Rome, such as Stuart's Antiquities of Athens, Gell's Topography of Troy, Lumisden, Caylus, etc., to say nothing of Grœvius and Gronovius.

'Among the valuable works of the last year, I cannot omit to mention Stuart's Translation of Sallust, 2 vols. 8vo., extremely interesting to a lover of Roman Literature; Lord Holland's Life of Lope de Vega; Duten's Memoirs; Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism; and many others, which I desired to send out, if your request not to run you in debt had not deterred me.

'I cannot forbear, too, offering you my advice about your proposed edifice. Do not build any, unless you can raise money enough to erect an elegant classical building, either entirely of stone, or with a stone façade, which shall reflect everlasting credit upon the taste and munificence of the founders. If you cannot do this, any common house will answer your purpose. The more rooms the better, if securely warmed in winter. At any rate, before you build, I hope you will obtain, from England and the Continent, drawings, and plans, and views of structures of the kind proposed. Loammi Baldwin, who, I understand, has just arrived, would send you from Paris, if not from London, plans worthy of your attention. I shall venture to speak to him upon the subject.'

Certainly Mr. Shaw placed unbounded confidence in his friend, and his commissions were executed with as much care as a residence of only four months in London, to one who was absent on account of precarious health, could well afford. A part of this time also was taken up in an excursion to Scotland and Wales. It would excite a smile, if it did not almost provoke anger, to find, that, in addition to work imposed upon him that would have occupied a paid agent for months, Mr. Shaw gravely asks him

'to write a series of letters for the Anthology, upon the literature of England, their colleges, their schools, their literary institutions and literary men, which I am very sure,' he says, 'would be novel and interesting and useful to the people of this country.' A young man, with a few months to devote to the recovery of his health, was, beside all the rest of his work, to write a book like La Harpe's, which was the employment of the best years of life!

'Boston, May 18th, 1807.

'I do most sincerely congratulate you, my dear Buckminster, on the flattering prospect you have of the restoration of your health. This is the only consideration which in any degree reconciles me to your longer absence, for I do wish most ardently for your return. Since the death of our dear friend Walter, I have regretted your absence, and wished for your company, more than ever. O, my dear friend, how little did we anticipate this most grievous dispensation of God's holy providence when last we parted! A thousand little incidents, relative to his sickness and death, forcibly impress themselves upon my mind; and if God shall be pleased to permit us to meet again, I will detail them to you with melancholy pleasure. I need not tell you, who were so well acquainted with us both, how much I loved him, nor how worthy he was of admiration and esteem. There was no good that I ever enjoyed, there was no pleasure that I ever anticipated, with which Walter was not most intimately associated; but my dear friend is dead! I ought not to complain; God's will be done! How many delightful hours have we passed together in conversing about you, my good friend, — in recollecting the pleasures of former days passed in social converse, — in felicitating you on the advantages we flattered ourselves you would enjoy from your travels, in your health and in intellectual improvement, — and with

what transport did we anticipate your return! O, my God! Of such pleasures departed, never to return, how painful the remembrance!

'From the pamphlets, which I send to you with this, of which you have several for distribution as you think proper, you will see that the Trustees of the Anthology reading-room and library have obtained an act of incorporation by the name of the Proprietors of the Boston Athenæum. I doubt very much whether there ever has been an institution in this country, which has made such rapid advances as ours; and I can now congratulate you on the prospect of having a library in this town, which you always seemed to believe was only a delusion of my idle brain, on a liberal plan, highly honorable to the munificence of our citizens, and which will assist and facilitate the researches of the learned and gratify the ingenious curiosity of strangers. This, with me, I can assure you, is no ordinary subject for congratulation. Depend upon it, that the establishment of the Athenæum, the rooms of which are to be always accessible at all hours of the day, is one of the greatest strides towards intellectual advancement that this country has ever witnessed. We have every reason to believe that the hundred and fifty shares will be taken up, which, at three hundred dollars a share, will give us forty-five thousand dollars. We already have fifty shares subscribed for, and there are about thirty gentlemen beside, who have promised to subscribe. We shall not trouble ourselves for life-subscribers till the permanent shares are taken up, which I undertake to say will be the case in the course of three weeks at least, and perhaps in a less time.

'You did very right to send us out the Oxford Review, though I do not think much of the numbers I have read. As our funds are very much increased, we can now afford to take all the English literary magazines of any eminence, and you are at liberty to add any to the list you please. What merit has the Panorama, a new publication I see

advertised? We are perfectly satisfied with the arrangements made in London with Jenner, for the periodical publications. They come out as regularly as we could expect to receive them from London; but we wish that there might be some arrangement in Liverpool, so that no vessel should sail for Boston without some papers for us. Could you not make some agreement with the Athenæum, Lyceum, or Union Society, to send out some papers different from those we already have at half-price? You must not send us out any books on credit. Remember me with all possible affection to dear Thacher. In great haste, dear Buckminster, yours, W. S. S.'

CHAPTER XIX.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN DR. BUCKMINSTER AND HIS DAUGHTER. — REMARKS UPON THE CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Buckminster's marriage, for the third time, took place, after a widowhood of five years, in the summer of 1810. His wife was the widow of Col. Eliphalet Ladd, who had been one of his best and most valuable parishioners; and a long and intimate acquaintance had guarantied to both families the happiness that would be secured to their parents from a nearer union. Her genuine kindness, the devoted and patient love, which rendered the last years of my father's life free from care, and soothed the irritation of a mind beginning to feel the approach of declining years and of mental depression, secured to her the most affectionate gratitude of his children.

The father's comfort being thus happily provided for, his daughters were no longer detained by filial scruples from the pleasant sojourn of their brother's house. His anxiety for their eternal welfare increased as they were more separated from him. It would be unjust to his memory to exclude from these pages the following correspondence, which took place at this time. But although the letters appear without the alteration of a single word, in

the apprehension of the writer, the Calvinistic formula and mode of expression, which give to them a sectarian aspect, is wholly distinct from the spirit that breathes through them. My father's religion was of the heart, not of the head; it was neither that of Calvin, nor of the Assembly's Catechism; it was the pure spirit of the Gospel of Christ that breathed in that form of faith which bound him to a system. It was not the form nor the name which fed his spiritual nature and kept alive the 'life of God in his soul.' He would have been happier could he have held more intimate communion with his children, — could he have recognized in his son, and in the daughter to whom these letters are addressed, the same spirit which breathed in his own soul, — could he have seen that love, joy, peace, gentleness, and goodness were as much the fruits of the spirit of grace in them as 'repentance, faith and holiness' are in those denominated 'Orthodox Christians.' If they have met in the great company of purified spirits assembled from among those who have worn the livery of every sect, and been claimed by every denomination beneath the sun, the only bond of union will be, that they have lived the divine life, the life of God in the soul.

After the marriage of her father, his eldest daughter made her brother's house her permanent home, and the other sisters were occasionally there. Their separation was short, but they never met on earth again; and the words which closed the correspondence, — 'O, my child, let us be prepared to live with Christ in the world to come!' — as they had a

prophetic meaning, so we may trust they had a perfect and blissful fulfilment.

The correspondence begins by a letter from his eldest daughter to a sister.

'Boston, September, 1810.

'I have just been looking at the moon from the roof of the house where you, my dear E., passed many hours last summer, but never one where nature was more tranquilly sublime than now. Every thing seems to say that we are the work of a perfect Being, and the care of a mild and compassionate Father; and we can almost believe that he is looking even upon us with approbation and love. How great are our obligations to this God! and how far do I fall short of performing the duties aright that these obligations imply! Our best endeavors to serve him are but poor returns for the mercies he bestows upon us; and yet I, who have received blessings without number, neglect some of his most plain and reasonable commands! When I sat down to my desk, I did not think of falling into this train of thought; but why may I not write to you, dear E., upon a subject, which, from a consciousness of my deficiency in knowledge, I dare not converse upon, although it often employs my thought? I am sure you believe, with me, that it is a duty in every one arrived at years of discretion, and desirous of the name of Christian, to profess publicly her belief in Christianity, and show to the world that she loves and reveres the character of the blessed Saviour by partaking of the holy ordinance.

'I am far from believing that there are not many good persons, who, from doubt of their qualifications, mistrust of their sincerity, or perhaps from a habit of procrastination, live and die without becoming members of the Church in this world, who will yet enjoy all the happiness of heaven; still, I think it is a duty every Christian should perform, and that the neglect of it causes a severe compunction and pain

of conscience. I have been wishing to talk with papa on the subject, but I cannot get confidence, and I believe that I have sometimes refrained through fear, that, instead of an honor I should be a reproach to the cause of Christ; for, in every situation, we should "keep a conscience void of offence to God and man;" and those who publicly profess to be Christ's disciples do more injury to the cause of Christianity by small errors than mere men of the world do by great sins. Are we not promised the assistance of God's spirit to help us in all our sincere endeavors to serve him? and, if we firmly believe this, are we not wrong in neglecting any means which will enable us to become more worthy disciples of Jesus, and more perfect in our lives?

'The precepts of the Gospel do not prohibit rational and moderate pleasures; indeed, the purest pleasures are there recommended and enforced; our endeavor should be to form the mind, and keep it in a state for their enjoyment. There we are taught that such a disposition is necessary; that, while we live in the world, we should be able to live above it. We must often associate in the world with those whose chief happiness is in the show and pageantry of the world; but it does not follow, because we are charitable to such, "that we are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." The difference of opinion that prevails upon the most momentous subjects, at the present time, makes one almost afraid to adopt any belief; for what we will assert is truth, another will reason into falsehood. I cannot but believe, that, if any particular faith had been required for the attainment of heaven, it would have been distinctly revealed to us; and when we see so many good men differing in faith and sentiment, who are making equal exertions for the glory of God and the improvement of man, we cannot but believe that they will partake of equal joys in another world.

'Most affectionately, your

'L. M. B.'

After reading this letter, the father wrote in reply: —

'October 29th, 1810.

'My dear Daughter, — Religion, my dear child, real religion, is the principal thing, the thing of first importance, the one thing needful, to all ages and characters. It does not consist in a speculative belief of a certain set of principles, even though they be true; nor in the external performance of a round of duties, though they be the duties which reason and revelation impose upon us; but it consists in a reconciliation of the heart to God, in an approbation of his character, his government, his truth, his precepts, his institutions, and a conformity to them, — performing the services which they impose from a principle of love and respect to his authority and pleasure. It (i. e. religion) gives God, as manifested in Jesus Christ, the preference to all other objects, and rebinds the soul to him, as its supreme good. Now this is not the natural state of man, — of any man descended from apostate Adam. We are alienated and estranged from God through the ignorance that is in us, by reason of the blindness of our hearts; we are naturally averse from the true character of God as a holy and sovereign God. We may love his blessings, but we love not him. We love pleasure more than God, and the creature more than the Creator. We love human excellence more than the Divine, — talk more about it, dwell more upon it, although the former is to the latter but as the drop of the bucket to the waves of the ocean. Universal experience and Scriptural declaration confirm this truth; hence the necessity of our being born again, — of our being renewed in the spirit of our minds, — created anew. This is not some trifling alteration in our sentiments, views, feelings, and practices, but it is a radical, and essential, and abiding change, in which old things pass away and all things become new; in which God is welcomed to his throne in the heart, and every thing is brought into obedience to his

pleasure. This is religion, and to effect this is the design of the mighty apparatus of the Gospel. Till this is effected, we have no part or lot in religion, — no title to its blessings. This is the religion I want for my children. But I fear, through the pride of science and philosophy, and the fashionable liberality of the present day, my children are placing the most formidable barriers against their ever possessing it.

'This change, that I have spoken of, is effected by receiving Christ and believing in him, with a cordial, but humbling and self-denying faith. In proportion as we cherish inadequate ideas of our helpless, guilty, and incurable state by nature, flattering ideas of there being some remains of good in us, surviving the apostasy, upon which, by our own exertions, we may raise ourselves to a moral and spiritual change, we shall be indifferent to the Saviour, we shall have low thoughts of his character and of his undertaking, and compass ourselves about with sparks of our own kindling, till we receive this at the hand of the Lord, that we lie down in sorrow. I wish that I had not so much reason to fear that none of my children are partakers of this grace. I have reason to bless God that you are amiable, that you are improved, that you are affectionate to each other and dutiful to me; but, O that I could hope that you were gracious, that you loved Christ in his true character, more than father or brother, more than characters distinguished for science and philosophy, for politeness and refinement, in a vain world, whose pageantry will soon vanish as a dream!

'I have been favored and pleased with reading the letters you wrote to E., with the scenery and descriptions of society in England, and the interest you take in it. Are you as much interested, my dear daughter, in the scenes that were exhibited in Judea, in Mount Calvary, and the garden of Gethsemane? Do they at any time cause such emotions to thrill in your breast? Are you as sensibly

interested in the characters there? How natural, in writing to a beloved sister, bound with you to eternity, and whose only hope must be with yours in this Saviour, how natural would it have been to have adverted to it! You love Miss L. for her admiration of Miss S. Do you love those who admire Christ in his true character, and because they admire him? O, my child, may God enable you to do so, and to love all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. You are anticipating with pleasure a portrait of ——, and a bust of ——. Have you any such desires to see Jesus, or to gaze upon the tokens of his love, the symbols of his body and blood? A fear that you had not, my dearest daughter, — a fear that you were a stranger to the power of Divine grace, — was the reason I did not encourage your making a profession of religion when you spoke to me on the subject; but perhaps I judged wrong. I beseech you not, my dear child, to rest in professions, — in saying Lord, Lord! — but be sure that Christ is your Lord, and that you are crucified to the world and the world to you. Rest in nothing sort of regeneration, for unless you are born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God.'

'November 23d, 1810.

'My dear Daughter, — The reading of your letter brought to my mind the breathing of the Apostle, in the fourth chapter of Galatians, nineteenth and twentieth verses. However uncharitable it may appear to you, I must say, I stand in doubt of my children, and have fears, that, lest, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so their minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. The breathing of the Apostle, in the passage referred to above, implies in the strongest terms, that, naturally, there is nothing of Christ in us; nothing until it is formed within us. This is supported by express Scripture testimony. Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is evil, only evil, and that continually, from his youth. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and

desperately wicked." "You hath he quickened," saith the Apostle to the Ephesians, "who were dead in trespasses and sins;" and, lest he should be thought to confine this description to the heathen, he speaks of the privileged Jews as in the same state before their conversion, "among whom we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of the flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature children of wrath, even as others." The denying, doubting, disbelieving this truth, leads to a train of errors in theology. Nay, unless the heart be better than the head, having been the subject of exercises which the head denies, I do not see how it can be a temple for the Holy Spirit to dwell in. The corrupting of this doctrine, or believing that the apostasy of man has only given a shock to his moral and spiritual state, while it has left some principle, some stamina, by which he may raise himself up to the favor of God, and, without the foundation of a belief in total depravity, become a holy temple to the Lord, reconciles us to low ideas of Christ and his work, and preserves the pride and self-complacency which must be brought down before we can become partakers of the blessings of the Gospel.

'A want of conviction of this natural state of man, which constitutes the necessity of the wonderful plan of the Gospel, is the reason why persons do not know what regeneration means, and why preachers preach so indistinctly upon it. Regeneration is the change in the natural state of man, the radical alteration of this character, the slaying of the enmity of the heart, (for "the carnal mind is enmity to God,") the bowing and renewing of the will. This change does not produce any new powers in the heart, but it changes the direction of the powers, the will, and the affections. It is the beginning of a new life, with new principles, new views, and new objects of delight and aversion. Without this change no one can see the kingdom of God. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good; but as long as the

tree is corrupt the fruit will be corrupt. They who are in the flesh cannot please God. This cannot mean in the body, because of many such it has been known that they pleased God. Neither can it mean those who live in great sensuality, because emulation, wrath, strife are fruits of the flesh, as much as intemperance or sensuality. It means those who are in the state of their natural birth, as born of the flesh. Man cannot raise himself up, or produce the new birth. He may do much, if he will not resist and oppose the plain truths of God, toward making himself sensible of his need of this birth; but, in order to its being effected, he must bow and yield himself, as a poor, helpless, guilty, and justly condemned sinner, to sovereign grace. He must receive Christ as he is offered to him in the Gospel. Christ is the plank thrown out to sinners in their shipwreck, and they must grasp it by faith, and rest upon him, or they perish. To them who receive him, to them power is given to become the sons of God, even to them who believe in his name, who are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. We must submit to this righteousness of Christ. If we do not, however much zeal we may use to establish our own righteousness, we shall never attain to the law of holiness, and shall only compass ourselves about with sparks of our own kindling. The prophet Isaiah has said, such shall receive this at the hand of God, "that they shall lie down in sorrow."

"If any man be in Christ," the Apostle says, "he is a new creature; to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Christians are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them. Till we are created in Christ Jesus, then, till we repent and believe in him, till we are regenerated, we cannot produce those good works, which God has before ordained, wherein Christians should walk. If you are at a loss upon the nature of regeneration, read Dr. Doddridge's sermons on that subject.

'You say, my dear child, that you have no idea of arriving in this world to any particular stage of goodness, but that all must be progress. If you mean a state of perfection, which your following remarks indicate, no one that is taught of God has any such idea. But we must commence a state of goodness; we must change our master. The evil one must be cast out of us, and Christ must take possession of our hearts. We must not only have our hearts swept, but washed; "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." We shall not then think we have no more to do, but we shall think we can never do enough for him that hath loved us and washed us in his blood. We shall then work *from* life and love, and not *for* them. If we should attain that assurance which we are commanded to use all diligence to attain, so as not to be banished from God, we shall have an increased concern not to do any thing to grieve and offend him, and we shall have more ardent wishes to abound in the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the praise and glory of God.

'You say, my dear child, that you know that you are unworthy to come to the communion; you would use it as a means; and you ask if deferring it will make your sins less. If you have come to Christ, this is all the worthiness that any will ever have, — their sole title to this ordinance. You are unworthy to come to Christ, but his invitation and command removes the obstacle, and gives you a fair title to come; and, however unworthy you are, if you do come, you shall be welcome, and all things shall work together for your good. Unworthiness never was an obstacle; it is only unwillingness to come to the terms of the Gospel that ruins us.

'Nothing on earth could give me higher happiness than to have ground to believe that Christ was formed in the hearts of my children, — that they had truly given themselves to the Lord; then it would be a joy to me to have them enroll their names in the church committed to their

father's care. But it matters little in what Christian records our names are written, if they are written in the Lamb's book of life. Some churches have departed from the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, but their corruptions will not destroy the comfort and usefulness of the ordinances, to those who with penitent and believing hearts partake of them.

'If you are satisfied, my child, respecting your right to the ordinance, that you do indeed receive its Divine author as your Lord, that you can take up your cross and follow him in sincere and faithful allegiance, you had better not delay any longer to join your brother's church; but let a father entreat you not to rest in a name to live, while you are dead; not in a form of godliness without its power; — that power that shall bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of faith. Do not content yourself with that philosophic, speculative religion, which may give God much in profession and in ritual observances, but reserves the heart for the world, its fashions, and its customs.

'I should have been too happy in this world had God led my children to see Divine truth as I think it ought to be discerned, and to hold fast what I conceive to be the truth as it is in Jesus. But he has suffered them, in my view, through the pride of science and the fascinations of philosophy, to be perverted from the truth, and to hold dangerous errors; whether he will ever rescue them I know not: some have been recovered from these snares, therefore I have hope. I must leave them with God. I have said every thing to my dear son that is profitable to be said. Nothing will convince him, and turn him from his errors, but that still small voice which followed the earthquake and the fire in the vision of Elijah and made the prophet wrap his face in his mantle. O that it would please God to grant you and him, and all my children, this efficient voice, that you might understand me, and I should no longer be to you such as you would not. But I must give myself to prayer.

'I am sorry for poor W. He was a faithful servant in my family many years ago. Give my love to him, and present him the inclosed.'

'December, 1811.

'My dear Child, — Since I had the pleasure of seeing you in Boston, or of hearing any thing directly from you, you have voluntarily associated yourself with the family and Church of Christ, and given yourself to him as your head and husband; for the Church is his bride, purchased at an inestimable price, even the price of his precious blood. I hope you have felt yourself altogether unworthy of this honor, unworthy even to be placed among his servants, and that you have ventured upon this solemn transaction, because he has called you, and constrained you to love him, and to prefer him to every other, even your chiefest joy. O, my daughter, if God has wrought you to this self-same thing, if he has formed you to this temper and affection, how happy are you! How happy am I, to have one of my own children, the children of my dearest love, adopted into the family of Christ, into whose heart the spirit of adoption is poured so that you can with filial confidence cry Abba, Father!

'But you will permit the anxiety of a father to suggest to you that we must not rest upon any external observances, nor formal covenantings, however solemnly performed, as certain evidence of our gracious state, or of our title through grace to the Divine favor. There is no dispute with any who claim the title of Christians, that, "as God is a spirit, they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." This claim, which we may not disdain nor dispute, is, "My son, give me thy heart." Let us give him what we may, if this be withheld, if his authority and pleasure be disputed, and other objects rival him in our love, we cannot belong to him nor he to us.

'It is our duty to profess religion. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession

is made unto salvation," but there is danger of resting in the confession, without a due concern that the faith that influences it is seated in the heart, and commands and governs it. The Apostle Peter exhorts those whom he addresses as brethren, and who, therefore, must be considered as being of the visible family of Christ, to give diligence to make their calling and election sure, which must mean that calling which does insure eternal life, for he says, "So an entrance shall be administered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Let a father entreat you, my dear child, to use diligence to add to your faith, virtue, that is, a holy, heavenly zeal and courage; and to virtue, knowledge; and to make your calling and election sure. If you ask me what this calling is, I know not that I can answer you better than in the words of that formula of religious truth and duty, which I regret I did not more carefully and diligently teach my children when they were young, and which I wish they would impartially study and compare with the word of God, now they are older. "Effectual calling is a work of God's spirit, whereby convincing us of our sin and misery, and enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, he doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ, freely offered to us in the Gospel." No one, I think, can object to this description of the calling of God that is unto salvation, who is not willing to be satisfied with a body without a soul, or with a shadow without the substance. Religion is the informing spirit of the heart, and shows its fruits in the life and conversation. It is our victory, overcoming the world and all that is in the world, as the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, all which are not of religion, but of the world. There are indeed babes, young men, and fathers, in Christ; but the babe has a principle of respect to Christ, though it may not be as strong and vigorous as in those who have the other titles. "The water

that I shall give you," said he from whom all our good gifts must come, "shall be in you a well of water springing up to everlasting life." I hope that Christ rules in your heart and affections, and that, although you do not separate yourself from the world and the men of the world, yet that they are not the inmates of your heart, and your chosen companions, but that your delight is in the saints, the excellent of the earth, and that you love to retire from the cares and pleasures of the world to your Bible and your closet, that you may converse with Christ.

'Although your father is a miserable sinner, who trusts that none of his children has so much offended God as he has done, yet he has hope that through grace he is a penitent sinner, and has found mercy with God; and although he loathes himself for his iniquities, yet he knows from the Scripture that the least sinner must repent, if he would escape perdition. There may be different degrees or intensity of repentance, but it is of one nature. Your father is the channel by which you, my children, have derived corruption and depravity, and you are by nature children of wrath; would your father not be a monster, if he did not strive with you till Christ be formed within you? That he stands in doubt of you, he cannot disguise, and that he has more anxiety on this subject than upon any other, he cannot conceal. I ascribe righteousness to my Maker; he is holy in all that with which he sees fit to exercise me; but I often ask, whether he is not punishing the vanity and ambition of your father in wishing his children to be distinguished by intellectual attainments, by permitting them to embrace a philosophic religion, and hiding from them the true Gospel, and is thus granting my request by sending leanness into their souls. If this be so, Father in heaven forgive me and them; and when we are corrected according to thy good pleasure, bring my children into the true way to adore Emanuel and enthrone him in their hearts!

'You live, my dear daughter, in the atmosphere of

liberality of principle ; your friends and visiters are Arians or Socinians, who are disposed to object to our common translation of the Scriptures, and thus impair their authority and influence upon the minds and hearts of those who can read no other. We may as well be without the Scriptures as not to have confidence in them, that they are a safe rule of faith and practice ; or to imagine that the things that are necessary to our salvation depend upon verbal criticism, or the wrangling of scholars who are striving for literary fame. I was astonished lately at the remark of a person on this subject, that " she could not use the Scriptures to judge of doctrines, unless she could read them in the original;" which is to render the Scriptures useless to far the greater portion of mankind. I hope the Socinian and Arian heresies are not inconsistent with the salvation of those who are staggered with them, but I cannot but tremble when I read the words of the Apostle Peter, 2d Epistle, ii. 4, — " There shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord Jesus that bought them, bringing upon themselves swift destruction." If those who are affected with these sentiments are subjects of spiritual regeneration, and do love God with a supreme love, and hate sin in its nature as well as in its consequences, they will be with God for ever ; they will never perish. But these errors are generally connected with such views of regeneration, repentance, faith, etc., as do not issue in such a state of mind and heart; and they so diminish the evil of sin, and the immense sacrifice that it demanded, that I fear they will never produce this effect.

' You yourself must have observed that these sentiments abate the zeal ; they cool the ardor and solicitude of those that hold them, compared with those who hold contrary sentiments ; they make them more satisfied with the form of godliness, where there is little evidence of the power of it ; they are rarely interested in subjects that address the heart

or relate to the safety of the soul, and that grace of God by which its safety is insured; the objects of their pursuit and ambition are in some sense or other worldly objects. This affords a strong suspicion that they err from the faith; for truth sanctifies the soul, and they who are risen with Christ set their affections upon things above.

'Whether these errors be consistent with a state of grace, or with the safety of the soul, I know not; but this I know, that God can recover those that have fallen into them, for he has given such instances of his sovereign and triumphant grace. This is the hope, that, like a distant gleam of light, streaks the dark hemisphere that God has spread over me. That he will some time recover your brother from the snare in which he is entangled, and bring him to devote those powers and acquirements which have been given him, to display the glory of Christ as God, and the Saviour, and to build again what he has aided to destroy, is the prayer of my soul. Whether this be ever the case or not, God will be righteous, and I must leave it. I hope my children will not be so alienated from me as to lose their affection for me, because I am so anxious for their safety that I cannot but express a jealousy for them.

'I do not censure you, my daughter, for professing religion and joining your brother's church; but I must charge you, that you do not rest in that as evidence of your religion; but see that you be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and possess a new nature as well as a new name. Let your heart be devoted to God. Covet the society of those that love Christ and are sincere in his praise.

'I have written thus largely to you, my daughter, in the fulness of my heart. Can you think it is because I love you not? God knoweth! We shall probably never be much more together in this world. O, my child, let us be prepared to live with Christ in the world to come!

'J. Buckminster.'

It will be seen, by the preceding letters, that neither father nor son had changed his views since the writing of the former letters previous to the settlement of the son. He, who had always felt too much reverence and childlike submission to his father to enter into controversy, or even to defend his own views, seems at length, in the last letter he ever wrote, to have resolved to take up the other side; or, as he expresses it, to present the opposite of that which he calls 'the revolting forms of Calvinism.' Had not death intervened, we might have been able to read in his own words the result of his life-long inquiries, — his faithful, thorough, and conscientious investigation of the texts and authorities upon which Calvinism rests its claims. Death interposed, and, within twenty-four hours of time, placed them face to face, without a veil between, where they could read the sublime and indelible characters of eternal truth.

Perhaps it may not be arrogant to say, that this father and son presented an epitome of that greater controversy which afterwards divided the Church and community. It may here be seen, divested of all bitterness and wrath, and wrung reluctantly from both. Both were equal lovers of the truth, both sought it with a single purpose, and to both it was the vital element of thought; and we do them only justice to believe, that, had they lived in an earlier age of the Church, both would have sealed their confession with their death.

The father received his education at Yale College at the beginning of the war of the Revolution, when, to use the words of a son of Yale, 'The religious state of the college was very low, and it must have been

from high spirituality of feeling that any young man would, at that time, devote himself to the ministry.' His own religious convictions were, however, at that time strong, deep, and lasting. We quote from an author who probably received the information from Dr. Buckminster himself, that, 'before he left New Haven, he was under deep conviction. He almost sank in despair, but obtained the glorious hope that he had passed from death unto life. It was then his purpose, as it was afterwards his greatest delight, to consecrate his time, his talents, his acquirements to the cause and interest of the Redeemer.'* It was at this time, doubtless, that he wrote the confession of faith and form of self-dedication to the service of God which appears on pages 20–25. This is a confession of pure Calvinism. That his views were afterwards somewhat modified appears from his not adopting the Assembly's Catechism for his eldest children; and that these views had not the supreme importance in his mind at one period, may be inferred from the little prominence that is given to them in the prayers of the 'Piscataqua Prayer-Book.' From causes obvious to the writer, but which cannot be mentioned here, Dr. Buckminster became more anxious, in the last years of his life, to enforce his own peculiar Calvinistic faith; and it cannot be asserted, that, at any time, there was any *essential* change from that early confession of faith. After his settlement over a parish, he certainly did not pursue any critical or Biblical studies, except in the common version of the English Bible. The writer does not

* Rev. Timothy Alden, of Portsmouth.

recollect his ever reverting to any other. His parish was large, and he was extremely devoted to parish duties. He could not be called a student, in any sense of the word, except so far as writing sermons requires study. He wrote a large, a very large, number of sermons, and probably made some mental preparation for his extemporaneous addresses. But his library and study-table furnished none of the means, as his constant devotion to his parish left no leisure, for critical researches or learned investigation; and, in his letters to his daughter, he deprecates 'the pride of science and the wrangling of scholars,' and avows the English Bible sufficient for all purposes of the knowledge of God.

The early years of his son were passed under all the influences of his father's faith, enforced and strengthened by the example of his father's devout and eminently pious life; and we have seen that his own genial nature was not susceptible of gloom or superstition, although he was at a very early age a thoughtful and deeply reflective youth. The religion that he learned from his father was associated with all his youthful feelings of devotion, and was probably very dear to his young affections. It must have been by gradual processes, as his understanding and reason developed and his inquiries advanced, that Calvinism lost its hold upon his affections, as it did upon his intellect.

We have seen that he was well acquainted with the languages in which the Scriptures were written, and one of the most distinguished classical scholars that Harvard ever sent forth from its honored shades. It must have been from the love of truth, that he was

led to investigate conscientiously, as he did, the original meaning of the words in which the Bible was written; to compare texts and commentators; to go back to the very fountain-head; to procure the earliest copies of the Scriptures, and to spend days, and weeks, and months, and years in efforts to restore the text to its original purity, with all the helps he could derive, not only from Biblical scholars, the ancient fathers, and the earliest teachers of the Church, but by the help also of learned commentators upon what are called the profane writers. He made the Greek language his study till the day of his death, in order to give its help to his conscientious inquiries; and although his principles of interpretation, and many of his reasonings, are not those of a large number of Biblical critics, his candor, and honesty, and sincerity have never been called in question. An extract from his journal will show that he made the daily duty of domestic worship a subsidiary aid to his own studies and researches. It is immediately after his settlement: — 'I have commenced reading Doddridge's Family Expositor in the morning, before family prayers; I read the text and notes, with the improvement, before the domestics are called in to hear the prayer. After breakfast, I examine the difficult passages in other commentators, especially in Whitby, and read the original Greek, and Wakefield's or some other translation.'

His library was dispersed, by public sale, after his death; but could some of the books that were his daily study have been preserved together, it would have been seen how faithful and exact was his reading. He read with pencil or pen in his hand, and

many of his books were interleaved for the purpose of making his own remarks or those of others as he read. An interleaved Grotius *De Veritate* is now in the possession of the writer, which shows his careful and faithful research. It will be seen in the Appendix that he was lavish in his expenditure to procure ancient copies of the Scriptures, and that his little fortune was spent in obtaining the books which he felt were requisite to enable him to come to a knowledge of the truth. His researches sent him back behind synods and councils; behind King James's translation of the Bible; behind Calvin and Luther, Athanasius and St. Augustine, to the simplicity of the primitive Church, to the faith of the Apostles and the teaching of Christ. That with all these aids, and this faithful study, the son's investigations resulted in a firm and decided faith in that form of Christianity which has since been called Unitarianism, and that it was painful to both father and son thus to differ, is equally honorable to both. Both were lovers of truth, both conscientious, and yet they differed *toto cœlo* in their speculative belief. Who shall say that the son was not as honest and sincere as the father? that conscience and honor did not enter as fully into his studies as into those of his father? that devotion to God, and love to man, were not as much the moving springs in his, as in his father's soul?

The results to which each had come they both taught unreservedly, — the son with as much openness as the father, but without giving himself a name; and perhaps it was the wish and hope of those who early departed from Calvinism to receive no sec-

tarian name, — to belong to that anti-sectarian sect, 'whose religion,' according to Dr. Kirkland, 'consisted in being religious.' His preaching met the wants of the multitudes who thronged to hear him. Those who had found Calvinism insufficient for the wants of the soul, and were tempted, like the young person to whose letter he refers, 'to wish, that, if such representations of Christianity were a just picture of what should be a most beneficent religion, they would be glad to find it not true,' — such persons were nourished and made better by his preaching.

The truth, in relation to father and son, seemed to demand that the above remarks should be made, not because, in the humble view of the writer, Calvinism or Unitarianism are essential forms of Christianity, but in anticipation of that time, when religion will not be wholly concerned with speculative doctrines, but with the *life of truth;* and that life not manifested by the mere externals of particular forms or even of charities, but by the beauty of holiness, — the exhibition of the beauty of the perfect law, the life of God in the soul of man.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF REV. MR. EMERSON. — APPOINTMENT OF J. S. BUCKMINSTER AS LECTURER UPON THE DEXTER FOUNDATION IN HARVARD COLLEGE. — STUDY OF GERMAN. — INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER AND HABITS. — LAST ILLNESS.

1811. Aged 27. In May of 1811 died the Rev. William Emerson, pastor of the First Church in Boston. This church, and that in Brattle Street, had been associated together in the interchange of their sacramental lectures, each pastor preaching in the pulpit of the other in the afternoon of the Sabbath of the Lord's Supper. This was an endearing interchange of ministerial duties, and, to one as susceptible of all Christian charities as was the pastor of Brattle Street, it was sufficient to bind Mr. Emerson to him in tender relations. My brother preached the funeral sermon, and, in reverting to the circumstance that the pastors of the two churches had alternately officiated at each other's obsequies, a prophetic foreboding escaped him, that he should next follow his brother. A personal feeling of regretful resignation selected the words which he introduced towards the close of the sermon, —

> 'O, 't is well
> With him! But who knows what the coming hour,
> Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?'

In this sermon he spoke of the value of posthumous reputation.

'Though one of the most common, it is still one of the sweetest, rewards of acknowledged and respected virtue, to leave the minds of survivors turning involuntarily towards the contemplation of that worth which they are no longer to enjoy. Then the excellences of the departed take full possession of our imaginations; and we find ourselves engaged in calling up their merits, which, because we had so little fear of losing, we had, perhaps, undervalued, or not fully regarded. Then, when we find them no more in the places which once knew them, recollection is busy about the spots which they frequented, and there start up a thousand affecting remembrances of their character and manners. When we are called upon to supply their places, the task is found more painful and difficult than we had imagined; and we begin to wish that we had valued them more, and loved them better, as well as enjoyed them longer. The void left by the death of good men time does not fill, indeed, but only throws further back into the retrospect. We come to their last obsequies with unwonted fondness; our lips are ready to show forth their praise; our affections linger about their graves; we feel more than ever that we are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," and wish more than ever to "die the death of the righteous."

'This sentiment of posthumous regard, so tender, and yet so strong, is the reward only of genuine worth, and is entirely different from those demonstrations of respect which are paid to men who have enjoyed the more distinction during life the less intimately they were known, and whom we consent to bury with honor, to avoid the further expression of our real opinion. He whose remains are now before us has left many bowed down with unaffected grief, who come prepared and willing now to dwell awhile on his character. Affection and faithful memory, therefore, will

supply whatever may be wanting in the following remarks, which are made with something of that restraint which would be felt if the departed were capable of now listening to the speaker. For there is something sacred in the presence of his remains, to which reverence and modesty are due, no less than truth and affection.'

In October of this year died the Hon. James Bowdoin. He had ever been a member of, and a benefactor to, the church of Brattle Street.* It was in his family that the pastor of Brattle Street was received with so much kindness, while the former was ambassador, and the latter was visiting Paris in 1806. To him, and to Mrs. Bowdoin, was he continually indebted for the expression of a warm and most affectionate friendship. A part of the sermon preached the Sabbath after his interment was published, the closing paragraphs of which are here inserted.

'But I see before me an object† which admonishes us that the usual time of service has elapsed, while we have been speaking of him whose name it bears. Once it reminded us of his bounty; now it reminds us of his departure. Once it told us that he remembered us; now it calls on us to remember him. Lately it measured the hand-breadth of his age, as it now measures our own; . . . . . but to him hours and weeks and days and years revolve no more! He has entered on an unmeasurable period!

'How fair an emblem is this of man himself; — always

* Mr. Bowdoin, in his will, left fifty pounds to the church in Brat-Square, and fifty to the pastor.

† The former clock in the church in Brattle Square was given by Governor Bowdoin; but as it was old and much out of repair, the late Mr. Bowdoin replaced it not long before his death by the present time-piece.

passing on, yet unconscious of his own motion! When we fix our attention on the moment which is passing, we seem to arrest it. We discern no lapse. All appears stationary, and the time is long and tedious. But let us withdraw our attention from the dial, and yield ourselves for a few moments to the usual succession of thoughts, and when we return again to examine the index of our time, what a space has been traversed!

'Is it possible that a minute can be made to appear so long by attention? How long, then, might the whole of life be made to appear, would we but attend to it, and vigilantly mark and improve the hours! . . . . . But that steady monitor proceeds, whether we mark or not its motion. Here, in the place of our solemnities, it measures off some of the most important portions of life. Presently the shadows of the evening will rest on this holy place, and this house be emptied of its worshippers. Presently, after a few more revolutions of those unconscious indexes, not one of these worshippers will be heard of on earth. The places which now know them will know them no more for ever; and when it is asked, Where are they? the answer must be, They are gone to appear before God!

'Lord, make us to know the measure of our days. . . . . to mark the shadow of our lives! For man that is born of woman fleeth as a shadow and continueth not.'

One other production of his pen belonging to this year or the preceding, is a memorial addressed to the Overseers of the College, upon the subject nearest his heart, a professorship of sacred literature. This is an eloquent paper; but as the object, holding in his estimation so profound an interest, was this year effected, this memorial could have had but a passing interest.

His sermons this year were not inferior in interest to any that he had preached. By a memorandum,

preserved among his papers, it appears that he wrote, in the course of the year, fifty-seven, and preached in his own pulpit sixty-nine times.

'This year, 1811, he received a proof of the estimation in which his knowledge in his favorite walk of study was held, by his appointment as first lecturer on Biblical criticism, upon the foundation established by the Hon. Samuel Dexter. This appointment was universally thought to be an honor most justly due to his preëminent attainments in this science.'*

His reply to the letter of appointment was as follows: —

'To the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, President of the University in Cambridge: —

'Sir, — I have received from you the official notice of my unexpected appointment to the office of first lecturer on the Dexter foundation. The trustees will please to accept my acknowledgments for the honor which they have conferred, and of which you, Sir, have informed me in a manner that deserves my gratitude. Nothing, beside the customary pleas of want of leisure and abilities, has occurred to me as a peculiar objection to my acceptance of this duty, except the previous conviction that the introductory lectures, on this difficult subject, should be entrusted to some one whose age and acknowledged merits in theology would gain for them more consideration than will probably be secured by the present appointment.

'If this suggestion has already received the full consideration which it seems to me to deserve, and of which, but for the result of your meeting, I should have no doubt, I am ready to submit to the final opinion of those whom I have

* Thacher's Memoir.

always been accustomed to respect, and, if they should so determine, prepare myself, as well as the time allowed, and my own health, will permit, to execute the duties of the appointment.'

My brother received this appointment with the highest gratification; although there is no doubt of the sincerity and real diffidence with which he suggested that some older theologian should deliver the introductory lectures. He began an extensive preparation with the greatest ardor, and by a minute review of his former reading. He immediately sent a large order to Germany for books, and began the study of the German language with such intensity of interest as to deprive him of sleep. Every hour of the day was occupied with its appropriate duty; but, to secure the acquisition of German, he made the effort of rising two hours earlier in the morning, intending to retire earlier at night. The master was engaged for six o'clock in the morning, and the pupil was usually ready; but it was impossible to keep the second part of the resolution, — that of retiring early. Like all persons of ardent and nervous temperament, the fear of sleeping too late, and the intensity of interest in a new study, deprived him of the blessed refreshment of sleep, at the very time he most needed its restorative powers. His sister writes, in a letter of this date: — 'Joseph, I fear, will make himself ill, for he has taken it into his head to study German, and, for this purpose, has a master with him from six to eight o'clock in the morning. It is true he has generally gone to bed rather before his regular time; but he is so much interested, that he sleeps very little.'

It was in consequence of the appointment of lecturer that he began the study of German. It appears, by a letter to Dr. Herbert Marsh, of the preceding year, that it had been hitherto precluded by other studies.

'May 13th, 1810.

'Sir,—I have no excuse to offer for the presumption of directing these lines to you, except admiration of your learning, gratitude for your labors, and the persuasion that it will not be disagreeable to you to receive from this remote region an edition of Griesbach's Greek Testament, executed with care and accuracy. It is copied, page for page, from Göschen's octavo edition, Leipsic, 1805, which I was so fortunate as to bring with me from Europe, and to persuade the government of our University, at Cambridge, to reprint and introduce as a text-book. The young gentleman who gives you this note * is intended for a preacher, and proposes to finish his studies at Edinburgh. But, as soon as I learned that you had commenced a course of lectures at Cambridge, I admitted the hope that some of my young countrymen might have the privilege of hearing them; upon what terms this may be obtained I have requested him to inquire, and, if possible, avail himself of this opportunity.

'I had the happiness of spending a few days at Cambridge in the summer of 1807, but you were absent. By the kindness of Dr. Abthorp, and his friends, of Emanuel College, I received every attention, which I remember with the utmost kindness and gratitude. But, Sir, I feel under inexpressible obligations to you for the translation of Michaelis, which has made a new era in my mind, and I am almost ashamed to express the impatience with which I anticipate the conclusion of your notes.

'Such is the extent of my parish, and the variety of my

* Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., of Boston.

duties to that, as well as to society at large, that I have neither time nor courage at present for the acquisition of the German language. And yet there are several points of theological inquiry which I burn to explore, and I would willingly relinquish all knowledge of French for this single acquisition. But at present I feel condemned to painful ignorance, encouraging myself with the hope that you, or some of your pupils, will soon do that for Eichhorn which you have done so well for Michaelis.'

It would be perhaps a fruitless wish to endeavor to give the reader an idea of the intensity of interest with which he pursued his new study, and all the studies connected with his new object. His love of study had always been the passion of his soul, and accounts for a peculiarity of manner mentioned by his former biographer.

'Though he was eminently and habitually cheerful,' says Mr. Thacher, 'there were occasional inequalities in his manner; and there were moments when there appeared in him a sort of reserve, and want of interest in those about him, which made his character misunderstood by some who, if they had known him more, would have found him formed to engage all their esteem and love. These occasional departures from his habitual manners were, I am confident, to be traced to his bodily indisposition. Many of his friends, who have entered his room when he was suffering under this effect of disease, well remember, that, after a few moments' conversation, he would shake off the oppression of his languor, his wonted smile would play over his features, that peculiar animation which usually lighted up his countenance would again break out, and he would enter into any subject proposed with the warmest and liveliest interest.'

I should give a different solution of his apparent absence of manner at some moments. He was a thorough student. His heart was in his studies. When he was employed with his books, during the day, he was perpetually withdrawn from them by the various interruptions of business and friends. When, therefore, he was broken in upon, while his attention was wholly absorbed by some favorite study, he could not immediately recover the elasticity of his mind, and enter into a subject wholly foreign, or into the cares or the pleasures of his visiter. That he had moments of deep depression, when he reflected upon the probable consequences of his malady, is, no doubt, true; but he never allowed himself in any morbid contemplation of possible evils. His faith in the beneficence of God was the ruling influence of his mind. I cannot so well describe his intellectual habits as in the words of the elegant biography to which I have been so often indebted.

'In his intellectual habits, I do not remember to have remarked any singularity. He was a real student. He had that first requisite of all true and durable greatness, — the habit of patient and long-continued attention. He possessed the genuine *φιλοπονία*, the love of labor for itself. He could delight in the driest and most minute researches, as well as in the lofty and ethereal visions of fancy. Like the majority of men of learning, he loved to read more than to think, and to think more than to write. He composed with rapidity, but with intellectual toil; and his best efforts were not made without a high degree of mental excitement. If I were required to state, in one word, in what branch of knowledge his excellence was most conspicuous, I should say it was philology, — understanding by this word the

knowledge of language as an instrument of thought, in all its propriety and force, as well as in all its shades and varieties of meaning; in its general theory, as well as in its modifications in different countries; and, finally, in all its grace and beauty, as it is fitted to invest truth in its richest and most attractive dress.

'But it was the light which philology pours on the records of our faith and hope, which gave it its chief value to the mind of Mr. Buckminster. It was the study of the Scriptures in their original languages, which most powerfully seized and occupied his attention, and engaged him in a course of inquiries which he never thought himself at liberty long to desert. He was always of opinion that the principles of Christianity, in their original purity and simplicity, were to be preserved where they are already held, and recalled where they are lost or obscured, only by the study of the Bible, according to the maxims of a sound, and enlightened, and cautious criticism. One of his strongest passions was a desire to diffuse a love of Biblical studies; and the impulse, among us, which has lately been given to inquiries on these subjects, is to be attributed to his exertions and example.' *

To the above I am permitted to add the testimony of one who knew him well, and who was eminently able to appreciate his attainments.†

'Mr. Buckminster was a thorough scholar, and always a diligent student. In theology, he belonged to the class of liberal inquirers. But, though deeply sensible of his duty to derive his faith from the Christian Scriptures, and unwilling to submit his understanding to the dictation of others, he had too strong a mind, and far too much learning, as well as too profound a sense of responsibility, to

* Thacher's Memoir. † Mr. William Wells.

permit of his embracing any of those wild opinions which are supposed, by those who hold them, to be modern discoveries, but which he knew had been long ago examined and refuted. He was thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the eminent English Unitarians of the last century, and held them in high estimation, not only for having done so much towards the introduction and establishment of liberal inquiries in England, but as having introduced into this country those principles of Scripture interpretation which have spread so widely, and to the support and dissemination of which he himself contributed so eminently and largely.'

The various accounts which have been given of my brother's studies indicate very distinctly the character of his intellect; they enable us to anticipate what he would have accomplished had his life been spared, and the influence he might have exerted upon the literature of the country. His mind was not of that lofty character which can dwell perpetually in abstractions, and win for itself glory in metaphysical and mathematical science. His mind was rapid and clear in its operations, and both inventive and illustrative; correct, acute, and thorough in criticism. He was able to compass, by a rapid intellectual survey, directed by quick moral perceptions, that which the moral reasoner arrives at by slow and laborious processes. I avail myself here of the words of a friend and classmate,* in describing the character of his intellect.

'I confine myself,' says his friend, 'principally to literature, in the limited and appropriate signification of the term. He was not a man of science, as that term is techni-

* Rev. Joshua Bates, D. D.

cally used. The mathematics he did not love. He had no taste for abstract studies, and in this early part of his life he manifested an aversion to metaphysical speculations and transcendental flights of fancy. It is true, he made himself acquainted with what may be called the "literature of science." He knew the origin, the progress, the state, indeed the whole history, of every science of the age. He could tell who made each discovery, and who was the inventor of the instruments, and what were the appliances by which it was made. He could speak learnedly of the character and merits of the philosophers of all ages and countries, and beautifully illustrate the topics of literature on which he descanted by appropriate allusions to the success of scientific principles. But here his intercourse with the sciences, especially the abstract sciences, ended. The principles themselves he never investigated. The details of classification and the tedious steps of demonstration he never pursued. He had no taste for the study of the pure mathematics, nor did he relish at all the tardy and entangled processes of logical deduction and metaphysical disquisition.

'At the period of our college life, very little oral instruction was imparted to the students. Two public lectures were delivered, and no familiar illustrations were given in connection with the study of the prescribed text-books. Of course, the acquisitions of students depended very much on their own efforts and ingenuity. Every one had much time to devote to studies of his own choice, and the education obtained by any was, much more than at present, self-education. The kind and degree of each one's attainment corresponded very nearly with his taste, capacity, and efforts, his genius and industry. This fact made Mr. Buckminster a man of literature rather than of science; a scholar of high order, but not of universal attainments; a man of learning as well as genius, but not distinguished for deep research and analytical investigation; a model in matters

of taste, grammatical accuracy, and rhetorical beauty, but not in logical deduction, abstract reasoning, and philosophical criticism.

'I should speak of the fixedness of his attention to the chosen objects of his contemplation, and the perfect command which he possessed over the current of his associated thoughts, as the first and most obvious quality of his mind. His perceptive powers were quick and excursive. This has already been stated with reference to the rapid movement and far-searching glance of his eye. But the statement should not be confined to the sense of sight. The remark might be extended with truth to all his organs and powers of perception, for they were all connected with a keen and delicate sensibility, and directed by an irrepressible desire of knowledge.

'Of the principles of association, on which memory and imagination, comparison and the processes of reasoning depend, as they were developed in his mind and exercised in his literary career, by which he acquired knowledge so easily and rapidly, and by which his acquisitions were held so firmly, and held in such distinct classification as to be always ready for appropriate use, — of these principles, as they existed in his mind, I should say they were those which belong to the poet rather than the philosopher. His mind moved, indeed, habitually under the control of the will, and, with a self-command rarely possessed, he was able to exclude from it every unwelcome thought and intruding idea, and his associations were such as fitted him to excel in literature. . . . . His imagination was at once excursive and brilliant, chaste, correct, and rich in its combinations, furnishing copious materials for rhetorical embellishment. Indeed, it may be affirmed, though he did not write poetry, he was "born a poet," and possessed all the elements of poetic genius. Had he been willing, in his literary career, to stop at the foot of Parnassus and drink largely of the waters of the Castalian fount, and sport long with the Muses

that play on its banks, he might have been inspired with the spirit of poetry, and have become in his day the Poet of America.

'In conclusion, I subjoin the following strong but sincere remark. Among all my literary friends in college, and during a long life of familiarity with men distinguished in the several departments of learning and the learned professions in various parts of our country, I have never found one who seemed to me to possess more of that indescribable character of mind, or rather, I should say, a more complete combination of those intellectual powers and susceptibilities which we usually denominate genius, than Joseph Stevens Buckminster. I have known men of more universal scholarship and men of more dazzling wit; indeed, I was about to make an exception in favor of Fisher Ames, who, in some respects, especially in the sudden bursts of eloquence, and the brilliant train of thought, and rich display of metaphor, which marked his public speeches and even his private conversation, certainly excelled all men of my acquaintance. But notwithstanding this modification, I can make no essential abatement from the general statement expressive of my admiration of Buckminster's genius. He, indeed, furnished my standard of genius; for his was a genius pure and elevated, steady and uniform in its movements, exempt from the depressions of morbid sensibility and the erratic flights of spasmodic action.'

Those pursuits which were entirely voluntary, disconnected with the wide field of duty, the little garden of delight reserved for his leisure hours, — if he may be said to have had any leisure hours, — were the study of the ancient classics, particularly the Greek and Latin poets. In this connection I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of introducing, although it is somewhat out of place, the description of his transla-

tion of a passage of Homer when he was only thirteen years old.

'I remember, in particular,' says the friend just referred to, 'his admirable reading and translation of a long passage in the Iliad of Homer. He read the Greek as if it had been his vernacular language, with ease, pliancy, and expressiveness, and his translation was at once free and accurate, neat and comprehensive, perspicuous and elegant. Indeed, the very soul of the poet seemed to be infused into the beautiful and expressive language of the translator. I had never heard Homer so read and so translated, and the admiration felt by me was evidently felt by all present.'

Here, perhaps, some few remarks may be appropriate upon the sermons, which now remain as the only evidence of the character and genius which, by the consent of all who knew him, have been ascribed to my brother. His active ministry, excluding the time he passed in Europe, amounted to six years. In that time, he wrote about two hundred and forty sermons. It may, in truth, be said that it is not what one accomplishes in life, but what one *is*, which constitutes greatness; something there is in the character which outruns all the performance. Campbell lived to old age, and wrote a great number of books; but his Hope, his Gertrude of Wyoming, and his deathless songs alone, will tell to future ages that Campbell lived. Goethe said to Eckermann, 'Half a million of my own money, the fortune I inherited, my salary, and the large income derived from my writings for fifty years, have been expended to make me what I now am.' Of the sermons in question, it has been well said that none of them seem to be the result of

any extraordinary effort, like the grand sermons of Robert Hall, or some of the splendid performances of Dr. Channing; 'but they are rather the usual and easy production of a mind, whose ordinary movements were high and beautiful, and which left its own impress of genius upon all its works.' They are character passed into thought, — 'earnest feeling, steeped in that beauty which emanates from genius inspired by faith.' No one of the sermons, therefore, surpasses very much the others. They are the ordinary expression of his usual train of thought. Of the sermons which remain unpublished, there is scarcely one which does not contain passages of eminent beauty and power. The efforts of such a mind cannot be measured. The diurnal rule of such a life is benefaction.

In speaking of his sermons, also, the peculiar charm and power of his oratory should never be omitted. 'The impression they made depended, in no small degree, upon the distinctness of articulation, the propriety of pronunciation, the melody of intonation, the power of emphasis and expression, together with the perfect symmetry of action and completeness of enunciation.' The remarks of a classmate * are here quoted in proof of the power and charm of his reading.

'At the close of the meeting of a "Composition Club," where he had been the reader of the anonymous pieces drawn from the secret box, it was remarked, "When Buckminster reads, all the compositions are good." No one, as it seemed to me, could read like him, and give to

* Rev. Dr. Bates.

every letter its full power, to every syllable its distinct weight, to every word its just emphasis and appropriate modulation, to every phrase and sentence their precise meaning, their complete and expressive import. His excellent reading was, indeed, the foundation of his enchanting eloquence, and his eloquent delivery gave the crowning glory to his compositions. Were you now to go about among the elderly members of the Brattle Street congregation, and ask them what they think of Mr. Buckminster's published sermons, they would, I think, tell you, that, excellent as they consider these discourses, they are altogether inferior to many which they heard him preach. They might not be aware of the cause of this inferiority; but to the philosophic mind, accustomed to analyze, that cause must be obvious at once. It is found in his delivery, — his excellent reading, combined with the beauty of his person and his appropriate action, — in the various qualities which, united, go to form complete elegance and constitute a perfect orator. Such truly was Buckminster. His enunciation and expression, his brilliant eye, the mingled sweetness and strength, solemnity and cheerfulness, intelligence and pathos, which continually pervaded and animated his whole countenance while speaking, gave to his discourses more than half their charm, and enabled him to exert an absolute control over the feelings of his audience.

'If it were proper to apply the term beauty in describing the personal appearance of any man, I should say, that no man ever possessed in a higher degree than he the elements of this quality. And the influence which this had on his popularity as a public speaker, and even as a preacher, was, as I have intimated, by no means unimportant. It ought not therefore to be omitted, in an attempt to delineate his character as an orator. As he stood in the pulpit and delivered his message, you could discover no defect in form or manner, in attitude or movement, in utterance or expression; — all was symmetry, propriety, elegance. He

was indeed a model as a pulpit orator, and his personal charm and eloquence of manner forcibly illustrated to my mind, by positive example, the wisdom of that negative injunction of the Levitical law, "No man that hath a blemish of the seed of Aaron the priest, shall come nigh to offer the offerings of the Lord."'

Few are living who can remember his appearance in the pulpit. Its chief characteristic was that of deeply felt, calm, but fervent devotion. His prayers, of which a large number remain among his papers, in the earliest part of his ministry, were written and committed to memory. They are marked by simplicity and appropriate Scripture language. They express the wants, the longings, the contrition, the aspiration, and the gratitude of deeply experienced human hearts. His object in writing his prayers seems to have been to make them the true devotion of the soul, the expression of the intellect as well as the heart. They were uttered with a calm, unimpassioned fervor, which contrasted with the animated and exhilarating tone of the sermon. The music of the hymn, as it came from his 'melodious voice,' was felt in newer and deeper meanings imparted to every sentiment, opening to the hearer a new sense in the ear and in the soul.

Of the sermons which have been published, it is but just to regard them as the compositions of early life, called forth by the ordinary occasions of every passing week. Had he lived, probably not one of the sermons, as now printed, would have been given to the press. He steadily resisted all applications to print his sermons during his life, only two having been yielded to the requests of the hearers, — those

on the deaths of Governor Sullivan and Rev. William Emerson. It was his habit to write more than once on the same subject. Sermons written in 1804 were rewritten in 1808; and as his mind expanded, and the same theme was clothed with thoughts of greater depth and power, he would have subjected them to a severe revisal, or he would have enriched them with passages of greater energy and beauty, as his own mind became enriched with inward illumination or with the acquisitions of time.

It has been already mentioned, that the cares of his ministry increased in great disproportion to the increase of his strength. After his appointment to the lectureship at Cambridge, he redoubled his exertions, and began, as has been mentioned, to study another language. This, with the kindred subjects to which it led, interested him so deeply as to deprive him of sleep; but to his friends he had never appeared more brilliant, more equal to every duty, more animated and efficient, than immediately before his last illness. The seizure was as unexpected as it was sudden. The last letter he ever wrote to his father follows. It seems to have been elicited by anxiety respecting the speculations of one of his family, and it mentions cursorily the unusual lassitude which he felt at the approach of warm weather.

'April 23d, 1812.

'My dear Father, — I have just seen a letter from ——, the reading of which has affected me with the most gloomy thoughts. She is now experiencing something of what I have myself felt in former years, — the unhappiness of seeing her parent cast down and troubled with the thought

that his children are given up "to believe a lie;" while Christianity is continually presented to her, either in a form which she does not understand, or which, as far as she does understand it, seems unworthy of the reception of a rational creature, or of the authority of a holy and beneficent Father. From some expressions in her letter, I began to be afraid that her faith in the divine origin of the Gospel was shaken, and that, having it continually presented to her mind in the revolting forms of Calvinism, she was willing to wish, that, if such representations of Christianity were a just picture of what should be a most beneficent religion, she would be glad to find it not true. Such a result, though I know it is by no means uncommon, I should most earnestly deprecate in any one of my relations. I hope she will have more strength of mind than to fall into such a state of feeling, and that God will enable her to know the truth and value of the revelation of his Son Jesus Christ, though she may find it difficult to conceive of doctrines which others represent as its essential principles.

'I know, my dear Sir, that you would see with anguish her mind so perplexed by the views of Calvinistic Christianity, as to become indifferent to the news of eternal life by Jesus Christ, which, I hope, will never cease to be the object of her dearest love and gratitude, and that she will go to the Father by him who has promised to guide us into all necessary truth.

'It is my misfortune to be encompassed with a cloud of business, more, I fear, than I can properly attend to, with justice to myself or my parishioners. But while my health lasts, I dare not refuse any exertion by which we may hope to diffuse the blessing of the truth, or to benefit our fellow-men. We are now forming a society for the improvement of seamen. Is it not worthy attention in every respect? I am persuaded that no class of persons are more susceptible of deep and permanent religious impressions than those who follow the sea.

'I do not write often, because my sister supplies all my deficiencies in that respect. If I felt that my silence was the consequence of any diminution of interest or affection for you or yours, I should be very unhappy. My health has been very good through the winter, but I have found myself uncommonly sensible to the relaxing approach of warm weather. I do not contemplate any journey before the middle of June, when I hope to see you in your own home. Your dear son,

'J. S. B.'

Thus closed the correspondence between father and son. That frail health, which he thought it his duty not to spare, was already deeply undermined, and the words with which he closed his letter had a prophetic meaning. He did meet his father before the middle of June, in that father's own home, where, we may surely believe, they were never separated again.

Soon after the date of that letter, came on the week, — the so-called election week in Boston, — so crowded with business, with societies, with the duties of the present, and the hopes of the future; when the city throngs with strangers, and the moments that are not given to exciting occupations and wearying business are absorbed by the duties of hospitality, the claims of old friendships, and the pleasures of society. My brother entered with keen enjoyment into all the various interests of the week. He was an efficient member, or an acting officer, of nearly all the societies of the time, — less numerous, indeed, than at present, but still enough to absorb all his leisure, — and he was engaged to preach the sermon before the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, Piety, and Charity, on May 26th. The

election sermon was on Wednesday, and the Convention, in which he took the warmest interest, was on the Thursday following. His ever-watchful sister observed, that, while writing the sermon for the above-mentioned society, he was oppressed by an unusual languor, and the sermon, although selected for publication, bears evidence of it. An extract from a letter of this date shows how the labors of the week had crowded upon him.

'Joseph sat up nearly all night, writing his sermon to preach before the society. He has been so engaged with various societies, and with company staying in the house, that he has had no time. After all, the gentlemen called for him when he was writing the last page. He went off without his gown. In his hurry, he forgot to put it on. I did not perceive it for some time, and then sent it after him, which made me too late,' etc.

This forgetting the gown was no proof that his memory was failing; but, it not being the Sabbath, he did not think of the usual costume of the pulpit.

Thus he went on, — no pause, no rest, — in the exercise of a benevolence never surpassed, an ardor for the good of others rarely equalled. There was no voice to warn, — there was no hand to hold him back. Others were engaged with him; but he, with his thrilling voice, his ardent eye, and his intrepid and buoyant spirit, urged them on. Some few looked on with trembling interest, knowing the fatal consequences of over-exerting the sensitive brain; but he had survived many such periods of severe labor, and why might he not pass uninjured through this one?

The ruin came all at once, with instantaneous shock. His early prayer was answered. There was no inter-

val between his active career and his shattered frame. At once, as though stricken on sunken rocks, in the calm, blue sea, and amidst the cloudless heaven, his noble intellect became a wreck. The silver cord endured no loosening from its hold, — it snapped asunder, and was gone!

It should certainly be cause of deep gratitude that he was cut down at once, without the slow decay, without the loss of one of those brilliant and fascinating qualities that so won the love of his contemporaries. That he did not live to become the sepulchre of his dead intellect, demands the devout gratitude of all who knew him.

From the records of an interleaved register, I am able to give some account of the employment of the few days before the attack of his last, fatal illness. On the 26th of May, he preached the sermon already mentioned, and attended a funeral in the afternoon. On the 27th, election day, the funerals of two children are recorded. On the evening of the 28th, after attending the convention of ministers, he performed the ceremony of marriage for two couples, apparently at his own house. On Sunday, he repeated, in his own pulpit, with alterations, the sermon prepared for the society already mentioned, dividing it into two sermons, for morning and afternoon. In the evening, he received the usual visiters in his study. On Monday afternoon, he met with the association of ministers; and we may easily suppose it was a day of more than his usual exhaustion and lassitude, after the labors of the week and of the Sabbath. On Tuesday evening, June 2d, he met the committee of the parish on parish business, and afterwards attended, and took part, as was always a delight to him, with

his musical society. On Wednesday, he had so violent an access of his disorder as completely to prostrate his physical powers, and to deprive him of his reason, which returned only at momentary intervals during the seven days that the struggle between life and death continued. On Tuesday, June 9th, he expired, with a serene and blissful expression of countenance, that seemed already to foreshadow the higher world for which the departing spirit was winged.

During the whole of his short illness, his bed was surrounded, and the apartments of the house thronged, with anxious friends, lingering, with fond regret, over the insensible form from which genius, but not beauty, had departed; listening, with breathless attention, to catch the inarticulate sounds, in which the more experienced ear of the physician detected the words of prayer. Friends and strangers, the merchants, as they met on 'change, and all, as they paused from their daily toil, whispered to each other words of hope or fear; and a public and fearful calamity seemed to hang over the town.

It is delightful to recollect that the last rational exercise of his mind, the last conscious act of his life, was joining in the devotional music of the choir of his church. It was no doubt the very moment in which he would wish to die, as he has said, in one of his earliest letters, 'in the swelling notes of celestial praise, he could wish to dissolve into sound.' In the music in which he delighted, it seemed, indeed, as though departed spirits came to announce and to bear testimony to a future union. The close of his life, so in unison with its whole aim, has added a sweetness to his memory that embalms it for ever.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOMESTIC EVENTS RELATING TO DR. BUCKMINSTER. — JOURNEY TO CONNECTICUT. — CHEERFULNESS AND UNINTERRUPTED HEALTH FOR FOUR YEARS. — HIS LAST ILLNESS, AND DEATH. — INTERMENT. — MONUMENT. — FUNERAL SERVICES AT PORTSMOUTH, AND BOSTON. — REINTERMENT AND MONUMENT OF J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

1812. As we draw towards the close of the life of my father, I would fain record that the cheerfulness and apparent health which he enjoyed in 1808, and the three succeeding years, had suffered no interruption. He had been, through life, a man of much domestic grief. The sensibility of his heart had been often wrung by the loss of children at the age when they are the most lovely and attractive, — when the opening faculties awaken the most tender interest in the parent, and the sorrow occasioned by their loss is as acute, though not perhaps as enduring, as when they die at a later age. At the loss of his second wife, in 1805, whom he loved with a passion fond almost to idolatry, those who witnessed the agony of his grief trembled, lest his reason or his life should become the sacrifice to an attachment to which the energy of his soul and the sensibility of his heart were wholly given.

In 1808, and in the three succeeding years, he had

recovered from the desolating effect of this and other losses. His daughter remarks, in a letter found in the preceding pages, that she had never known him in better health and spirits. His daughters were now old enough to be to their father, not only domestic assistants, but companions and friends; and the more youthful society that was drawn to the parsonage, by finding companions of their own age there, was a great accession of pleasure and of cheerful conversation to Dr. Buckminster himself. My brother, also, when he came from Boston to visit his family, was usually accompanied by one of his young friends, which added much to the cheerfulness of the party assembled in what was called, *par eminence*, 'the little parlor.'

In the summer of 1808, he allowed himself the recreation of a journey to the beloved scenes of his youth. As he travelled with his own horse and chaise, and a daughter for a companion, it was a journey of formidable length. He visited New Haven, at the season of Commencement, and enjoyed, for the last time, the renewal of old associations, and the delightful reminiscences of college days. It was true that younger classes had risen up 'which knew not Joseph,' yet it was a singular and fortunate circumstance, that a large number of the class of 1770 had, like him, gone up to visit their *Alma Mater*, and others of the classes to whom he had been tutor, so that the renewal of old associations was as complete and delightful as possible.

In 1809, he was twice invited to preach occasional sermons, — at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Thurston, at Manchester, N. H., and before the Female Charita-

ble Society of Newburyport. Both of the sermons were requested for the press, and they are among the most vigorous and interesting of his productions.

It was a peculiar cause of anxiety to my father that the solitary situation of his son, (obliged to make the parsonage-house his residence,) and his singular liability to illness, compelled the necessity of dividing his family, and the sacrifice of the society of his eldest daughter. The second was, unfortunately, at that time, too much of an invalid to be much from under the parental roof, and the others were all too young to leave home, except under the care of the elder sisters. But, as their brother's house was a pleasant residence, and Boston presented so much rarer advantages of education for the younger children, one or two were constantly with their brother, and away from home. To a man so tender in his domestic affections, these blanks in the family circle were peculiarly painful.

At the time of which I speak, my father's appearance was that of a person in the full vigor of life. In 1808, he was fifty-seven years old. His remarkably striking form was unbent and unworn. The raven black of his hair was just beginning to be streaked with gray, and the temples were fringed with silver. He was often, at this period of his life, while he was a widower, solicited to join social parties, where his daughters were invited, and his presence, while it checked all undue mirth, was thought to add much to the cheerfulness of the party. But the young were not those with whom he could the most readily find sympathy, and, while his house was filled with them, he often, no doubt, felt doubly alone.

His salary had never been more than a very moderate support for his large family; money, however, for any purposes but those of beneficence, and for the education of his children, had little value in his eyes. The absence of *all* worldliness is perhaps a defect, for children should be taught the value of money sufficiently to desire to avoid the absolute want of it. After his marriage, in the summer of 1810, he left the parsonage-house and removed to a more commodious dwelling, the property of his wife. His marriage placed him beyond all anxiety with regard to pecuniary concerns. It is due to his delicate sense of justice to state, that the property which came into his possession by his last marriage was returned immediately by bequest. His will, executed the day after the solemnization of his marriage, is in these words: —

'Secondly. To my beloved wife Abigail, I return, by bequest, all that estate, real and personal, or mixed, of which she was possessed (when she became my wife) by the will of her late husband, Colonel Eliphalet Ladd; to be not only for her use during her life, but to be at her disposal, and to her heirs and assigns for ever, as completely as if no connection had taken place between us; and as to the little property which I possess, separate from that which fell into my hands through her courtesy and confidence, it is my will, that my said beloved wife should have the income of it during her continuing my widow, if she chooses to retain it.'

He had now enjoyed uninterrupted health and spirits for more than four years. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life, and his friends saw no reason why he might not attain to the age of the most

long-lived of his ancestors; but, as was mentioned in the last chapter, at the close of the year 1811, those of his family who were most intimate with the peculiarities of his constitution, saw, with anguish, that a nameless depression, an apparently causeless anxiety, was beginning to gather in dark clouds over his mind. Physical disease, which baffled the sagacity of science, no doubt affected him; but it assumed the outward form of mental depression, nervous distress, and agitation. In May, 1812, he became much more ill, and change of scene amid the healthful influences of nature was proposed, and a journey to the western part of New York was resolved upon, which was to begin early in June.

At this time his illness did not take the usual form of morbid and exaggerated conscientiousness; it was a general distrust of himself, his power of sustaining his ministry, and a fear lest he should be the cause of unhappiness to others. He continued to perform the public services of his church on the Sabbath, and to receive his friends, and those who were unacquainted with his malady perceived no cause for uneasiness.

The last Sabbath in May, he felt a strong persuasion that he should never again address his people. As his journey was to be commenced on Tuesday, and the Sabbath was the last day of the month, the communion was celebrated on that day, that he might enjoy once more with his beloved church that last act of affection and devotion to his Divine Master. His services were unusually fervent and pathetic, and he seemed to feel a prophetic foreboding that it was the last time his voice would ever be heard from that

table of his Lord. He did not go out in the afternoon, and the succeeding night was one of distress and agitation. His daughter and his friend, Rev. Mr. Parker, watched with him through the night. It was spent by him in fervent prayers, interrupted at intervals by bursts of uncontrollable emotion. It was the night preceding the first of June, and the unusual warmth of the season allowed all the windows to be open. The garden beneath the windows, hushed in the sweet repose of moonlight, was all white with the full blossom of fruit trees, whose fragrance ascended upon the night-breeze to the watchers by that beloved but afflicted spirit. How striking was the contrast between the joyful repose of nature and the jarring discords of the human soul; but never, during any of the wild conflicts of emotion, did he lose for a moment the gentle sweetness of his manners, or a tender devotion to the comfort of others.

Arrangements had been made for his departure on a journey the next morning as far as the Saratoga Springs; and, upon his return, he would visit his son and daughter in Boston. He was to be accompanied by his wife and a gentleman of middle age, who was a member of his church, also by a young man, at that time a student of divinity. His young friend, the Rev. Mr. Parker, had so endeared himself to Dr. Buckminster by the warmth of his sympathy, that the sufferer could not bear to part with him; and the latter was persuaded to accompany him a part of the way on his journey. The prayer that he offered in his family the morning of his departure was so touching in its pathetic earnestness, that it melted his young children to tears. Observing them weeping, he said,

with the most cheerful smile, as he stepped into the carriage, 'Be not anxious, — all will be well!' It was an inexpressible consolation to them, thus orphaned in their youth, to remember that the last kind words that fell from his lips were those of encouragement and peace.

The following notices of the remaining days of my father's life are derived from the journal sent to his family by the young student who accompanied him on his journey. The party left Portsmouth on the first or second day of June. The season was more enchanting than can be imagined; the air was loaded with the fragrance of blossoming trees; the tender grass was of an emerald green; the temperature balmy as the air of Paradise; and a spirit of beauty seemed to move over the earth to cure all sadness but despair.

'*June 2d.* After proceeding a short distance, the conversation turned upon the goodness of God, as displayed in the beauty of nature. Mr. Parker observed, that "all nature appeared to smile in praise of the Creator." "Yes," replied Dr. Buckminster, and tears filled his eyes, "we are travelling amidst the loveliest works of God." Mr. Parker said it was a wise and benevolent dispensation of Heaven, that the acceptableness of our actions did not depend on a high excitation of the affections and feelings; but a course of devout action might be continued when the ardor of feeling that prompted it had subsided; for such was the limitation of our nature, that we could neither long endure keen elevation nor always possess uniform cheerful assurance; and if the ardor of feeling were requisite to the right performance of actions, we should not be able, when it was in exercise, to do properly the business of life. But,

as we are constituted, having begun a series of good actions from right principle, we may continue them from habit, after the vividness of emotion has subsided. Dr. Buckminster smiled; "I think," he said, "that you have given us a true and philosophical statement of the subject."

'In the afternoon, the conversation turned upon the Hopkinsian system. The Dr. asked me if I had read a certain treatise upon the points of difference between Hopkins and Calvin, adding, that he had lately been reading it. Upon my observing that the difference between Hopkinsians and rigid Calvinists appeared to be merely nominal, he replied, — "There is a difference. The former hold, that, if it were for the glory of God, a soul must be willing to be eternally miserable; which implies, that the believer must be willing to be in a state that would for ever deprive him of the presence of God, and where his name was blasphemed. Hopkinsians also ascribe the origin of evil to God, — an assertion that Calvinists reject."

'The next day, speaking of the origin of writing, I observed that the law of the ten commandments was said to be written by the finger of God. The Dr. answered, that "this, like many other passages of the Scriptures, must be taken figuratively; they were probably written by Moses."

'His friend, Mr. Parker, quitted the party at Newburyport to return to Portsmouth. In attempting to give him a message for his children, Dr. Buckminster's emotion was so great that he desisted from the attempt. After Mr. Parker left him, his dejection increased, and his mind seemed clouded with a settled gloom. Passing through Chelmsford, he saw some children at play by the school-house, and burst into involuntary tears. Upon inquiring the cause of this sudden expression of sensibility, he said, "they brought to his mind his own children, the sorrow they were destined to suffer, and their inability, from their youth and retired education, to contend with the difficulties of life." After

his emotion had subsided, he conversed upon the scenes of his early life, of his collegiate pursuits, and the advantages of the exact sciences in strengthening the mind, and inducing habits of correct reasoning.'

At Newburyport he had met his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Tappan, returning from Boston. He expressed to his sister, more fully than he had to his children, his entire conviction that the journey would be of no avail; he had undertaken it at the desire of friends, and would go on, but he felt a firm persuasion in his own mind that he never should return to Portsmouth.

In that distressing night previous to his leaving home, the physician had thought proper to take a quantity of blood from the arm. On the fourth day of the journey, the wounded vein began to inflame, and the whole arm, probably irritated by travelling, swelled, and became extremely painful.

'*June 5th.* At Townsend, the patient walked some distance to observe a lovely and picturesque view. The sun was just setting, and the whole air was perfumed with blossoms. He was so much exhilarated with this walk, that he forgot the fatigues of the ride, and the evening was spent cheerfully. The ride from Townsend to Keene, through an undulating and pleasing country, exhilarated his spirits, and, notwithstanding the painful state of his arm, he enjoyed every incident of the journey. At Jaffrey, this day, June 5th, he wrote the last letter he ever penned to his children. [In consequence of the state of his arm, the writing is almost illegible.]

'*June 6th.* At Keene, the Dr. entered into an animated political discussion with a Democrat, who asserted that Judge Marshall had, in a certain case, exercised powers

that were unconstitutional. The Dr. confined himself to a defence of Judge Marshall, and vindicated the powers of the judiciary, as the great bulwark of the Constitution, with great energy, power, and perspicuity of thought. At Walpole, where we dined, he met one who had been his pupil when he was tutor at Yale College. This meeting agitated him greatly, and his nervous spasms returned with violence.

'His arm was now swelled to an alarming degree; he could no longer ascend nor descend the steps of the carriage without assistance. The ride, however, from Walpole to Putney, exhilarated his spirits, and he said, in reference to the varying and undulating character of the ground, with the shadows flitting over it, that it bore a striking resemblance to the light and shade, the changing color, of our life. At Putney, there was a Justice's cause being argued at the inn where we rested, in which Dr. Buckminster took a strong interest, and attended to the close of the sitting.

'*June 7th.* The next day being the Sabbath, it was spent in the beautiful little village of Putney. Our beloved patient was calm, but extremely dejected. He was able, however, to read the Scriptures, and pray in the family; after which, the rest of the party attended church. In the afternoon, one of the party stating some objections to some passages of Scripture, he smiled, and observed, mildly, that "the gentleman was inclining to Socinianism." During the night, he was extremely ill, and his arm so much swelled that he could not move it without assistance.

'On Monday, June 8th, two physicians were called in at Brattleborough, but they prescribed only for the swelled arm. Notwithstanding the illness of their patient, the party proceeded that day to Whitney's, in Marlborough. Here, while his wife took some repose, he sat by the window with a book in his hand; he spent the afternoon in this position, in prayer, and repeating parts of the Psalms. Before he retired, he requested one of the party to pray, with as much humility and resignation as possible.'

Since the night at Putney, my father seems to have been aware of his approaching dissolution, although, from the fear of distressing his wife and retarding the journey of his friends, he consented to go on, without expressing his own convictions of his extreme illness. His nights were usually without sleep, and spent in prayer.

'*Tuesday, June 9th.* We left Whitney's, and rode to Hamilton's tavern to breakfast. Here our patient immediately lay down with extreme pain in the shoulder and breast; afterwards, we continued the journey to Berchard's inn, to dine. Here a young lady, the daughter of the host, was wholly devoted to his comfort. Grateful for every kindness, he took leave of her with a tenderness and solemnity that affected every one. This afternoon, we observed a striking change in his appearance; although he continued to manifest the sweetest composure and an angelic patience, and not a complaint escaped him, yet his countenance was pale and sunken. He spoke little, but smiled frequently. He seemed to speak with effort, and the natural tone of his voice was gone.

'In the afternoon, we passed a little road-side cottage, where we stopped a moment, and asked for a glass of water from a woman, who sat by the loom, weaving. She was one of those tender and feeling natures, that are habitually prompted to deeds of mercy and kindness by their own hearts. Observing the pale and suffering countenance within the carriage, as soon as it had passed she felt constrained to follow it. She felt there was death in the carriage, and she could not pursue her labors at the loom. Leaving her work, she followed on to the lonely and sequestered inn, where the travellers had stopped for the night, and, by her presence of mind, her disinterested services, her calm and trusting piety, she proved an infinite

comfort to the afflicted wife of the suffering patient. In this lonely inn, we were visited by a tremendous storm. During this conflict of the elements, Dr. Buckminster was extremely agitated. He sat supported in a chair, his voice feeble and hollow, and uttered with touching pathos prayers for his friends and himself, humble confessions and petitions for the mercy of God. From this time his gloom wholly subsided. He was perfectly aware that his death was near. He remained perfectly tranquil, most of the time silent, but uttering occasionally whispered expressions of submission, faith, and hope in the mercy of God.'

[Some hours later, on the same evening, a thunder-storm was felt with terrific violence in Boston. Prostrate with fever of the brain, in the fierce contention of life with death, lay the beloved son upon a couch opposite the windows, where the vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the whole room, and the sunken and pallid countenance, around which, in still, repressed agony, the friends were gathered. For many hours, no ray of reason had illumined those closed eyes; but now, when one of his sisters arrived from Portsmouth, he opened his eyes, looked upon her, and smiled: this smile, always so enchanting, was given to her as a treasure for the memory of after life.

The thunder-storm passed away, the clouds rolled off, and the tranquil stars looked down into that chamber. There, too, the anguish and the agony had passed away, and that pale countenance lay in the inexpressibly sweet repose of death.]

The night of the storm was passed by the little afflicted company of travellers, with their dying friend, in the retired and solitary inn of the village of Reedsborough. He knew that he was dying, but

his companions were not aware of his extreme illness, for the physician, who dwelt at the distance of nine miles, was not sent for that evening. Indeed, they all retired to rest, and Mrs. Buckminster, having been much fatigued and deprived of sleep, was persuaded by her husband to retire for the night to another room. Mr. Bowles, the eldest of the gentlemen, was accommodated with a bed in the same room with their patient. The night was spent by him in prayer, but, with his habitual regard to the feelings of others, he repeatedly said to Mr. Bowles, that he hoped he did not speak so loud as to disturb his repose. The gentleman, who had been in early life a sea-captain, at length answered, that 'he could remain undisturbed through the roughest weather, and had often slept under his preaching; but ah, Sir,' he added, 'I cannot sleep under such prayers as these!'

When his wife entered his chamber the next morning, he said to her, with perfect composure, 'My son Joseph is dead.' Mrs. Buckminster, supposing that he had slept and dreamed that his son was dead, although no news of his illness had reached him, assured him that it was a dream. 'No,' he replied, 'I have not slept nor dreamed; he is dead!' This incident is related as received from the lips of her to whom the words were spoken, and there can be no shadow of doubt of their truth.*

* Edward Everett, in a poem delivered at the succeeding Commencement at Cambridge, thus beautifully refers to this circumstance: —

'Farewell, thou blest! too dark thy lot appears,
Yet faith looks up, tho' sight is dim with tears.
Serve thine own Master through the eternal hours
In nearer presence and with nobler powers.

Although Dr. Buckminster proposed to rise and proceed to Bennington, the smallest effort to move produced faintness, and his wife, now much alarmed, sent immediately for the nearest physician. He dwelt at the distance of nine miles, and did not arrive till ten o'clock.

In the mean time, although his countenance bore all the appearance of death, it was serene and tranquil. All nervous distress and all anxiety had passed away, and, in those last hours of his life, he enjoyed the full assurance of the goodness and loving-kindness of his Saviour. But there was no exultation, no rapturous expressions of the near approach of heaven. His principal anxiety was to soothe and comfort his wife, who had now become fearfully conscious that his last moment was approaching.

The following paragraph is from the journal of his young travelling companion: —

'The physician, who had been sent for previously, now entered the room. Before his arrival, Dr. Buckminster's symptoms had become extremely alarming, and his friends perceived with anguish that his death was fast approaching. He fixed his languid eyes upon the physician, and said, with some earnestness, "I am in the hands of God; all means are under his control, and must depend on his blessing. I have no expectation that any thing can be done for me, but, for the sake of these friends, I will submit to your

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Go with thy Sire, for heaven, in judgment kind,
The chain of filial fondness spared to unbind.
Or was that chord of love so finely spun
Which bound the secret souls of sire and son,
That each, unconscious, owned the mutual blow,
And nature felt what reason could not know?'

prescriptions." The doctor proceeded to prepare some medicine, and said, "if it did not relieve him, the event would be fatal." "Certainly," said Dr. Buckminster, "that must follow." Upon a stranger entering the room, he asked, eagerly, if it was a messenger from Boston, expecting, no doubt, to hear his son's death confirmed. Some one present asked him if he were resigned. He answered, "I desire to be still, and await the will of God." After a short time, one of his companions asked, "if he had any thing to impart to his absent family." Waiting some moments, he attempted to speak, but, his voice failing, he fervently pressed the hand of the person, and, lifting his eyes, he seemed to be in silent prayer for many moments, when his eyes closed, and he gently breathed away his departing soul.'

It was in less than twenty-four hours after the death of the son, that his father followed him to that eternal union which they both so fervently expected to enjoy.

Dr. Buckminster was interred at Bennington, with appropriate funeral solemnities. The Rev. Mr. Marsh, of that place, preached, upon the occasion, from the words, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.'

On Friday, the 19th of June, his bereaved church and congregation, in Portsmouth, assembled to pay a tribute of respect to his memory. The pulpit and the galleries were hung with black, and an impressive discourse was pronounced by Mr. Parker, of the South Church, from Acts xx. 24, — 'But none of these things move me,' &c. A writer of the time remarks, that 'the largest and most respectable audience that had ever been seen in that ancient town was present.'

The stone that was placed over the grave of Dr. Buckminster, in Bennington, Vermont, bears the following inscription, written, except the poetry, by his friend and brother in the ministry, Rev. D. Dana, D. D., of Newburyport: —

'In memory of Rev. Joseph Buckminster, D. D., pastor of a church in Portsmouth, N. H., who died suddenly in this vicinity, while on a journey for his health, June 10th, 1812, aged 61.

'He was a fervent and devoted Christian, an eloquent and evangelical preacher, a faithful and indefatigable pastor, an affectionate son, brother, husband, father, and friend. His bereaved people have erected this memorial of his eminent worth and of their tender and respectful grief.

'O ever honored, ever dear, adieu!
How many tender names are lost in you!
Keep safe, O tomb, thy precious, sacred trust,
Till life divine awake this sleeping dust!'

At the funeral service in Brattle Street Church, on the afternoon of June 12th, in commemoration of the death of their pastor, Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, Dr. Kirkland, President of Harvard College, preached from Job xvi. 19, — 'Thou destroyest the hope of man.' The sermon was a touching and appropriate tribute to the memory of his friend. Dr. Kirkland was earnestly requested to give a copy for the press, but the urgent duties of his office prevented him from complying with the wishes of the parish and the friends of the departed. Many tributes to his memory appeared in the public journals of the day, and in the sermons of his brothers in the ministry. Among others were two very

beautiful notices of his character, written with the warmth of friendship, and the exact delineation of truth, which appeared in two successive numbers of the General Repository, from the pen of its editor, Mr. Andrews Norton. They have been included in the edition of Buckminster's Works of 1839, and would also have enriched the pages of this volume, had it not swelled far beyond its original intention.

Twelve years after his death, the Rev. John Gorham Palfrey, then the pastor of Brattle Street Church, pronounced the following beautiful eulogy upon his memory. After speaking of former pastors of the church, he says, —

'Him I have heard and known; and who, that has heard him, has not thenceforth found religion invested in his mind with a beauty unknown before? He was, in truth, a singularly gifted man; of a judgment discriminating, independent, and exact; of a fancy profuse of images of the grand and lovely; of a various and accurate learning; of a sensibility keenly alive to the importance of truth, and to the dangers and obligations of men; of a pure and fervid zeal; of a truly heavenly spirit. He was formed to interest men in religion, — to win them and attach them to it. No one could look on his intellectual beauty, — no one could hear the softest tone of his voice, — without loving the spirit that dwelt in the expression of both. He spoke to solemnize the levity of the young, and inform the wisdom of age; to shake the sinner's purpose, and to bind up, in the softest balm of consolation, the wounds of the Christian heart. Those of us who have heard him, with a force and feeling all his own, plead the claims of our religion, describe its value, and disclose its hopes, may not expect, while we live, to witness any thing approaching nearer to what we imagine of a prophet's or an angel's inspiration.

He was one of those who seem appointed to the high and needful office of conciliating to religion the minds of intellectual and tasteful men. . . . . .

'Nor in regard alone to the services directly rendered by him to religion was this lamented man a benefactor. His mind was one of those that leave a broad impress on the character of the times. The weight of his influence, and the more powerful attraction of his example, gave an impulse to the cause of good learning, of which we are daily witnessing more and more brilliant consequences. But these were not the cares the nearest to his heart. Though followed by an admiration too enthusiastic for a man of less singleness of mind to bear, without being led astray from his appropriate work, here was the scene of his favorite labors, and here he reaped the most desired reward. Every thing here reminds us of him. . . . . At the table of Christian fellowship, I meet the disciples whom he led to that feast,* and his presence almost seems to be with us there. Already I find encouragement and friendship in those whose earliest remembered impressions of religion are associated with the pathos of his melting tones, the glory of his speaking eye. I stand by death-beds, cheered by happy hopes of immortality which he taught to glow, and witness the Christian patience of mourners, to whom he was the minister of that lasting peace which the world cannot give nor take away. Happy servant of his God, who can leave such enduring memorials of so short a life! who, long after the first burst of general distress at his early departure has been hushed, survives in the virtuous purposes of manhood, and the calm meditation of age! Happy, whose epitaph is recorded in the religious dedication of so many grateful hearts! There is no other distinction but is mean compared with such a glory! . . . . And when, at last, he meets them above, can any thing be

* See Appendix No. V.

wanting to the worth of his crown of rejoicing, when they remember, together, that it was by his agency that God made them associates for angels?' *

With these beautiful words I close the memoir of my brother, trusting that his memory may yet survive to encourage and comfort many hearts.

'One other name, with power endowed,
To cheer and guide us onward as we press;
One other image on the heart bestowed,
To dwell there, beautiful in holiness.'

June 12, 1842, exactly thirty years from the day of his funeral, through the surviving affection of the Society of Brattle Street Church, his remains were removed from the tomb of Mr. Lyman, at Waltham, and placed beneath a chaste and beautiful monument of white marble, consecrated to his memory, in the cemetery of Mount Auburn. By the arrangement of the faithful memory of those who had witnessed the attachment of brother and sister, she who had watched over him in life was not divided from him in the sacred repose of one consecrated tomb. Their united memory is such

'As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.'

* From Rev. J. G. Palfrey's sermon, preached at the church in Brattle Square, July 18, 1824.

APPENDIX.

NO. I.

There is some uncertainty about the original family name. It appears from the records of deeds in the Suffolk office, and in the registry of wills in the Probate office, that the first and second generations after coming to this country wrote the name Buckmaster. The Almanac and Prognosticator of Thomas Buckminster, of the year 1599, now in the possession of the writer, has descended in the family from the day of its author, and proves that in the year of its publication the name was written as it is at present.

Joseph Stevens Buckminster, when in England, took the trouble to search into the antiquity of the family name, and found that a coat of arms, '"*Argent*, *semé des fleurs de lis*, *a Lyon*, *rampant*, *sable*," was confirmed by Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter king-at-arms, the 24 March, 1578, in the 21st year of Queen Elizabeth, to William Buckminster, son and heir of Richard Buckminster, eldest son of John Buckminster of Peterborough, Northamptonshire, and to all the posterity of the said John Buckminster for ever.' — MSS. in Ashmole, No. 834, p. 20; Guillim's Heraldry, 6th ed., London, 1724, p. 276.

In the English records in Westminster, printed by the order of William IV., A. D. 1216, is the name of 'Adam Bukeminstr' and 'Robertum filium suum.' It seems, therefore, that the name as it appears written in the Suffolk office is a corruption of the original name in England.

No. II.

Sermons Published by Dr. Buckminster.

1. A Discourse delivered December 11th, 1783, the Day of the General Thanksgiving throughout the United States after the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace and Acknowledgment of their Independence. Published by request.

2. A Discourse delivered November 1, 1789, when the President of the United States visited Portsmouth.

3. A Sermon delivered February 27, 1794, at the Interment of Mrs. Porter of Rye.

4. Two Discourses delivered February 28, 1796, upon the Duty of Republican Citizens in the Choice of their Rulers. 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.' Published by request.

5. A Discourse delivered at Hampton, March 2d, 1796, a Day devoted by the Congregational Church in that Place to Fasting and Prayer. Being Remarks upon the Dispute and Separation of Paul and Barnabas. Published by Desire of the Hearers.

6. A Discourse delivered in Portsmouth, November 15, 1798, on Thanksgiving Day. Published by request.

7. A Sermon delivered in Portsmouth on the Lord's Day after the Melancholy Tidings of the Death of George Washington, the Father, Guardian, and Ornament of his Country. December, 1799.

8. Two Sermons delivered in the First Church in Portsmouth January 5th, 1800, the House being shrouded in Mourning in Token of Respect to the Memory of General Washington.

9. A Sermon preached to the United Congregational Churches in Portsmouth, February 22d, 1800, the Day appointed by Congress to pay Respect to the Memory of Washington. Published by request.

10. A Discourse delivered in Portsmouth, December 14, 1800, the Anniversary of the Death of General Washington. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'

11. A Discourse occasioned by the Desolating Fire in Portsmouth, December, 1803. Published by request.

12. A Discourse preached before the Portsmouth Female Charitable School, October 14, 1803. Published by request.

13. A Discourse delivered at the Ordination of Rev. J. S. Buckminster to the Pastoral Charge of the Church in Brattle Street, Boston, December 30, 1805.

14. A Discourse delivered at the Interment of Rev. Samuel Haven, D. D., and of his Wife, Mrs. Margaret Haven, who survived her Husband but thirty-six hours, March 3d, 1806. 'In their death they were not divided.'

15. Domestic Happiness. A Sermon delivered in Portsmouth February 23, 1803. Published by request of the Young Men of the Parish.

16. A Discourse on Baptism, 1803. 'Suffer little children and forbid them not to come to me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' — Jesus Christ.

17. A Discourse upon Christian Charity, being the Conclusion of the Sermon upon Baptism, 1803.

18. A Sermon delivered at the Installation of Rev. James Miltimore to the Charge of the Fourth Church in Newbury, April 27, 1808.

19. A Sermon delivered before the Female Charitable Society of Newburyport, May, 1809. Published at the request of the Managers.

20. A Sermon preached at the Installation of Rev. James Thurston in Manchester, N. H., May, 1809.

21. A Sermon delivered at the Interment of Rev. Moses Hemmenway, D. D., Pastor of the First Church of Christ in Wells, Maine, 1811.

22. Substance of three Discources delivered in Park Street Church, Boston, August 11, 1811. 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.' — St. Paul.

Beside the above-mentioned Sermons, Dr. Buckminster published a short memoir of Dr. Maclintock of Greenland, N. H. He was also one of the authors of the 'Piscataqua River Prayer Book for the Use of Families,' and a constant contributor to the pages of the 'Piscataqua Missionary Magazine.'

No. III.

Publications of Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster.

During his life, he published only two sermons, viz : —

1. A Discourse delivered December 18, 1808, on the Lord's Day after the Public Funeral of Hon. James Sullivan, Governor of Massachusetts.

2. A Discourse delivered at the Interment of Rev. William Emerson, May, 1811.

A Discourse pronounced before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, August 31, 1809. Published in the Anthology.

His contributions to periodical publications during his life were, as nearly as can be ascertained, as follows: —

To the Literary Miscellany: — Review of Dr. Millar's Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century, Vol. I., p. 82. Translation of an Idyl of Meleager, and of an Inscription to Somnus, Vol. I., pp. 196, 197.

To the Monthly Anthology and Review: —

Review of the Salem Sallust, Vol. II. 549.

Remarker, No. 5, on Criticism, Vol. III. 19.

Review of Sherman on the Trinity, Vol. III. 249.

Introduction to Retrospective Notices of American Literature, Vol. V. 54.

Review of Logan's Version of Cato Major, Vol. V. 281, 340, 391.

Remarker, No. 34, on Gray's Poetry, Vol. V. 367. Defence of Gray, Vol. V. 484.

Editor's Address to Vol. VI. 1.

Description of the Fall of the Rossburg and destruction of Goldau, first published in the Anthology.

Sketch of French Literature and Science, published as a 'Letter from Paris' in the Anthology.

Review of Thompson's Septuagint, Vol. VII. 396. Continued, Vol. VIII. 193.

Review of Griesbach's New Testament, Vol. X. 107. Continued, p. 403. Notices of, Vols. V. and VI.

In the General Repository and Review: —

On the Accuracy and Fidelity of Griesbach, Vol. I. 89. Continued, 363.

Translation of the Article *ΠΝΕΥΜΑ* in Schleusner's Lexicon, with Notes, Vol. I. 296.

Review of Rev. W. Emerson's History of the First Church, Vol. I. 374, with the exception of the first paragraph, which was added by the editor, Mr. Andrews Norton.

Mr. Buckminster published a Collection of Hymns 'for the Use of the Church in Brattle Street,' 1808.

Well-beloved's Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons, 1808.

Zollikoffer's Sermons to Young Men. The last two at his own expense.

The first selection of his sermons, consisting of twenty-four, in large octavo, was published in 1814, with a memoir by Rev. S. C. Thacher. It passed through three editions.

The second selection, consisting of twenty-two sermons, octavo, was published in 1829.

In 1839, James Munroe & Co. published 'The Works of Joseph S. Buckminster, with Memoirs of his Life,' two volumes, duodecimo. This edition includes Mr. Thacher's Memoir, and Notices of Mr Buckminster by Mr. Norton, Mr. Charles Eliot, and Rev. Mr. Colman. It also includes extracts from sermons first published in the 'Christian Disciple.'

At the commencement of the publication of the 'Christian Disciple,' the manuscript sermons of Mr. Buckminster were placed in the hands of its editors. Extracts were made from forty-four sermons, which were published in the successive numbers of that periodical.

No. IV.

Joseph S. Buckminster's library was sold, by printed catalogue, at public auction, in August, 1812. Here are mentioned the editions of the Bible and Commentaries belonging to his library, with their cost in Europe: —

Biblia Sacra Polyglotta Londinensia. Walton. Lond. 1657. And Lexicon Heptaglotton. Castell. Lond. 1669. [A fine copy, containing the famous dedication to Charles the Second, the very existence of which has been denied by bibliographers. See Gen. Repos., No. 2.] Price, $100.

Biblia Hebraica. Cum variis lectionibus ex ingenti codicum copia a B. Kennicott & J. B. de Rossi collatorum. Doederlein & Meisner. Lipsiæ. 1792. 4to. [Blue morocco. Largest and best paper.] $9.

Biblia Hebraica. Ex edit. Athiæ. 4to. [Imperfect. Interleaved, with some MS. notes.]

Biblia Græca. V. T. Græcum ex versione LXX. Interpr. juxta

exemplar Vaticanum. Lond. excud. Rog. Daniel. 1653. [A large paper copy in 4to. of Daniel's Septuagint, containing the Apocrypha and New Testament. Very rare and precious.] $10.

Biblia Græca LXX. Interp. ed. J. E. Grabe. Ex codice Alexandrino. Oxon. 1707–9. 8 vols. 8vo. [The letter-press is exactly the same with that of the folio.] $20.

Novum Testamentum Græcum J. J. Wetstenii. Amst. 1751. [Interleaved, in 4 vols folio. Russia backs and edges, and perfectly new. Cost in London, 1807, £9 12*s.* 6*d.* sterling.] $50.

Nov. Test. Græc. Griesbachii. Ed. 2da. Lond. & Hal. Sax. Vol. I. 1796. II. 1806. Royal 8vo. Commonly called the Duke of Grafton's edition.

Nov. Test. Græc. G. D. T. M. D. (a Gerhardo de Trajecto Mosæ Doctore.) Editio altera. Amst. 1735. 8vo. [Commonly called Curcellæus's edition, though erroneously. It is in 8vo , and not in 12mo., as Dibdin (see p. lxix.) and others assert.]

Poli Synopsis Criticorum. Francofurti ad Mænum. 1694. 5 vols. 4to. [Much more convenient than the common folio ed.] $25.

Grotii Opera Omn. Theologica. Amst. 1679. Do. Epistolæ. 5 vols. fol. [The first 3 vols. contain his commentary on the Old and New Testament. The 5th vol., containing his letters, may be sold separately.] $25.

Clerici (i. e. Le Clerc's) Commentarius in V. T. 4 vols. fol. $30.

Clerici Harmonia Evang. 1 vol. fol. Amst. 1710.

Clerici et Hammondi in N. T. Ed. 2da. Francof. 1714. 2 vols. fol. [In all, 9 vols. folio, new.]

Bibliotheca Fratrum Polonorum. Irenop. 1656. 9 vols. fol. [This set contains the 9th vol., which is very rarely to be met with. See Bp. Watson's catalogue of books in divinity for this and many of the large theological works here offered for sale.] $50.

Houbigantii Notæ Criticæ cum ejusdem Prolegomenis juxta exemplar Parisiense denuo recusæ. Francof. ad Mæn. 1777. 2 vols. 4to. [This work will supply the place of Houbigant's splendid Bible.]

Kennicotti Dissertatio Generalis in V. T. fol. bds. Oxon. 1780. $3.

Trommii Concordantiæ Græcæ Versionis. Amst. 1718. 2 vols folio. [Fine copy, uncut.] $15.

Schmidii Tameion al. Concordantiæ Nov. Test. Græc. Witteberg. 1638. folio. $ 10.

Robertson Thesaurus, — sive Concordantiale Lexicon Hebræo-Latinum Biblicum. Lond. 1680. 4to.

Arnald's Critical Commentary on the Apocryphal Books, being a Continuation of Patrick and Lowth. Lond. 1744 – 52. folio. Scarce.

Pocock's Theological Works, edited by Leon. Twells. Lond. 1740. 2 vols. Containing his Porta Moris and Commentary on Hosea, Joel, Micah, and Malachi.

Toinardi Harmonia Evangeliorum Græco Latina. Parisiis. 1707. fol. [For the value of this work, see Marsh's Michaelis, Vol. III., Pt. II., p. 41.]

Whitby's Paraphrase and Commentary on the New Testament. Fifth ed. Lond. 1727. 2 vols. fol. $ 15.

Beausobre et L'Enfant Nouveau Testament. Nouvelle ed. corrige par les Auteurs. Amst. 1741. 2 vols. 4to. [This is the *ed. opt.* of this most excellent work.] $ 12.

The New Test., Greek and English. London: Printed for J. Roberts. 1729. 2 vols. 8vo. [Large paper, very rare. Editor and translator unknown; supposed to be Dr. Mace or Macey. See Dibdin, Introd., p. lxv.] $ 6.

Wakefield's Translation of the New Testament. 2d ed. Lond. 1795. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Large paper. $ 9.

Nov. Test. Gr. Nova versione Latina illustrata auctore H. A. Schott. Lips. 1805. 8vo. Bound in 2 vols. Russia. [Text Griesbach's, with the most important various readings under it, and various renderings under the Latin version; 'in usum Gymnasiorum et Academiarum editum'] $ 6.

La Sainte Bible. Expliquée par des Notes de Theologie et de Critique sur la Version ordinaire des Eglises Reformées, revue sur les Origineaux, &c., par David Martin. Amst. 1707. 2 vols. fol. $ 6.

La Sainte Bible, ou V. et N. T., traduites par les Pasteurs et les Professeurs de Genève. À Genève. 1805. Last edition, corrected. 3 vols. 8vo. $ 7 50.

No. V.

During Mr. Buckminster's ministry of seven years and four months, two hundred and fifty-nine were baptized (one of them eighty-three years old), and eighty-eight persons were added to the church in Brattle Street.

No. VI.

The engraving prefixed to this volume of Dr. Buckminster is the only portrait ever taken of him. It was painted at about the age of thirty-eight years. The general *outline* of the face and figure are correct; but the face, at least to those who were intimately acquainted with him, is extremely deficient in the elevated, intellectual, and harmonious expression which belonged to the original.